THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible] 1728 by Benj. F[illegible]

JULY 27, 1918

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OLD GLORY AND VERDUN—By Elizabeth Frazer

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Church of Christ, Mason City, Ia. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Architects, Geo. W. Kramer & Son, New York City. Contractors, Wm. O'Neil & Son, Faribault, Minn.

Markley-Smith Building, Mason City, Iowa. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Architect, E. Brooten, Mason City. Contractors, P. R. Wells & Sons, Mason City.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Y. W. C. A. Building, Mason City, Iowa. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Architects, Shattuck & Hussey, Chicago, Ill. Contractor, B. L. Stratton, Mason City.

Jefferson School, Mason City, Iowa. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Architect, E. R. Bogardus, Mason City. Contractors, Henkle & Brown, Mason City.

(At top) Modern Brotherhood of America Bldg., Mason City, Iowa. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Archs., Bell & Bentley, Minneapolis. Cont., W. S Kingsley, Faribault, Minn. (In circle) Mason City High School, Ia. Roofers, Mica Insulating Co., Mason City. Arch., J. H. Felt & Co., Mason City. Cont., H. F. Jones, Mason City.

Mason City, Iowa, makes a Record—

In Mason City, Iowa, 22,000 population, $4,000,000 was spent in new buildings and commercial and civic development in 1917 in spite of war conditions!

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A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

Guaranteed for 20 Years

We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond Guaranty on every Barrett Specification Roof of fifty squares or over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us *without charge.* Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

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THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

While Peaches are Ripe

HERE you have a true war time dessert—peach dumplings made largely of barley flour and shortened with vegetable fat. Try this way of serving the luscious, juicy fruit. These dumplings are delicious.

Crisco is so rich and delicate a shortening and its price is so reasonable that it is almost a crime against economy to use anything else for this purpose. Crisco gives such splendid results that it entails no hardship to carry out the Food Administration suggestion to use vegetable fats rather than animal fats in all cooking.

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Peach Dumplings

A Conservation Recipe Tested and Indorsed as "Excellent" by Good Housekeeping Institute

MILDRED MADDOCKS, Director.

1 cupful barley flour	1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful bread flour	about ⅔ cupful milk
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder	6 small peaches
2 tablespoonfuls Crisco	about ¼ cupful sugar

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Mix and sift all dry ingredients together. Cut in or work in with the tips of the fingers very thoroughly the shortening softened. Add the milk gradually, cutting it in with a knife, to make a soft dough. Toss lightly on a well floured board, roll to one-quarter inch in thickness, shape with biscuit cutter. Cut peaches in half, extract pit. Put sugar in its place. Cover again with other half peach. Put a peach between two biscuits and press edges of dough carefully together. Bake half an hour in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with plain cream.

Recipes that will save you money

"War Time Recipes" is the title of Janet McKenzie Hill's new work. The founder of the Boston Cooking School dedicates this book to all housewives who wish to carry out the important suggestions of the Food Administration in the preparation of foods that will help win the war. It is a valuable treatise on the appetizing way of preparing substitutes. We will send you a copy of this new book for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. K-9, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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OLD GLORY AND VERDUN

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

The Commanding Officer of the Citadel of Verdun. Next, on Left, Miss Frazer, in Helmet, Carrying Gas Mask. The Tunnel-Entrance to the Fortress is in the Background

IN THE beginning we did not intend to go to Verdun. We did not dream that it was even within the bright realms of possibility. At the moment—a supremely painful and suspense-filled moment, fraught with danger to France and the Allied world—Verdun belonged strictly to the forbidden zone. Forbidden to all outsiders, men and women, to all civilians and civilian affairs; forbidden, indeed, to all the world save those grim horizon-blue-clad veterans who were rushing northward by trainloads, together with heavy effectives.

Permission had been stopped. Stopped also the parcels to the Front. It was not the hour for the manifestation of woman love or the transmission of tokens of affection. It was the hour for men and arms. Paris, a military camp shelled in the day by long-range guns and bombed in the night by Gothas, was locked to the north with a staunch lock, and the Grand Quartier General held the key. You could come in if you chanced to be caught up there when the storm broke, but you could not get out again. For it was the closing week of March, 1918. The long-awaited, much-heralded offensive had arrived. For months it had been the first word in the mouths of privates, officers, statesmen, editors—the entire civilized world. When, where, how—some one of those three aspects of the universal question cropped up in every conversation in the course of half an hour.

Well, now we knew the partial answer to those three questions. For the shadow of the menace of the long months was beginning to realize itself; it had become flesh and dwelt among us, a fabulous red monster of carnage and slaughter up there in the north.

When the Germans struck their first sledge-hammer blow and the Fifth British Army recoiled before the blow the entire line from north to south felt the thrill of the shock. Paris, the goal of the enemy, felt it, too, and there went up from the city a kind of big sigh, a long exhalation, which was almost a breath of relief. At any rate the long suspense was past. At the end of the third or fourth day refugees began to pour in by thousands, a poor, tragic, dazed procession, twice bereft of their scanty possessions. They brought with them wild, incoherent, garbled accounts of the terrible sanguinary losses on both sides.

How Paris Displays Her Feminine Temperament

PARIS, perhaps all France, possesses the feminine temperament. In hours of ease she is willful, coy and hard to please—especially with strangers; she is charming, baffling, impatient, outspoken over the foibles of her best friends and allies, keenly aware of the ridiculous, gay with a spice of maliciousness; her caricatures, often grossly unjust, are masterpieces of fine satirical wit. But in the hour of trial she gathers herself together with a courage, a poise and a profound tenderness for those of her people who have been stricken that are exceedingly good to see.

And that is what happened now. Paris found immediate food and shelter for the fugitives; printed proclamations that appeared all over the city, bidding the citizens to remain steadfast and unshaken in their faith of victory and put no credence in lying rumors; and at the same time, as the Big Berthas continued their venomous spitting at intervals, and the air raids harried and took toll of the city's innocent poor—for it is chiefly the workers, the servants, the little people of Paris living in the top stories up under the roofs who had to descend each night to the caves at the call of the siren—the newspapers urged all families who could afford it, all those who had children or old or sick to remove themselves out of the new zone of danger to the tranquillity of the country.

And thousands followed the wise advice. Hôtels de luxe were emptied inside of a week. Shopkeepers and workers who could manage to leave ordained a spring holiday and departed to their relatives in the provinces. It was an exodus. There were left the big wide empty places of Paris, filled with a gray-blue gossamer mist soft as chiffon, which wrapped all the city in an enchanted web; the tranquil garden walks deserted by children, vivid with rhododendrons and the drifting pink and white petals of chestnut blooms; and the good solid block of reliable Paris citizens, neither frightened nor fugitive, who had lived through the Marne and the Mons and the Champagne and the Verdun attacks, and who read the disquieting communiqués with composed faces and went about their affairs as usual.

Practically no troops are now routed through the capital, but occasionally one saw small detachments of *fantassins* with their heavy marching equipment filing through the empty squares. They did not look warlike, those poilus, veterans of four years, when they appeared in the streets of Paris. They marched slowly, laboriously, one foot lagging after the other, shoulders bent beneath the weight of the kit, their eyes fixed on the ground. The horizon-blue uniforms were faded and patched and their clumsy storm coats with the skirts buttoned back gave them an indescribably pathetic air. Seen thus at twilight and melting into the dusky background there was something about these somber, slow-plodding, burdened figures that hurt the heart. One felt an overwhelming tenderness, a pity for these brave little men. And yet these were the selfsame poilus who a few days later stemmed the furious German tide—and they sang as they went into battle. After nearly four years they sang!

The Cruel Strain of an Uncertain Week

IT WOULD be untrue to say that underneath her courageous calm Paris did not feel the cruel strain of that first uncertain week of the offensive. The strain of the situation was brought home to me, waiting for my passes, by several incidents. Naomie, the trim little *femme de chambre*, pretty as a pink camellia, whose voice has the soft deep throb of a cello, went about with a face as pale as the linen she bore on her arm. And as she made the bed and swept and aired the room she wept, quietly, steadily, the silvery globules stealing silently one by one down her cheeks. When they obstructed her vision she stopped, brushed them away methodically and went on. My pillow was wet with Naomie's tears.

"I am ashamed, mademoiselle; I ask pardon to be like this," she murmured one morning when I had caught her outright drying her eyes. "One must be strong these days. But my husband, he has been transferred up north on the British line. And now I have not heard from him, here it is over a week. Before he always sent me a little word each day. He never failed—some little word each day." She plaited the counterpane with unseeing eyes as she muttered: "Ten days! Yes, it is that—just. And not one little word. But one must be strong, *n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?*"

The next disturbing thing that happened was the news that B—— had deserted. His wife was my friend. B—— was a Frenchman in a famous fighting regiment, sensitive, fine-strung, none too strong, who had been in the trenches since 1914. What devil of fear, irritation, revolt or sheer brain collapse led to the decision we shall never

know. But one day he threw down his gas mask in the midst of an attack and walked out of the trenches. His battalion had been incessantly shelled for weeks. In the front-line trenches they were hammered by the guns. In the back areas, *en repos*, they caught the bombs. No sleep in either place. This kept up week after week. And suddenly, like an elephant, B—— had "gone bad."

He appeared suddenly in Paris at a time when not a single Frenchman was on leave; and he walked the boulevards with the number of that famous fighting regiment on the collar of his tunic blazing forth for all the world to see. It was a miracle he was not instantly caught. As it was he was a prisoner; for he had no papers, and therefore he could not send a telegram or register at a hotel or take a train or leave the city. A friend telegraphed for B——'s wife, who was in the country, sending a noncommittal wire so as not to alarm B——'s mother, an ardent patriot, who would have instantly handed over her recreant son to the police. The wife arrived. To her B—— declared his intention of joining the Foreign Legion. That meant that his brain flare or momentary cowardice had passed.

Anyone may join the Foreign Legion. There no embarrassing questions are asked. They take on all comers, and then pitch them headlong into the very hottest hell of the battle. Accordingly B——, knowing that if he could once win to their offices he would be safe from arrest, stole out from his doorway one morning and, avoiding officers and gendarmes, gained the recruiting bureau.

But here an unexpected blow fell. The recruiting end of the bureau had been shifted to Lyons. But how to get there! He could not ride in a train or a public conveyance. He could not dine openly in a restaurant or sleep in a hotel. And to be seen tramping south in this crisis meant certain arrest and death. However, there was nothing for it but to make the attempt—to walk by night and lie hidden in the day. He started forth—and no word has been heard of him since.

French Feeling Toward Americans

IN TIME the news of his desertion leaked out. And the gendarme on the beat took it upon himself to rebuke Madame B—— for having such a villain husband. He is a fat, greasy, bald-headed little man, this gendarme, who sits long over his grenadine, and has never been nearer the Front than the city fortifications.

Madame B—— flew at him like a fury.

"Have you ever been out there—fat *embusqué?*" she shrilled, shaking her finger under his nose. "Have you fought four years in that hell? Been wounded five times, had fever, rheumatism, suffered from shell shock, been made deaf from bombardment, had your nerves shattered so that you never sleep? Is your hair turned gray at twenty-five years? Oh, my God! No? Then keep your mouth shut! 'Tis not for such as you to speak of this war! 'Tis for those who have endured."

It was this courage made human by the private griefs of the people of France, who after four weary, crucifying years were still bearing the cross, filling the breach, saving the day, and saving it with a superb dash despite individual heartbreaks, that filled my mind as, our passes obtained, we journeyed northward. It seemed to me that perhaps the month of March, 1918, was to be made memorable by the fact that at that particular time America began definitely to shift to her own young shoulders the weight of the agonizing burden France had borne so long. For this reason the opening offensive marked a transition period, for theretofore we had held only quiet sectors.

But it was not the fact of the shifting of the outward burden that interested me so much as to discover if possible whether that shift was to extend also to the spirit—whether the soul of France, the soul of her soldiers, her poilus, was to pass into the soul of this new strong eager young Army. For the quality that distinguishes the poilu from his enemies and from his allies alike is not brute force, or body fitness, or stubborn pride, or stiff resistance, or obedience, or cohesion, or physical valor—but sheer spiritual stamina. He has an invincible comeback. His soul can't be beat. The French, who are an extremely clannish race, say that they feel a closer bond with Americans than with any other people on earth. This is not mere diplomatic balderdash. They declare that aside from possessing the same democratic ideals, the same passion for scientific research, there is a decided similarity of temperament. In both peoples there are the same swiftness of perception, the same suppleness of mind, lightness of wit and comradeliness toward life and toward each other which have made France like one great family. And now that the two nations in this offensive are fighting side by side and brigade by brigade, the French in their speeches and editorials and communiqués have announced that the spiritual metal of the two armies is the same; that the spontaneous, unquenchable, "*En avant! Toujours en avant!*" quality of attack, attack, and again attack of the French poilu is also the salient characteristic of the newcomers. It was this particular declaration that put a keener edge on my observations during my journey. I was on the lookout for signs in our men of the conquering will of the poilu.

It is not germane to the subject to describe in detail that eight-day motor trip through the heart of the American war zone in France. We covered each day hundreds of kilometers of the lovely rolling meadow and hill country of Lorraine—orchards, fields and woods radiant in shimmering green, clothed in primal light of leaf. We passed scores of red-tiled hamlets, each the identical facsimile of the other, with steaming manure heaps adorning the front yards of prominent citizens, hens and bouncing babies scratching therein, and toothless old dames sitting on the doorsteps peering out upon the world with faded eyes.

We stopped at numerous American base-hospital centers, some in stone cantonments, formerly army barracks turned over by the French; some former hotel resorts; and still others brand-new frame buildings, entire villages with duck-board streets. We motored through endless series of *repos* stations, one following hard upon another like beads on a string, of English, American, French, Italian, Portuguese, Annamite and Senegalese troops. At the close of the day in the rosy smolder of the afterglow we hunted aviation camps in the advanced war zone, and found the vast aërodromes so shrewdly camouflaged that we could scarcely discern them from the dappled landscape. We passed through the center where is situated the training school for army officers, a beautiful old fortressed town set like a coronet high on a wooded hill. We stayed the night at Army Headquarters in a hotel packed with the hierarchy of the General Staff, where automobiles with flags drew up before the door and mackintoshed generals beribboned and bestarred strode in out of the lashing rain.

Our quest took us from the drowsy, tranquil rear of the war zone clear up to the Luneville sector beyond Toul, where we witnessed two air fights in the course of one morning. It was the portion of France given over to the American effort. We traversed and crisscrossed it back and forth and from end to end. And everywhere we met the same phenomenon—the lithe, clean-limbed, khaki-clad American soldier. The land was alive with him! Several months previously I had been over this same territory, and then even a Red Cross man was a rare animal which the natives paused to regard. Now, after eight months, the entire countryside hummed and buzzed like a vast beehive. It was the visible result before our eyes of all the sweat and labor and strain of a mighty nation intent on a single goal—to transport men to France.

Well, here were the men, hundreds of thousands of them, scattered over a vast camp ground. We met battalions of them swinging along the roads in step and singing a lively marching air. We came across them in sunny fields prodding dummy Huns with bayonets; we passed groups of them in remote and peaceful valleys picking off targets at rifle ranges. We met them at lonely crossroads, together with a French comrade, acting as military police. They gave us the salute that is known as the Pershing—bringing the hand smartly up to the forage cap in an abrupt little gesture full of style. And they invariably followed the salute with an infectious aftergrin. The salute was Pershing's. The grin was all their own. We saw them tearing along roads at a breakneck clip in those snorting demons of motorcycles called wife-killers. We overtook them driving camions and transports and mule teams.

Thought They Played Favorites

LATER we met an entire division on the move—artillery, infantry, ammunition and cook wagons—a long strung-out procession against the drab sky line. They were bound up there, they vaguely told us. But we knew and they knew that they were going to participate in a struggle compared to which life in the drowsy Toul sector was as but a holiday fête. We glimpsed them driving powerful American locomotives, beside which the diminutive French engines seemed like toys that one could pick up in the palm of the hand—and they leaned far out of their cabooses to cheer. We saw them packed like herrings in the dingy low-ceiled dining rooms of provincial towns, drinking their pinard diluted with water in true poilu style, then fetching out their makings and rolling a smoke in true American style. We saw them in camp, *en repos*, in hospital, on the march.

There is a pageantry about war when one sits back thus and views its effects from the outside—a kind of large glittering nobility which thrills and quickens the blood despite oneself—until one sees the wrecks. And in the hospitals we began to get the wrecks. In ——, a famous old town turned into a hospital center, we stopped to look up some missing men. The other members of the party went to visit the wards, but I wandered about the streets and presently came upon a squad of privates in wrinkled, freshly disinfected uniforms, the tunics skin-tight, revealing the owners' slim waists and finely swelling shoulder muscles. But they had a pale washed-out look, as if they themselves had undergone the ordeal of disinfection along with their uniforms. A lieutenant was calling the roll.

Aside from the line-up a few paces stood a husky private with a sulky lowering face. He had crowded his battered sombrero down over his bloodshot eyes and was scowling like a movie pirate. "What's happening to those men?" I asked, nodding at the squad.

"They've been gassed and now they're declared O. K. and are going back to the Front."

He spoke in a curious broken rasping whisper, which I recognized.

"You've been gassed too?" I hazarded.

"Yes," he croaked. "And I'm just as well as any fellow in that gang. We all got it at the same time. But the doc, when he heard my voice, wouldn't let me go. But damn it all, a guy don't fight with his voice!"

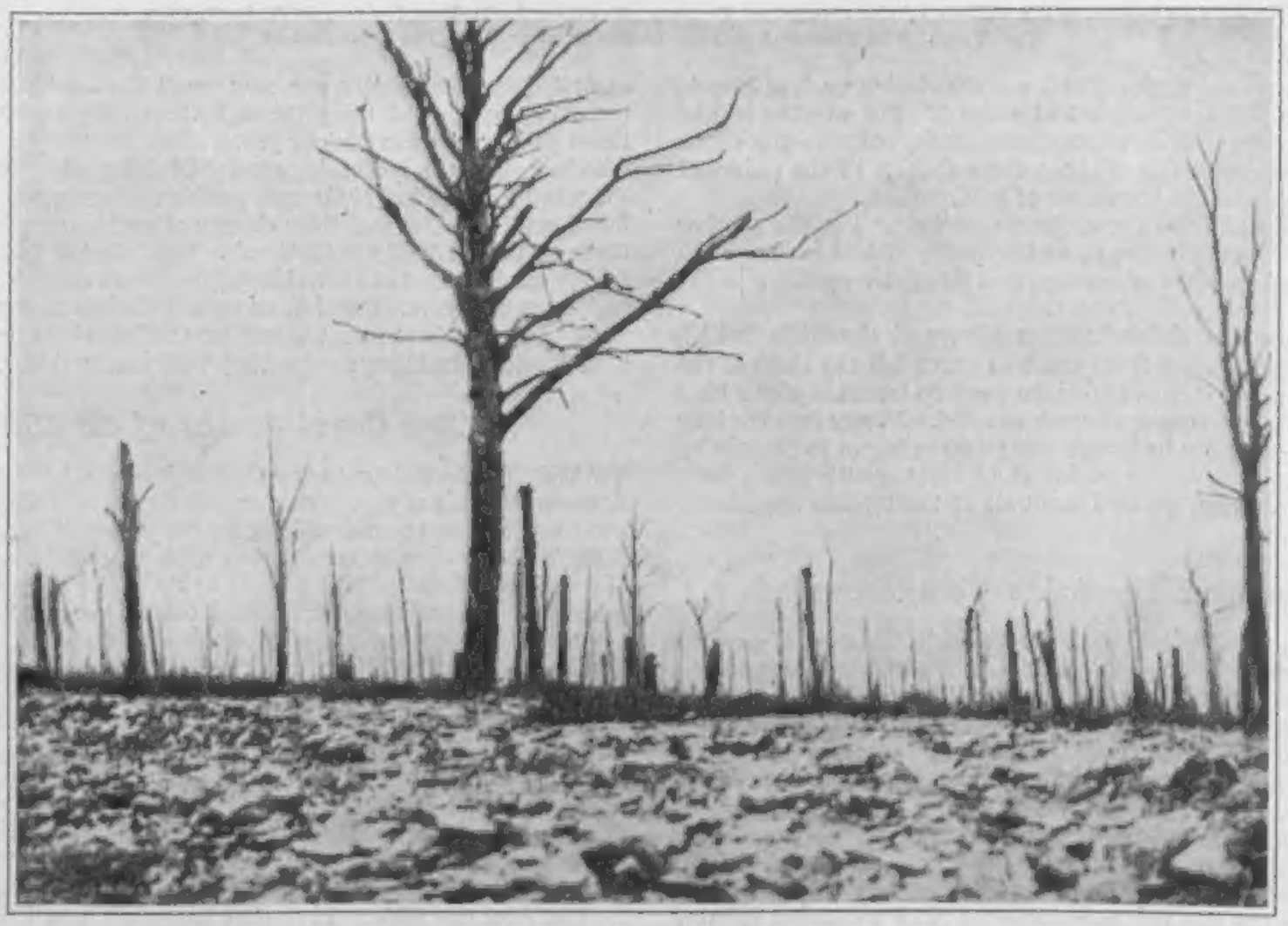
"He's playing favorites, that doc," whispered another lank, humorous-eyed young giant strolling up, his peaked forage cap drawn low so as to shelter, if possible, those bloodshot eyes. "Wouldn't let me out, either! Durn the durned docs, I say!"

"But you were burned as well as gassed," I objected, for the entire lower part of his face and neck was an angry red peeling blister. "What kind of gas was it?" I demanded.

"Mustard. Burns your insides out if you get a bad case. I tell you I've had enough to last me one life. No more mustard on cold beef for mine!"

"And how is the gas-mask discipline?"

(Continued on Page 46)



Verdun Hill, the Scene of One of the Bloodiest Battles of the Verdun Offensive. Here the Advancing German Lines Were Mowed Down by an Enfilading Fire From the French Batteries and the Enemy Dead Covered the Ground Like a Carpet

COMMON CAUSE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN THE quiet back office of the Fenchester Evening Guardian sat Jem Robson, alone and thinking hard. His head was bowed forward between doubled fists. It was typical of the Guardian's youthful editor and owner that his fists should be doubled; but that his head should thus sag down upon them was quite out of character. Since his first assumption of the editorial rôle he had, in the terms of the stiff old Anglo-Saxon saw, made his hands keep his head. High and level they had kept it through the various fortunes of battle which had neither broken nor soured a stubborn and sanguine spirit. Now in the imminent shadow of war his hour of decision was upon him.

It lay in front of him, that decision, fully formulated. He studied once more the opening sentence of the rough-penciled editorial:

"The hyphen has two ends, but no middle."

Mild to the verge of banality! Yet, even without what followed, it would be regarded and taken up as a challenge flung in the face of a profoundly Germanized region. True, he had more than once before offended Germanism, secret, powerful and militant throughout the State of Centralia. But that was on minor issues. This was final. It was the decisive step against which Governor Embree, the Guardian's chief friend and supporter, had so urgently warned him.

"Haven't You Gone Back on the State? On the Country? Where Did You Get Your List? By Cable From Berlin?"

Upon the editor who should first demand of the Centralia hyphenates that they go on record for or against the United States, who should assume the responsibility for making of the great peaceable commonwealth a house divided against itself in treacherous and deadly enmities, the united and deliberate vengeance of the disloyal would fall in every practicable form of reprisal.

Well, let it fall! He had kept silent until doubt of his own courage began to obtrude. And that was a doubt with which young Mr. Robson could not live on any terms. He took his pencil and, with extreme care and neatness—as a young officer going into desperate action might meticulously brush and set his uniform—wrote the heading for the editorial: Under Which Flag?

Having specified directions for carrying it, double-leaded, as the leader on the morrow, he set himself to a careful study of the Guardian's advertising columns, upon which, he foresaw, the first retaliation for his editorial would be made. From this pursuit the telephone called him.

"Governor's office," clattered the voice of the governor's secretary over a bad wire. "Is this Mr. Robson? . . . About that defense-council matter, Mr. Robson."

"Yes?" said Jem Robson eagerly.

This matter of the establishment of a State Council of Defense was a pet project of his. He had urged it upon Governor Embree, who, with unaccustomed vacillation, had evaded and procrastinated, arguing that the time was not ripe and that the project would cause unnecessary embitterment and dissensions. Over the Guardian's editorial call for such a council the more rabid German press, to which the paper was already an abomination, had fallen into a frenzy, denouncing Robson as a demagogue and a fomenter of hatred. Rather than embarrass Embree, the editor had thereafter held off in print, but had continued to press his private persuasions upon the governor.

"The governor has decided," continued the secretary, "to call a preliminary conference to form the State Council. To-morrow at ten. Call's gone out over the wires."

"Good business!" exulted Robson.

"Can you come up to the Capitol this evening? The governor wants to talk it over with you."

"I'll be there right after dinner."

On his way from the office he encountered Andrew Galpin, his general manager, right-hand man and confidant.

"The State Council of Defense is going through, Andy," he announced.

"Smiling Mart has climbed off the fence, has he?" commented Galpin, giving the governor his popular nickname. "Or did we push him off?"

Jem Robson frowned. "Nobody pushes Martin Embree."

"All right, boss," conceded the other good-humoredly. "He can certainly push himself ably when the occasion arises. I reckon this is part of his push for the senatorship."

"He pushed this paper when we most needed it."

"He certainly did. I'm wondering when his bill comes in; though, for that matter, we've pretty well paid him off in political support."

"Anyway, Andy, you'll admit that this State Council move proves where he stands on Americanism."

"I'll admit that," said the cautious Galpin, "when I see it—in the Guardian."

That the two men to whom the Guardian owed most of its success persistently declined—the one sullenly, the other laughingly—to take each other on trust, was a trial to Jem Robson. Most other people liked and trusted both of them: the shrewd, dogged and rather silent Galpin when they came to know him; the brilliant and magnetic Embree from the first moment of envelopment in his warm and friendly smile.

That human sunbeam was rather dimmed when Jem Robson entered the executive office at seven-thirty. Even the gubernatorial hair, so typical of uplift in its effect of stressful rise straight from a broad and bulging forehead, seemed to droop a bit. Smiling Mart Embree looked like a man who has passed the night in a sleepless torment of the mind.

"Any late news on the wires, Jem?" he asked anxiously.

"A little. All of one kind."

"Pointing to war?"

"War," said the editor gravely.

"There must be some way out!" Embree lost himself in a maze of thought, biting at his lips. "This is a terrible thing!" he muttered bitterly.

"It was bound to come."

"'A terrible thing," he repeated, "for me."

"For you!" Jem stared, startled at the outcropping of egotism in such a crisis.

"For all of us; for the nation," hastily amended the executive. "How is a man to tell what course he can safely take?" he added.

"It isn't exactly a time for Safety First, is it? There's only one course for a decent American."

"That's so like you," fretted the other. "You see your own side and nothing else."

"What else do you see?"

"I see this great state of Centralia, which has chosen me for its chief official," said Embree, with a touch of that exaltation which, his enemies sneered, invariably crept into his speech when it dealt with himself—"I see it torn and racked from end to end, and aflame with hatreds, dissension and distrust. I see all the long fight that I've made—that we have made—against corporation control of the state forgotten and gone for nothing in the new political issues. Have you thought of that?"

"I've tried not to. I've tried to think of the country as a whole, and of us as a part of it."

"Oh, I'm for my country!" proclaimed the other. "Of course! But I'm not for this war if it can be avoided."

"It can't be."

"Not by any such hot-headed course as the Guardian is laying. You've done everything but yell for war and the blood of your own neighbors."

"I'll do more to-morrow."

"For God's sake, Jem, what has got into you? How can you commit yourself to such a policy of savagery?"

"If it's savagery to fight when every national right has been violated, then I'm a savage," retorted Jem hotly. "But I'm an American savage; not a German savage. That's all we're committed to in the Guardian."

"Still, there's a way to offset it. Jem, will you be discreet for once in your editorial life?"

"I doubt it."

"This is deadly serious. Listen: Congress is going to hear from the country. Appeals from cool-headed citizens everywhere are going to pour in on Washington to avert this catastrophe while there's yet time."

"More German propaganda."

"Try to be reasonable about this thing, Jem," pleaded his friend. "At the same time those who are for peace are going to present their case in the newspapers. We'll show that blundering fool in Washington ——"

Jem Robson stiffened perceptibly in his seat.

"Are you speaking of the President of the United States?" he demanded.

"Oh, between four walls," the governor deprecated. "Since when did you swing round to the Schoolmaster?"

"Since he gave the order to close ranks."

"Bluff! Pure political bluff! That order will never go any farther. It isn't meant to. Congress has the final word. And Congress is responsive to the newspapers. Now, Jem, when the arguments from the other side come to the Guardian ——"

"We're being swamped with 'em already; machine-made letters to the editor, fresh every hour from the factory of Germanism."

"Give them a fair show. Publish them."

"I'll see them damned first!"

"Neutrality!" commented the governer acidly.

"War!" retorted the owner of the Guardian.

With an obvious effort Smiling Mart summoned his beam from out the gloom and set it on guard again.

"When it comes to the pinch you'll find me as ready to fight as anybody," he asserted. "The only difference between your position and mine is that I want to be perfectly sure it's right and inevitable."

"The State Council of Defense is a long step in the right direction."

"It mustn't be too long a step, though," the governor pointed out. "It's defense, not offense, that's our purpose. By the way, do you know that there is an old act of the legislature empowering the governor to appoint such a body?"

"Fine!" said Jim heartily. "Then you can do the whole business at to-morrow's meeting."

"Yes; but I thought it advisable to have the formal approval of a state-wide representative body, such as I've called together, for the moral effect—and the political," he added.

"You've made it nonpartisan?" asked Robson.

"Yes, yes! Of course! And representative; representative of all classes. To make it so I've been obliged to include some of the German element."

"Certainly. That's all right, as long as they aren't the virulent, anti-American lot."

"Some of them, I'm afraid, don't like you much; or you them. Now, Jem, don't go off at half cock," he added persuasively as Robson looked up at him with a gleam of discomposure. "I can't ignore my best political friends and supporters, can I? And you know there are no solider, more influential citizens in the state than our Germans."

"But what about their loyalty?"

"Don't expect too much of them right now. They'll be all right when the test comes."

The editor thought it over.

"Yes; I can see your point. If you turn them down cold you'll never get the Corporation Control Bill through the next legislature—let alone landing the senatorship. They'd slaughter you." In spite of himself, Smiling Mart winced. "Well, a few of 'em in the conference, or even on the council, can't do any harm; in fact, it may serve to bring 'em round, unless they're too far gone. A lot depends on whom you appoint chairman."

"What's your idea on that?"

"Magnus Laurens."

"That corporation grafter! Why, he's fought us through thick and thin."

"And fought us fair. He isn't a grafter, if he does control most of our water power. And he's one hundred per cent American; that's the big consideration. But if you won't stand for him how about Corliess, of the Lake Belt Line?"

Governor Embree stared. "First a water-power baron and then a public-utilities manipulator," he commented. "You're chumming up with some queer friends, for a radical, Jem."

"They're no friends of mine," retorted the editor. "You know that. But they're men we can trust to be right on this war question. However, anyone will do, provided he's big enough, loyal to the bone, and representative."

"Leave it to me, Jem," said the governor with his warmest smile.

Returning to his den for the purpose of preparing an editorial boosting the new project, Robson saw a light in the business office. Amid ledgers and files of the Guardian sat Andy Galpin, figuring profusely upon sheets of paper.

"Hello, boss!" was the manager's greeting. "I'm trying to find out where we stand."

"What do you make of it?"

"Hard sledding; but we'll pull through. Always supposing that the dam' botches"—thus did Mr. Galpin at once anathematize and Americanize the local pro-Germans—"don't lift too much of our advertising."

"How's the circulation?"

"Holding up pretty fair; new subscribers coming in to take the places of those we're losing. But it's the ads that'll make or break us. They'll be after us hotfoot there—the botches will." After a pause Galpin added: "They've been working on Smiling Mart."

"Much good that'll do 'em!"

"If they can show him that it's his political future ——" He broke off at a gesture from his chief. "There's trouble brooding in the pressroom too. I think it's that big ape of an assistant foreman, Girdner. He's a botch; belongs to their club. If I could pin anything on him I'd fire him to-morrow. That press tender, Wilcoxen, too—the Socialist—looks as if he might be in it. . . . Have a pleasant evening with the governor?"

"Pleasant enough."

"Hope the morning will be as good," retorted Galpin, and hunched himself back into his calculations.

II

SHORT though the notice had been, the invited conferees responded to the governor's summons almost unanimously. It was a curiously assorted gathering that surrounded the long table in the council room when Jem Robson arrived. That it was, in a sense, broadly representative was beyond denial. Yet, as the newcomer reckoned it up, he felt a more than vague uneasiness.

Appropriating the nearest vacant chair, he found himself between a German clergyman named Klindt and State Senator Bredle, from Governor Embree's county in the north. Farther along sat a dairyman from the northern tier, of unknown political sympathies; and next to him was Gordon Fliess, of the Fliess Brewing Company. Then came the lieutenant governor, an imposing and obsequious puppet of the governor's.

Bunched at the upper end of the table were three sworn enemies of Robson's—Montrose Clark, a puffy, glossy, self-important little local magnate, not lacking in a curious sort of bristling dignity; "Judge" Selden Dana, an extremely shrewd lawyer and legal jackal for Clark; and the president of the Fenchester Trust Company, Robert Wanser, one of those anomalies of Teutonic type reversion, a grandson of an exile of '48 and son of a Civil War officer, yet a bitter partisan of Germany against the world.

Passing from the occupant of the next chair, Frank Kimball, editor of the Bellair Journal, the leading daily of the state and uncompromisingly American, the observer's eye ran over half a dozen men from the southern tier, a section with which he was unfamiliar. To his mind they suggested a Swedish predominance, which, in Centralia, meant antiwar. Concerning the next figure, tall, plethoric, ceremonially garbed, there was, at least, no uncertainty. Emil Borst, president of the Fenchester Deutscher Club, was at that very moment represented in the Guardian's editorial wastebasket by a grossly pro-German and subtly anti-American communication to the editor.

Wilcoxen, presumptively representing the local Socialist element, flanked him on the farther side, and was himself neighbor to Girdner, representing labor. But when the anxious glance of Robson finally reached the governor's high chair he breathed a sigh of relief. In the place of honor, on the right of the gubernatorial smile, sat Magnus Laurens. Surely that meant that Embree had decided to adopt Jem's suggestion and appoint the water-power magnate chairman of the council. The governor's left was occupied by Colver, the cautious editor of the Guardian's one local rival, the Record.

Directly across the narrow table from this central group there protruded loftily, from between a lake-district judge and a northwest corn raiser, a figure, tall, stiff and meager. This was Prof. Harvey Rappelje, head of the economics department of the university, Embree's able and loyal adviser on all financial matters, a lean, hardwood lath of a man, self-contained and eminently professorial, yet, for some mysterious reason inherent in the relationship of teacher and taught, the unconscious object of enthusiastic affection and respect among the undergraduate body. Such being the composition of the meeting, it was easy to see that the summons had been apportioned with a view to safe control by the governor.

To the watchful Robson it seemed that Governor Embree was nervous. The smile at the corners of the conciliatory lips was disturbed by a restless twitching. After an anxiously calculating glance over the assemblage he began to read from a typed sheet a preamble, concluding: "Therefore, I present for the consideration of this honorable body the following names to constitute the Centralia State Council of Defense."

The first nomination fell upon Jem Robson's ears like a burst of thunder. It was that of Emil Borst, chairman.

The second nomination fell upon his brain like a bludgeon. It was that of Jeremy Robson, vice chairman.

From down the table he caught the confirmatory sneer of Montrose Clark. His eyes darted to Magnus Laurens, squarest and most honorable of enemies, and met in his face a wrathful contempt. His mind was confused, his will blurred. He must do something. But what? Protest? Refuse to serve? Denounce—and already his time was past. The monotonous, fateful reading had gone beyond him.

Wanser and Fliess, Kimball, Laurens, ex-Governor Scudder, Klindt, Lieutenant Governor Maxwell, Montrose Clark, Bredle, and so on, with the German and pacifist element always slightly but safely in the majority. Not a word was spoken—except once, when in a brief breathing pause someone shot out, like an arrow through the tense quiet, the single, contemptuous word "Packed!" Then the reader pronounced the name of Prof. Harvey Rappelje.

"Wait!" said that gentleman.

"Order! Order!" protested Wanser and Borst with suspicious readiness.

"I am making a point of order," said the economist, rising in his place to confront the governor opposite.

The governor smiled, but thrust out a nervous tongue and licked the corners of the smile. The professor's face was as set and still as a frozen river, and much the same color. Embree, motioning with a placating hand for silence, resumed: "The Hon. Carter N. Rock ——"

"Wait!" The scholar's keener voice cut off the reading. "Governor Embree, is that your conception of a council to fight this war?"

"It is my carefully considered selection," said the other with a suggestion of sulkiness.

There leaped from Rappelje's lips a blasting oath. From any mouth in that environment it would have been startling. From the lean, dry, silent, repressed scholar it had something of the shock of Nature's forces in outbreak. Not less appalling was the single word to follow:

"Treason!"

Embree's smile did not fade; but it shriveled into a masklike grimace—the rictus of a child before the convulsion racks it.

"You—you will retract ——" he began chokingly.

Two astounding tears welled out of the scholar's pale eyes—tears of a still man's uttermost fury.

"I will show you," he said precisely, "what it is to fight." And he launched himself across the table at the governor's throat.

The mighty-framed Laurens seized and forced him back; but not before Embree had collapsed into his chair. From his place the lieutenant governor, quite beside himself, squealed for a totally imaginary sergeant at arms. Girdner, huge and formidable, had jumped to his feet. The white-haired, alert Wilcoxen caught up a

"What's This We're Up Against Right Here in Fenchester? Are We Fighting? Or Playing Tiddledywinks?"

heavy paper weight. Borst was solemnly, almost sacrificially, taking off his coat. Voices were calling "Order!" "Throw him out!" "Arrest him!" There were all the elements of a lively riot, awaiting only the fusing act.

Laurens checked it with one sufficient threat. He raised the heavy official gavel of lignum-vitæ and stood, a modern Thor, in the unconscious pose and with the menace of a viking; and in a full-throated bellow he proclaimed: "I will brain the first man that strikes a blow."

Before that intimidation they dropped into their chairs. There was a ripple of the shocked and foolish laughter of relaxation as the strain eased. Jem and the corn raiser, who had been holding the warrior scholar in his seat, felt his limbs relax and, mistakenly thinking his effort spent, released him. Instantly he rose.

"I apologize to this body," he said calmly, "and to the State of Centralia as represented by its chief executive. And, as a question of privilege, preliminary to my resignation, I ask whether the list as read is to stand."

"It stands," said Governor Embree huskily.

"You will have until to-night to withdraw it."

"And vot then? Vot then?" broke in Borst, thrusting forward a truculent face.

"Do you want civil war in this state?" challenged Fliess.

"If necessary," retorted Rappelje, and stared him down with a steady and intolerable eye. He turned his gaze upon the governor. "Unless that list is withdrawn before night, Martin Embree," said he solemnly, "so help me the God of my country, I will raise the university and hang you to the highest tree on the campus." He made a stiff, formal, absurd bow and marched from the room.

"By gosh! He's the boy who could do it!" confirmed Wilcoxen in an unexpectedly cheerful chirp.

"Finish the reading," said somebody weakly.

"Vote! Vote!" came a mutter of two or three voices.

No vote was taken. Under the savage acid of the professor's passion the fabric of that meeting dissolved. The session did not adjourn; it disintegrated. Jem Robson stood irresolute as the groups jostled past him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Vice Chairman," grinned Montrose Clark. It was the first time he had spoken to the editor for three years.

"Bad politics, my boy! Bad politics," sniggered Judge Dana.

Kimball, of the Bellair Journal, put a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Sprung it on you, didn't they?" he surmised shrewdly.

Jem nodded, but did not move. Laurens was the man he wanted to see. With him as leader a counterstroke could be arranged to bring Embree to his senses. The viking form strode toward him.

"Mr. Laurens," began Jem, "I want ——"

"Stand out of my way!" said the magnate; and, swerving not an inch from his stride, he jostled Jem aside. But for Kimball's quick interposition, Jem's fury would have launched him upon the other.

"Steady!" soothed that experienced diplomat. "You come outside with me."

"No; I've got to see the governor," returned Jem, mastering himself.

"But has he got to see you?" inquired the other suggestively.

"He has," said Jem grimly.

Governor Embree had closeted himself with Wanser, Borst and Fliess. He sent out word that he would see Jem in half an hour.

III

THOUGH the half hour lengthened to an hour, it was none too long for young Mr. Robson. He had much to do in his busy mind, calculating the chances of the now inevitable battle and estimating the power of his chief enemies, all of them honestly come by through his somewhat tumultuous conduct of the Guardian, and several of them directly involved in the pregnant events of the conference.

First, Robert Wanser. The Fenchester Trust Company, which he controlled, had been, in the early hard-pressed days of Jem's ownership of the Guardian, its financial stand-by. Though deprecating the paper's radicalism, Wanser had been a good friend to it until, just before the world war broke, an innocent-appearing educational bill was introduced in the legislature which would have fastened Germanism upon the school system of the whole state. Wanser headed the citizens' committee that appeared in support of it. The Guardian attacked it so forcefully that its worst features were eliminated.

There followed immediately a flood of protests and more than a hundred "Stop the paper" notices from the more rabid German element. Within a week the Trust Company politely, firmly, and without explanation, declined to renew a note, amply secured, of the Guardian Publishing Company. Jem received enlightenment from Smiling Mart Embree, not yet governor.

"Don't you know Germanism when you see it? Wanser is part of it. Hands off the Germans, my boy! It's the only safe way in this state."

The Guardian's account was transferred to the Drovers' Bank, of Fenchester. Nominally inconspicuous in the directorate of this institution was Montrose Clark, president of the Centralia Public Utilities Corporation. With some reason, until Jem Robson came into the field, Mr. Clark

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"My Nephew, Henry. Him I Brought Up and Put Through the University. He Has Gone Down in the Constantia"

had considered the local editors as convenient and serviceable errand boys for his corporate ambitions. Years earlier, Martin Embree had challenged corporation control of the state. It was his chief political issue, with promise of being a successful one.

The new editor of the Guardian fervently espoused it. Naturally the paper trod presently upon the tender and privileged toes of the Fenchester P-U. President Clark sent a characteristic summons, more peremptory than courteous, for Mr. Robson to attend upon him at the P-U office at three o'clock on a certain afternoon and explain. Mr. Robson replied, through the scandalized medium of Mr. Clark's hand-perfected private secretary, that his place of business was the Guardian's office. People having business with him could come thither and transact it, Mr. Clark included. The P-U promptly withdrew its advertising from the Guardian. Little enough did this trouble the owner and editor, who had foreseen the loss as the inevitable result of editorial support of Embree.

Through the columns of the Record the P-U press agent attacked Robson. That scrappy youth retorted with a series of sketches dealing with one "President Puff," which were a source of joy to the ungodly; albeit discreetly subdued, for Montrose Clark was a man of power. Thereafter, when he met Jem on the street, the pompous and important little magnate was invariably immersed in more immediate considerations. But he was biding his time; and two years later, when the Guardian was in temporary straits, the Drovers' Bank suddenly called Jem's notes—"on the advice of one of our directorate, who informs us that the security offered has greatly depreciated." Only by the help of friends did the Guardian weather that squall.

Part of his account with Montrose Clark, Jem reckoned, had been squared when the P-U Corporation had decided that Judge Selden Dana would be useful to its enterprises on the Supreme Court bench. Too useful, Jem believed.

He killed off Dana with a verse—Masters' bitter epitaph on the servile attorney, "John M. Church," printed with the announcement of the lawyer's candidacy, and reprinted at intervals until it caught and ran like a strangle-weed through the press of the state.

"Pretty slick!" commented the judge to the editor, for he prided himself on never admitting and never forgetting an injury. "I wouldn't have thought poetry had such a punch in politics."

By some mysterious process half a dozen libel suits against the Guardian, all except one totally without merit, but all costly and worrying, materialized in the office of Dana & Dana. The most promising of them still survived. Upon Dana's unfailing enmity Jem felt he could count.

Magnus Laurens was of another species of foe. Indeed, Jem would have reckoned him a friend personally, despite their diametrical opposition on all political questions, but for that affront in the council room. It was Laurens whom Embree had beaten for the governorship. As the leading newspaper supporter of the reform cause, the Guardian had treated the opposing candidate with a strict fairness which Smiling Mart considered weak, but which had been heartily recognized by Laurens himself. Upon his occasional visits to Fenchester the water-power magnate would drop in on Jem, smilingly charge him with being a hot-head, an "unhatched Socialist" and a trouble maker, and then launch forth on the one enthusiasm they had in common, the Americanization of their hybrid state. That Laurens should have turned on him was a bitter dose.

Recollection of the "unhatched Socialist" charge brought Jem to Wilcoxen, the white-haired, hard-faced, vehement printer, who had drifted westward from his New England mill town and brought up in the pressroom of the Guardian, where he was an excellent workman and an inciter of discontent. Galpin had suspected the press tender of being in the Public Utilities Corporation's pay. Now Jem recalled that he had, on the previous day, seen the Socialist and Laurens, a queerly assorted pair, walking along the street in earnest talk. As soon as the present crisis was over he'd get rid of Wilcoxen, even at the risk of a strike.

Then there were the two out-and-out Germans—Emil Borst, president of the local Deutscher Club; and Fliess, of Bellair. His mind harked back two years to the day when Borst, frock-coated and silk-hatted, had himself borne reverently to the editorial sanctum the Crown Prince's letter of congratulation and exhortation to the German organizations of the United States, with a request—which had all the tone of a demand—that it be conspicuously published that day. This phase of propaganda trod upon Jem's pet toe, which was his paper's independence of pressure.

"I'll look it over and see what it's worth," he said.

"Wordth!" Borst had cried, the rodent German vanity of race flaming into anger. "This is our Kaiser's son!"

"Not my Kaiser!"

"If it was the Prindz of Wales I will bet you prindt it!"

"As much or as little as I shall use of this."

"What for a little country editor are you to edit a grade man's wordts! You prindt it all—or nothing!"

"Nothing, then."

"You have always been against us Germans," declared Borst. "This we shall take up in our organizations."

As a result of that taking up, the Guardian was denounced by the German press of the state, largely controlled by

Gordon Fliess. Deeply alarmed, Governor Embree reproached Jem for imperiling their cause and persuaded him not to retort in his paper. Locally the Deutscher Club members organized a quiet boycott of some effectiveness; and it was then that Montrose Clark had struck at Jem through the Drovers' Bank. Only the solid circulation and the firmly established influence of the paper sufficed to hold to it a considerable number of the local German advertisers, who were under pressure to withdraw. Several did drop out.

On the day following the Deutscher Club meeting Jem had encountered Bernard Stockmuller, proprietor of Fenchester's largest jewelry store, and a consistent user of advertising space in the Guardian.

"Vot you got against the Chermans, Robson?" he demanded truculently. "Ain't they good, decent, law-abiding cidizens?"

"They certainly are, Bernard."

"Then vot for are you turned a Cherman-hater? Ve got it at the Glub meeding last night that you vos a Cherman-hater. If you vos a Cherman-hater," he rushed on, overriding the other's attempted protest, "I guess a good Cherman's money ain'd good enough for you. My advertising you don'd ged it any more."

Blasius, the hatter, Engel, the grocer, and a dozen more had either withdrawn or cut down their space radically, and the paper had been flooded with denunciatory letters. Presently the turmoil subsided, leaving, however, its enduring residue of bitterness against Jem and the Guardian.

The Guardian! Jem's thoughts infolded and cherished it. What a decrepit and forlorn sheet it had been when he took it over—a mongrel of journalism; a sorrowful, servile canine, fawning for petty favors at any hand! All his money and all his ambitions had gone into it. He had made it first feared, then respected, then followed with a blind faith. Its political fortunes had been bound up with those of Martin Embree, the mouthpiece of whose fervent and altruistic radicalism it had become. If he had done much for it, establishing it as a real institution abroad in the state, it had more than paid the score by electing him governor. And now—what of Martin Embree?

Jem looked at the clock and was astonished to see that it marked twenty-seven minutes of one. The inner door opened. There was a buzz of indistinct guttural voices; then Embree's clear but troubled "That can wait, gentlemen." The Germans passed Jem, glowering with what he interpreted as a surly sort of triumph.

"Come in, Jem," summoned the governor wearily, and the editor advanced to face his friend and ally.

"Why did you appoint me vice chairman of the council without consulting me?" Jem demanded before he was fairly in the room.

"Because you're the man for the place. We need you there."

"Or because you think that will keep the Guardian quiet?"

"Bosh! The only possible course for the Guardian is to keep quiet, for the present."

"Is it?" said Jem significantly.

"See here, Jem: Germany's sure to win this war. This state splits about even now between German sympathizers and the others; only the Germans have got the solidarity and the others are divided. After Germany has won it'll be all pro-German. That's the American way of it. We're for success. Then where will a newspaper be that's taken the losing side?"

"Can't you see, Martin, that we're practically in the war now!"

"Jingo talk! If the capitalist crowd could drive us into it we'd be in now. It's the duty of good Americans, and particularly of every American newspaper, to stand solid against it."

"Is that the principle on which you appointed your State Council of Defense?"

"Of course it is! I've drafted a body of men who can be trusted not to rush us madly into this damnable mess. That's our real, our best possible defense—to keep at peace."

"Very pretty sophistry! How far do you think it would go with Harvey Rappelje?"

"That crazy fool!" Embree blurted. "What am I to do?"

"Afraid?" Jem looked at him curiously.

"Not of his mad-dog threat! You ought to know me better than that, Jem. I can call out the guard in ten minutes."

"That will mean bloodshed."

"That's it!" cried the other fearfully. "Some of that college mob will be killed. And what chance shall I have of the senatorship with the cry of 'Murderer!' raised against me?"

"None! Not a ghost!"

Black shadows of brooding settled upon Embree's handsome face.

"I'll arrest that frantic fool of a professor," he muttered. "I'll arrest him now. Nobody can call me a traitor!"

Jem made up his mind, and struck:

"Can't they? Read to-night's Guardian."

"T-t-to-night's—— Wh-wh-what!" stuttered Embree. "Jem, you're not going back on me?"

"Going back on you! Haven't you gone back on me? Haven't you gone back on the state? On the country? Didn't you pledge yourself to appoint a representative American Council of Defense? Where did you get your list? By cable from Berlin?"

"What are you trying to do? Provoke a fight?" retorted the other fiercely.

"Make you wipe out that council of Germans."

"I won't be bulldozed and blackmailed!" shouted Embree in the loud wrath of a weak man cornered.

"Then it's the lynching party and the end of you politically. Oh, Rappelje meant what he said! We'll have an interview with him in this evening's paper. He'll talk. That silent kind always do, once they break over."

The governor collapsed.

"Wait!" he pleaded. "Give me time to think."

He walked to the window and stared out toward the east—his Mecca—Washington. When he turned, his face was so haggard that Jem felt a stab of remorse; but Embree contrived to summon the fleeting wraith of that ounce bounteous smile.

"You've got me," he admitted. "I'll make another list. Wait while I outline it."

As finally agreed upon between the two, the council was preponderantly American, with two names of representative but not disloyal Germans on it, Magnus Laurens as chairman and Jem as vice chairman.

"The Guardian will stand for that list," said its editor.

Smiling Mart Embree swallowed hard and beamed anxiously upon Jem.

"What about me?"

"No."

"This is the parting of the ways, then?"

"The finish."

"And after all the years that I've been loyal to you! You don't know what loyalty is!" said Embree bitterly.

"I've got pretty definite notions as to what disloyalty is."

Embree seized the new list and crossed Jem's name off with a violent sweep. The conviction of having suffered unmerited wrong, ever at call in the egotist's soul, surged to his lips.

"You've sold out to the corporation gang. That's what you've done," he accused. "You've sold me out!" Suddenly a great pity for the man who had been his friend softened Jem. "Good-by, Mart!" he said. "I'm sorry it—it had to be this way."

"You have cause. You'll be sorrier." The smile was a little crooked now, with a hint of fangs at the corner. "I'm a poor forgetter, Robson. Particularly when it's my friends who betray me," he added, calling out the last words after the departing visitor.

"Unless That List is Withdrawn Before Night, Martin Embree, I Will Hang You to the Highest Tree on the Campus"

Though no interview with Professor Rappelje was published, nor any account of the vivid events of the conference, there was no lack of interesting news in that evening's Guardian. The announcement of the State Council personnel stirred up profound approval among a large element, and grievous surprise and wrath among another almost equally large. Further to enrage the aggrieved lot, the Guardian's clear challenge—Under Which Flag?—set the two ends of the hyphen to bristling and surcharged the local air with more electricity than it could comfortably contain.

A second editorial followed on the next day—He Who is Not for Us is Against Us—in which the Guardian formally forswore its support of Martin Embree, though remaining steadfast to its progressive internal policy, and announced its belief that to elect him to the United States Senate would be to place a putative enemy agent in that body. Of necessity the governor immediately sued the Guardian for libel.

But nobody cared; for on the day when the suit was announced the patience of a long-enduring President and people broke and the Government of the United States of America bared the sword between the Flag and its insulters overseas.

IV

UNDER the shock of war the sovereign state of Centralia was rent and seamed from border to border with seismic chasms, across which brother bandied threats with brother and lifelong friends clamored for each other's blood. Politicians and newspapers, who live chiefly—and uneasily—by grace of public favor, stepped warily among these racial pitfalls set with envenomed stakes.

But it was the dear-bought privilege and luxury of the Guardian in these great days to speak that which was in its owner's soul. Straight and clear it spoke, while for the first fortnight after the declaration the editor hurried about the state organizing the trustworthy newspapers into a compact league of patriotism, meantime living, sleeping and writing on trains, in automobiles, in country hotels, those editorial battle cries that variously rasped, enthused, infuriated or inspired, but always stirred and roused the divided and doubting people of Centralia.

Returning to his own lesser fight, Jem found Andy Galpin, who had run the paper during his absence, full of news of the sort that never gets into any newspaper.

"The botches have begun."

"What's their line of action?"

"Boycott."

"Thought they'd gone about as far as they could in that line already."

"This is an organized campaign. I understand there's a committee of the Deutscher Club handling it. Oh, very quietly, of course! Nothing you can put your hand on legally. But they've cut down our circulation over five hundred since you left; and they're claiming fifteen hundred."

"Claims won't hurt us."

"Don't you believe it, boss. The botches are spreading their lies among our advertisers; and the advertisers are beginning to talk about a reduction in our rates, based on decreased circulation."

"They don't get it!" said Jem angrily. "What advertisers? The Germans?"

"No, sir! The big shops. The Department Store League held a meeting on it Saturday. The Emporium and Ahrens and the Favorite and that lot don't love us any too much on our past record, you know, boss. We've been pretty inde—gosh-darned—pendent with our advertisers. Don't expect 'em to pass up a chance to get even if they see it."

"We've licked 'em before. We can lick 'em again if necessary. Though I'd hate to have to fight that battle over again just now."

"We're beginning to get a little reaction from the botches' attack, too," said Galpin more cheerfully. "Remember the Associated White Laundrymen who lifted their contracts in a bunch three years back?"

"Because we took Wing Kee's ad? I remember."

"They're back; with the American flag over their copy. Lamp this, boss."

The note he tendered was written in the most approved style of business-college condensation, and read as follows:

To the Pub'r of the Guardian. D'r Sir: A Chink may not be White but he is a Long Sight better American than any Kaiser hound. Inclosed please find contract renewals.

Resp'y, for the Com'tee,
The Spotless Laundry.
J. CORBY, *Prop'r.*

"At least we're making a few friends," Jem smiled.

"Lots! The trouble is, they're not organized. Our enemies are. Looks as if they were organized right here in the office."

"More trouble in the pressroom?"

"Nothing to put your finger on. Something's stirring, though. You know the way strikes are; always come just when you least want 'em."

"Oughtn't we to fire Wilcoxen?"

"Not until I'm surer of my ground. He's been keeping pretty quiet lately."

Enough correspondence was piled on the editorial desk to occupy the rest of Jem's day. Most of it was denunciation, protest, warning, threat; more than half, of course, was anonymous. Several weak-kneed politicians, followers of Smiling Mart Embree's political fortunes, had written pressingly for appointments, evincing in every line their perturbation lest the Guardian's course might compromise them in one way or another. One correspondent had contented himself with a spirited but unsigned free-hand drawing of a noose overhanging a skull and crossbones.

In the middle of the epistolary heap was a brief and simple note of commendation for the Guardian's course, from the hardest-worked, most sorely pressed and anxious man in America. It was headed: The White House. All but this Jem shoveled into the wastebasket; then plunged into his work with renewed spirit. The anonymous threats had cheered him only less than the President's word. They showed that his work was striking home.

(Continued on Page 34)

OLD DOG TRAY

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

AT FOUR-FIFTEEN on a certain bright afternoon in June Mr. James Herbert Tray was a seven-thousand-dollar-a-year salesman for the cloak-and-suit house of Gorman, Cohn & Listner. At the same hour and minute he was a bachelor who smilingly admitted, instanter, that he was the gayest kind of a forty-year-old gay dog and a man upon whom no inexpert bartender would dare impose anything but the best—and plenty of it.

Aside from these major advantages over many other men—really trivialities worth only mention in passing if we are to believe Mr. Tray himself—were a gentle rotundity of fancy waistcoat, a generous touch of salmon in face and neck—said neck bulging, like the dimpled wrist of a baby, over the whitest and most fashionable of collars—and a prettier taste in hosiery than any other man with the house.

To all this may be added the additional information that Mr. Tray was no piker, no dollar clutcher, whether the dollar came from the Tray pocket or the Tray expense account. A pleasant, chuckling, cigar-drink-meal-buying optimist was Mr. Tray, and, if we are to believe Mr. Tray's sometime stories, a man whose past was crowded to the S. R. O. with hearts that had hoped and longed in vain, a man with a large bank account of friends and anecdotes of the most excruciating variety.

Perhaps that is why on a certain afternoon in June these were the only tangible assets that Mr. Tray had tucked away for a rainy day—"the inevitable rainy day of the poor fish of a calamity howler," sneered Mr. Tray. All this was Mr. Tray at four-fifteen.

And then, at four-forty-five, Mr. James Herbert Tray was still a bachelor, still a gay dog of forty, with an A. B. in cocktails and hosiery, still no piker or dollar clutcher, still a man with a large bank account of friends and excruciating anecdotes; but he was no longer the seven-thousand-dollar-a-year salesman for the cloak-and-suit house of Gorman, Cohn & Listner.

Briefly, in the language of the cloak-and-suit trade, Mr. James Herbert Tray had been given the long good-by.

To Old Adam Listner had been given the task of saying it. All good-bys of any importance were always uttered by his grim, white old lips.

"Sorry, Tray," he had barked; "damned sorry! Really! Sorry to see you go. It isn't your work so much—you can still sell coats and suits. It isn't that. . . . It's the example of the thing."

The stupefying surprise of the thing partly spent, cold anger at the monstrous injustice of it all possessed Mr. Tray. The dirty dogs! Fifteen years of faithful service—fifteen years of constant profit for Gorman, Cohn & Listner—and then this! Discharged like a drunken cutter! The salmon of Mr. Tray became carmine and his lips became dry. A dozen choking bitter utterances surged to his lips, biting sneery things. But why let the dirty ungrateful old scoundrel before him see his hurt? Mr. Tray became coldly dignified.

"Just what do you mean?" he inquired loftily.

Old Adam sucked the cold stub of a blackened cigar.

"Our young men," he explained, "are liable to get false notions. Bad for the house."

"What is?" snapped Mr. Tray.

"The old idea of selling a man of bill of goods over a hotel bar. Booze! It's gone for good. I know it. The house knows it. . . . And, Tray, you ought to know it—to have kept abreast of the times."

Mr. Tray laughed sneeringly among the carmine.

"Yes?" he jeered. "All the trade getting religion, eh? All getting too good to take a little drink, eh? Ha! Ha! Introducing Billy Sunday to the cloak-an'-suit trade, eh? That certainly sounds great, coming from you—you who laughed till the tears ran down your cheeks that day after I slid the Barnwell order over by getting Old Barnwell where he didn't know whether he was signing a cloak-an'-suit order or buying a new canary-colored baby buggy. You—you handing me that stuff!"

The old hypocrite pursed his lips severely.

"That was two years ago."

"Human nature don't change."

"Times do—and methods."

Old Adam waved a thin bloodless finger before Mr. Tray's fancy brown waistcoat. "I like you, Tray—really!"—as

At Time Passed Men Who Had Gone Down Into Their Pockets With Eagerness Spoke of Being Temporarily Embarrassed Themselves

Mr. Tray sneered openly. "You've been with us a long time.. We —— I hated to have to do it. But you didn't see the times changing—you didn't see the handwriting on the wall. . . . So it had to be done. It wasn't only that—but, Tray"—what a clever old scoundrel he was!—"it was getting you, too—your health ——"

"A man's private life," cut in Mr. Tray with dignity, "has nothing to do with business."

The sleek old hypocrite shook his head.

"It has! A man who sells merchandise for a house represents that house—twenty-four hours a day; and if that man is a drinker he hurts his house in proportion to the drinks he takes."

"Bunk!" said Mr. Tray.

"And to-day," continued the thin bloodless lips, apparently not heeding, "if a man can't go out and get an order on the strength of the quality of the merchandise he has to offer, he has no right to be selling. Either he or the merchandise is wrong."

"Well?" challenged Mr. Tray.

"Of course you can still sell merchandise; but it's the idea of the thing. The way it's being looked at by the progressive customer. Drinks, cigars and meals must, in the final analysis, come out of the buyer's pocket. See, Tray? Buyers are starting to figger that they are paying for all this stuff whether they get it or not. Buyers are beginning to think, to figger these things out. It always was a trade evil, something that we thought we had to put up with, even when we wished we could do away with it. The concerns behind the different buyers are opposed to it. They know that a buyer who is influenced into buying because of obligations which he thinks he is under doesn't get as good prices."

"Stuff!" said Mr. Tray.

"Fact!"

"Hell!" said Mr. Tray.

The hoary old scoundrel shook his head austerely.

"Loose language is gone too," he reproved. "It, too, was a product of the hotel bar. The man that is a ——"

"Marshmallow baby," suggested Mr. Tray.

"——a gentleman of the highest order has the call."

Once more Mr. Tray jeered openly.

"So it took you fifteen years to find out that I wasn't a gentleman of the highest order?" he questioned bitterly.

"No, Tray, not that. Just the example, and—and ——"

"And what?" prompted Mr. Tray.

"Not seeing the handwriting on the wall."

Mr. Tray rose and ignored the hand the other stretched out.

"I'm going," he said thickly. "And I'll show you what your smart Aleck efficiency selling stuff means. I'll show you if it takes from now till the cows come home! There are a dozen firms down the street that will be glad ——"

"I hope so!"—politely.

The carmine darkened to alcoholic purple.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Tray, "you have a nice marshmallow boy picked out for my territory?"

Old Adam shook his head.

"We have a progressive young gentleman arranged for," he corrected.

Mr. Tray reached for the check that lay on the desk and carefully folded it before placing it in his pocket.

"Sure!" he sneered.

"Sure!" assented his former boss; and then a subtle note of satisfaction seemed to creep into his tone—almost unconsciously, it seemed. "And we're getting him at four thousand a year," he added, and smiled broadly.

II

OUT in the street, unconsciously following the trail of habit toward the third corner to the right, the buoyancy of spirit that had always characterized Mr. Tray asserted itself. He chuckled amusedly and reached for a nickel for the corner newsboy. Mr. Tray always gave a nickel to the little fellow—not so much in the light of philanthropy as of business thrift. It was a good business investment, Mr. Tray felt—that look of unvaulted admiration toward one who could afford to forget such a small matter as change brightened Mr. Tray and sent him humming with carefree importance toward the third corner. But in the act of selecting the five-cent piece Mr. Tray remembered the rottenness and ingratitude of it all. The chuckle died; and then inspiration seized Mr. Tray. He selected a quarter and tossed it lightly toward the outstretched hand.

"No change, Eddie," he directed. "Gimme the News."

And the result was all that Mr. Tray had expected.

"Gosh," said the boy, "but it must be great to be a guy like you!"

But it was the eyes above the speech that soothed the spirit of Mr. Tray and restored the chuckle and the hum of satisfaction. After all it was only a question of waiting until the next morning. As he moved along the rapidly crowding street Mr. Tray's mind functioned like a pendulum. Swinging from the dirty, mean, low pack of pikers, as represented by Listner *et al.*, it gravely considered the matter of a new connection. Should it be Schwartz, Hillmer & Company or Skall & Hexter? Both were good houses. Good competitors, Mr. Tray had always considered them.

Of course he couldn't sign with both. Both were run by white men—men who considered such things as fidelity and results. Which should it be? Skall & Hexter were the larger, that was true; but, on the other hand, Schwartz, Hillmer & Company had a reputation among the boys for being the holders of the loosest commission purse strings.

Striking Broadway at the second block, and only some two hundred feet from his destination, Mr. Tray was still undecided. It was a hard decision to make. A dozen feet, a hundred, and still Mr. Tray debated earnestly with himself on the question. And then, as the glistening glass front of Mr. Tray's destination stood before him, inspiration again seized Mr. Tray. While scurrying, elbowing passers-by bumped him this way and that, Mr. Tray stopped and reached once more into his change pocket.

Standing with feet apart to steady himself from the jostling throng, Mr. Tray tossed a spinning quarter up into the soft early summer air of Broadway. Glistening in the

ebbing sun, it fell, after a moment, into Mr. Tray's broad pink palm. Quickly he covered the coin with his free hand.

"Fair play and no favorites," chuckled Mr. Tray. "Heads it's Schwartz, Hillmer & Company; tails it's Skall & Hexter."

Then Mr. Tray slowly lifted his left hand and gazed at the coin beneath. He chuckled again.

"Mr. James Herbert Tray, of Schwartz, Hillmer & Company," he murmured, as if introducing himself to an imaginary customer to his left.

And then, like a man who has been fair and square and who has played no favorites, Mr. Tray returned the coin to his pocket. But the conceit of the moment before still tickled his fancy.

"Come right along in," he invited the imaginary customer. "Come right along in and have a little of the oil of life." Still chuckling, Mr. Tray pushed the swinging doors and entered.

"Evenin', Mr. Tray," a white-coated figure behind the shiny mahogany greeted, and reached automatically for the cocktail shaker.

"Evenin', Harry," said Mr. Tray.

"Swell day."

"Easy like that," said Mr. Tray.

"Hard on us, though."

"Yeh?" Mr. Tray smiled indulgently. "Why not find something easier?"

The other stopped suddenly amid convulsive shakings.

"How?" he inquired.

"Quit an' look for it."

The shakings were resumed, as if hope had suddenly flared—and died.

"It's easy," prodded Mr. Tray. "Look at me—I'm doing it at forty."

"You?"

"Sure—me!" Mr. Tray smiled. "I threw up a seven-thousand-dollar-a-year job not an hour ago just because a member of my firm got a sudden touch of Billy-Sundayitis. Told him to go to—in a minute!"

The Harry person smiled admiringly and poured the golden concoction into the frosted glass.

"Billy-Sundayitis?" he echoed inquiringly.

Mr. Tray reached for the glass and smiled.

"Wants all his men to be Little Lord Fauntleroys," he explained; "say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' an' go to bed every night before ten so that they will be their bright, polished, efficient selves in the morning. Take a customer out an' show him a good time by telling him what fine merchandise he is getting, and finish up by buying a glass of buttermilk and a lettuce sandwich all round," bitterly.

"Naturally," said the Harry person, "you didn't fall for that?"

"Not me," said Mr. Tray. "I think too much of my customers. Efficiency!" Mr. Tray sneered into the empty glass. "What, after all, does efficiency mean but selling the stuff? Handwriting on the wall! Bunk!"

"Sure!" said Harry.

Mr. Tray looked meaningly at the empty utensils on the bar before him.

"Get busy," he directed.

The Harry person did—and continued to find fairly continuous employment near Mr. Tray. After the second frosted glass had been emptied Mr. Tray indulged the white-coated figure in a blistering personal sketch of Old Adam. He said he was a mouthing, driveling old fool. He said he was a sly snake, with low cunning in place of heart. He said he was a rotten old scoundrel—and many, many worse things.

"I ain't got the slightest doubt about it," assented the other.

Mr. Tray nodded heavy approval of this supporting judgment and felt obliged to award it.

"Let's have another," he commanded; "an' take something for yourself."

And then, later—some four frosted glasses later—Mr. Tray's mood changed to one of kindly pity. He explained it all to a stranger who stood near him gravely munching a clove. Mr. Tray was glad that the stranger looked grave. It was a serious matter—for Gorman, Cohn & Listner. And even after the raw deal that had been handed him, the long years of service, years in which he had come to regard himself as a basic part of the house, Mr. Tray felt compelled to feel sorry. He said so himself.

"They'll be sorry," he said, and shook his head sadly. "They'll put this cheap boy out on the trade, with his nice little bright face an' his lace collars an' cuffs, an' the first thing you know business will be"—Mr. Tray hesitated and found inspiration again, in the glass this time—"flooey!"

Mr. Tray Tossed a Spinning Quarter Up Into the Soft Early Summer Air of Broadway

"Sure!" agreed the stranger readily, and started to move away.

Reaching out quickly, Mr. Tray detained him.

"Lissen!" he commanded. "This ready-to-wear game is different—different from any other business. Treating a customer is bred in the bone of it. See? Every buyer expects it. It's part of the order. An'—an' it's all right too. Why shouldn't the buyer get a little somethin' out of it? Why shouldn't he? His house gets theirs when the goods are sold. I get my commission when I sell them. My house gets theirs at the same time." Mr. Tray's fist set the glass before him to tinkling, trembling. "Everybody gets theirs!" he continued. "So what's the matter with it? Huh?"

"Nothing," the stranger agreed, and removed Mr. Tray's commanding clutch on his arm. But Mr. Tray was charmed with the stranger. That he was a regular man, with broad views and vision, Mr. Tray could see at a glance. Saying these things, Mr. Tray detained the stranger by his coat lapel.

"Let's have something," he invited cordially. "Let's go," he commanded the attendant who had taken the place of the familiar Harry some three frosted glasses before.

"Now, as I was sayin', the ready-to-wear game is different from any other business an' ——"

With a start of surprise, hurt surprise, Mr. Tray discovered that instead of a coat lapel his fingers were twitching thin air and that the swinging doors were closing about the pleasant stranger.

But, curiously enough, Mr. Tray did not blame the stranger, either for his refusal of Mr. Tray's kindly hospitality or his abrupt leave-taking. It was all Listner's fault. The sneaking, driveling, pussyfooting old scoundrel! That the stranger did not know Old Adam made no difference.

"Prinshible! Matter of prinshible. The prinshible of the thing!" Mr. Tray murmured thickly to his image in the gleaming mahogany, and knew that the thickness was caused by the shock of a treacherous blow from behind, directed against a kindly, trusting, faithful nature. "Tresherous! Blow from behind! Kindly!" Mr. Tray repeated brokenly.

"Too bad, old sport!" consoled the successor of Harry.

Deep and sudden wrath suddenly seized Mr. Tray. In thick, labored sentences he explained it all over again; and then, glass in hand, he broke into a grand finale of bitterness.

"I'm goin' to get even!" he promised loudly. "I'm goin' to show that—blow from behind—tresherous—kindly—that he can't get away with that stuff with James Herb't Tray! 'M goin' to show him if it takes me all m' life. I'm goin' to show 'm! . . . Tresherous! . . . Blow from behind—kindly nature—faithful!"

And ten minutes later, as the last after-theater thirst quencher departed in the wake of a heavily dignified gentleman, who murmured thickly of treachery and kindness in the same breath, the white coat picked up a long amber-hued bottle and regarded it quizzically. White coat had a wife and two of the finest children in the world, to say nothing of the finest-toned piano in New York, which was nearly all paid for; so a touch of sorrow dignified his half sneer.

"Oil of life!" he mused to the bottle gleaming in his hand. "Take it from me, who ain't had a drop of you in twenty years, that you're in a class by yourself when it comes to greasin' the skids."

III

AT TEN o'clock the following morning Mr. Tray, pleasantly pink and pleasantly smiling, seated himself beside the desk of Mr. Benjamin Hillmer, of Schwartz, Hillmer & Company. In pleasant light gray was Mr. Tray, and his hose were of softer gray, gallantly clocked with purple. In addition Mr. Tray wore gray silk gloves and the confident air of a man who carries pleasant news.

In point of fact, everything about Mr. Tray was pleasant, even to the subdued glisten of his neat tan oxfords. Which all went to prove, as Mr. Tray had often remarked, that a little liquor now and then never hurt anybody. Even teetotalers had kidney twinges and occasional touches of short breath.

Mr. Tray was recovering from a slight attack of the latter as he seated himself for the quick preliminaries that would lead up to his new connection.

"Well, Mr. Hillmer," he began breezily, "I just come over to show you where you can pick up a mighty good salesman."

"So?" said Mr. Hillmer.

"Yes," said Mr. Tray; "and a man who will earn his ten thousand a year five times over for a house that treats him white."

"So?"

"Sure! An' furthermore, Mr. Hillmer, a man with the good old-fashioned methods, which don't mean any lace collars or violet water—but mean results."

"S ——"

"A man who knows human nature an' knows that it hasn't changed—in the ready-to-wear line, anyway; a man who knows what the trade expects—an' gives it to them."

Mr. Hillmer toyed with a platinum watch chain and glanced up quickly into Mr. Tray's pleasantly liquid eyes.

"That man is ——"

"Me!" said Mr. Tray, and waited.

The second hand on the tiny brass desk clock traveled twice round its tinier radius while Mr. Tray waited. It was nearly halfway round again.

"No!"

Mr. Tray half rose in incredulous wonder.

"What?"

"No!" The junior member of the firm added a decisive shake of his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tray, but I don't feel ——"

A relieved sigh escaped Mr. Tray and he held up a pink palm of interruption.

"Oh, if it's that"—he smiled—"we can come to terms. Suppose we say nine thousand to start, an' more if the sales justify the ——"

"No; it ——"

"I'm no penny haggler. You are a company I'd like to be associated with. Say the word an' the ante drops to eight thousand"

"No; I "

"Lissen'" said Mr. Tray abruptly. "If you won't pay any more why, I can't take any less. Seven thousand is ab-so-lute-lee the limit! Take it or leave it."

For a full minute Mr. Benjamin Hillmer let his eyes say plainly that he was noting Mr. Tray's liquid ones; that he was noticing Mr. Tray's quick heavy breathing; and, further, that he wanted Mr. Tray to know that he was observing these things.

"It—it isn't a question of money," he finally said meaningly. "I would just as soon pay you ten thousand as seven—only ——"

"All right—sold!" said Mr. Tray, bravely ignoring the look.

"—— only I can't afford to hire you at any price."

With a convulsive jerk of unbelieving wonder Mr. Tray rose. Vainly dignity sought to cover purpling anger.

"What?" shouted Mr. Tray. "What?"

"At any price," Mr. Hillmer repeated placidly.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Tray crisply.

Ignoring the question, the other continued with exasperating placidity to finger his watch chain.

"You haven't said yet," he remarked, "why you want to—or have—cut off from Listner."

Once more calm came to Mr. Tray.

"Oh, if that's it," he said in the tone of a man with nothing to conceal, "let me explain: For some twenty years now I've been selling—fifteen of them for Listner. Now"—Mr. Tray brought his palms together with a sharp soft pat—"in that time I figure that I have come to know the ready-to-wear selling game. See? I figure that I have come to know what will sell a man—an' what won't. . . . An' that is why I got out from Gorman, Cohn & Listner."

"You mean that ——"

"I mean," said Mr. Tray sharply, "that in those twenty years I have come to know my business."

"Mr. Listner ——" suggested Mr. Hillmer.

"Mr. Listner," said Mr. Tray bitterly, "has fallen for all this Little Lord Fauntleroy bunk: In bed at nine, an' selling merchandise an' getting customers away from competition merely by strength of mind—by their efficient personality an' the superiority of their merchandise."

"In other words, you cannot agree with your house's selling methods?"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Tray.

Mr. Hillmer swung gently in his chair.

"I wouldn't discharge a man for honest disagreement," he declared.

Mr. Tray smiled.

"I know you wouldn't," he assented; "an' that's why I came to you first—to give you first chance at my services."

With no gratefulness in his eyes or thankfulness in his smile, Mr. Hillmer swung about to face Mr. Tray.

"But I wouldn't hire you for an entirely different reason," he said suddenly.

"What?" stammered Mr. Tray.

"Booze!"

Hot anger possessed Mr. Tray.

"This is a free country!" he said loudly.

"Sure!"

"And a man is entitled to a little drink now an' then if it helps to bring in business."

"But it doesn't—in the long run."

"It does. My experience in over twenty years ——"

"Tell Mr. Hickley I'll see him at once," said Mr. Hillmer crisply into the telephone at his right; and Mr. Tray realized with bitter finality that he had been dismissed. Shrugging his shoulders, he rose.

"Well," he laughed loudly, "I guess it'll be up to Skall & Hexter to show you people what you're passing up."

"Maybe."

"Hell!" said Mr. Tray pityingly. "Maybe nothing! There's a company that knows a live one, even at forty."

The other caller arrived. Mr. Hillmer stood up.

"You can't preserve a live one," he observed cryptically, "by keeping him in alcohol."

But this did not anger Mr. Tray as it should. After all, now that he had had a sample of Hillmer, maybe he was lucky. And Skall & Hexter certainly paid splendid commissions.

IV

THE modern fable of the greased skids and the quick descent is not in its essentials a pleasant one. It is not—to quote the modern book review—filled with spontaneous humor that bubbles and effervesces. It is not sprightly with clever quips. It contains no love interest. But one thing should find favor concerning it in the mind of the reader—it is speedy. Also, it has another excuse for existence in this particular case; for in it, for the first time, we come across Old Dog Tray.

It covers that period from the last sunny days of June to the first frost-touched days of autumn. It includes, for the sake of exactness, a fleeting sketch of all that happened between the day upon which Mr. Tray, clad in deeply creased double-breasted blue, called upon Skall & Hexter, and the nights when in shiny, wrinkled eighteen-dollar serge he muttered a brokenly defiant story over the sloppy table of a Sixth Avenue bar into the big, broad red ears of John Brannon, of the Syndicate Stores, ardent champion of free rights and John Barleycorn.

Beginning with the day when Mr. Tray walked out of the loft of Skall & Hexter like a man possessed of a clinging, disturbing dream, they had practically called him a has-been! A booze fighter! A man whose best days were only memories—even though he was in his prime. For he was just that, he insisted. He still had the punch and the ability to put it over; but, nevertheless, it would be hard to come down to the smaller houses and the smaller salary.

But against Mr. Benjamin Hillmer, who had said he was preserved in alcohol, and Mr. Nathan Skall, who had called him a has-been and a booze fighter, practically Mr. Tray held no particular grudge. It was all Old Listner's fault—the sly dirty old scoundrel! It was he who had caused it all; he who had probably started the nasty lie concerning the inability of Mr. Tray to cope with the bottle—any bottle. It was against Old Adam that Mr. Tray devoted his moments of gloomy reflection—moments that grew longer toward the end of summer.

It would be hard to come down to some piker little house with only a few numbers and small-fry trade. Mr. Tray knew this, but resigned himself to it for the present. And then, when he had shown them —— That was the big thing in Mr. Tray's life—growing apace with his gloom.

But it was worse, after a week's hard going, to admit that even the small fry would have none of him.

"Overhead," Mr. Tray had sneered; "expense-account misers—afraid that a high-class man will spend too much of their money."

The last salary check from Gorman, Cohn & Listner had dwindled to practically minus and the bank of friends was all that was left to Mr. Tray. Often he talked it over with the Harry person; talked about the things that counted.

"The game ain't over yet," he declared, and drained the frosted glass. "They may think that I am down an' out, y'understand—they may think that I'll never come back; but you wait an' see. I'll show them! I'll show the dirty old scoundrel!"

"Surest thing you know!" assented the Harry person. And the curious part of it all was that Mr. Tray did.

Not long after this Mr. Tray removed to more economical lodgings and took to wearing his clothes for longer periods. Razorback creases disappeared and by some queer magic seemed to have been transmuted from things material to things physical. They appeared, faintly at first, about the eyes, and later ran upward from Mr. Tray's generous chin. Also, his taste in hosiery lay dormant and asserted itself only at sporadic intervals.

"I'm comin' back," asserted Mr. Tray, still confidently. "I'm comin' back and show these guys yet!" But often his chin showed a fine gray stubble where before only the pinkest of skins had shown.

"All the Trade Getting Religion, All Getting Too Good to Take a Little Drink, Eh? That Certainly Sounds Great, Coming From You"

The bank of friends had been more than generous at first; so generous that, embarrassed as he was, Mr. Tray found the acquiring of funds for a temporary period extremely easy. But as time passed and Mr. Tray still spoke confidently of showing them and the expectation of something arising momentarily, this became curiously reversed—that is to say, Mr. Tray found it easier to ask—no embarrassment at all; but his friends found it harder to respond. Men who had gone down into their pockets with every aspect of gladness and eagerness spoke of being temporarily embarrassed themselves. Others, who had gone down not quite so gladly or eagerly, refused flatly.

Mr. Tray took to charging an occasional frosted glass instead of paying instantly.

"I'm comin' back," Mr. Tray protested. "You just wait an' see."

"I hope so," said the Harry person; which didn't quite please Mr. Tray.

And then the ones who had refused flatly began to call him Old Dog Tray; and the name went down through the lofts of the ready-to-wear industry.

Still confident and still possessed of a certain gray suit and gray hose that were not wrinkled, even if they were not creased, Mr. Tray took to visiting the hotels and pouring the story of the rottenness of it all into the ears of salesmen from other cities. They might know of something—some firm which recognized that an employee had some personal rights, even if they did pay him; some good old-fashioned firm that believed in good old-fashioned methods. In any case a five-dollar bill always helped.

The story of Old Dog Tray followed him there, and listeners became fewer and temporary funds more infrequent; but the flames of the Tray optimism still burned like a hickory-wood fire, now leaping, now dying almost to nothing—but burning.

"Just you wait, Harry!" he promised.

"I'm waiting," said Harry, and held out his hand meaningly; which nearly crushed Mr. Tray.

And then the flame leaped high. A down-state wholesaler needed a man who knew woolens for his plant. Whistling once more, Mr. Tray worked valiantly to restore the gray suit to some semblance of old-time optimism and prosperity. Of course it wasn't much, but it was a start; and a start was urgently needed. Probably not more than four thousand a year—and far from the lights and gayety that Mr. Tray loved. But it was a start.

Mr. Tray kept whispering this to himself as he sought out the man at an uptown hotel. Walking along to his destination, Mr. Tray had a sudden idea. Abruptly he turned to the left—down a side street—to a corner where a boy sold papers.

"News, Eddie!" he directed, and flipped a quarter skyward.

The familiar look of admiration vaulted skyward.

"Gosh, Mr. Tray," shrilled the boy, "but it's good to see you again!"

With the satisfied air of a man whose spirit has received the consoling solace of some soothing stimulant, Mr. Tray smiled and wheeled. A moment later, back on Broadway, he punched the paper into a bulging wastepaper box and fingered his remaining quarter. A moment later he was receiving more material stimulation at the hotel bar.

The wholesaler turned out to be a meek little man with a little head perched inquiringly on a stringy, birdlike neck. They got down to business immediately, condescendingly on the part of Mr. Tray, who saw in the stringy neck all the symptoms of the small-town piker; and twitteringly on the part of the wholesaler, who saw in Mr. Tray a superior person who, if he proved incapable, would be hard to discharge.

But Mr. Herbert Tray was capable.

He knew woolens. In five minutes the little man realized this, and said so.

"Now the question of stipend," suggested Mr. Tray grandly; "shall we say ——"

"Twelve hundred," twittered the little man, aghast at his recklessness in raising his ante from ten hundred.

"Twelve hundred!" And the flame died. Twelve hundred!

With a quiet movement Mr. Tray reached for his hat. The little man detained him with a gesture.

"I—I—might be able to make it twelve-fifty," he offered.

Mr. Tray picked up his hat.

"Don't make me laugh!" he commanded gently. "I can borrow that much a year right here on Broadway."

And, because the flame was low and funds paralleled the flame, Mr. Tray sought the glistening glass and the swinging doors of the Harry person.

"I've still got a good kick left; an' when I get to the point ——"

"Uh-uh!" said the Harry person, and yawned.

"Snifter, Harry!" Mr. Tray commanded grandly.

The Harry person yawned again, holding his hand over the polished board and moving his fingers, suggestive of receiving money. Mr. Tray gazed at the moving fingers in injured silence.

"It's orders," the other explained. "No more tick."

With a crash Mr. Tray reached the bottom of the skid and went down into that morass of uncertainty which all skids descend to.

A big rawboned man, with protruding red ears and a general air of crushing strength, shook the crumpled-up form of the man at the table and commanded it to sit up "and look alive."

"It's me, Jimmy," he added—"Big John Brannon."

But the other only stirred momentarily and lapsed back into his boneless slump. Once more the big man shook him, this time not gently but with insistent, jerky rhythm.

"Up!" he commanded. "Up!"

The other, head lolling in sickening fashion, managed finally to eye his disturber. A light of resignation instantly

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THE GREATEST GAME

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

WHISTLES shrieked and crowds on the ferryboats waved as, one after another, great drunkenly striped ships slipped down the North River, past the Battery, past the Goddess, and slow-footed it out to sea. On their decks bands were playing, while at rails and ports swarmed thousands of faces of men who looking backward yearned, and looking forward wondered.

Among the crowds on one of the ferryboats was a rat-eyed, snub-nosed, florid-cheeked slave of a typewriter in a wholesale house in William Street. He waved his handkerchief wildly and burst his feeble throat with a crow that was meant to sound like a cheer; but that night he gloated and plotted with a look of nasty cunning on his face.

Pursuing his usual duties he waited watchfully for five days thereafter in the office where he effaced himself for twenty dollars a week of American money and fifty marks the same of the Kaiser's. He wrote letters to this one and to that one, as they were dictated; he dispatched telegrams hither and yonder, all at the behest of the manager of the company, biding his time with more and more impatience till, in the afternoon of that fifth day, was dictated a cablegram to a correspondent at Corunna, Spain. The rat-eyed one transcribed this telegram twice, and in the middle of the second transcription inserted four words: "Eight looms started sixth." He showed the first and correct copy to the manager, who approved it with his initial. This initialed sheet the rat-eyed then destroyed, first placing a carbon copy thereof properly in the files; but the second transcription, with its four interpolated words, went to the cable office, unciphered, as the regulations now required.

The cable censor scanned the message carefully and saw that it was a plain and simple business communication which had entirely to do with the wool business; moreover the company that had sent it was a concern whose loyalty was beyond question, else why should the secret service of Wilhelm the Damned have concerned itself to plant a spy in its foreign department? Turning to a card index the shrewd young censor saw that the addressee of the cablegram, Arada y Mendez, was also quoted as above suspicion, and thereupon passed the message.

This cablegram arrived at Corunna in due course, and the next morning Señor Arada himself sat reading it and finding nothing whatever in it to mystify him—simply because those four gratuitous words about eight looms starting April sixth had been craftily deleted by the man in the cable office who received that message, and who, two hours later, over his red wine in a little water-front restaurant, communicated their meaning to a dark-skinned man in a fisherman's cap. This humble fisherman had recently found a very much easier way of making money than by the letting down and pulling up of nets. This was simply to lunch with the cable man and then to turn his sloop toward a spot midway between the Bay of Biscay and the Irish Sea, and there to cruise back and forth, with no signals flying but his sails dressed in a certain peculiar way, until, when the sea was lonely enough, a periscope would bear down upon him.

Juan Gutierrez always trembled at the sight of that periscope, for it might make a mistake and not recognizing him let fly an arrow from its deadly quiver that would blow Juan and his sloop to kingdom come; yet always he waited, and so far nothing untoward had happened. The periscope had simply risen higher and higher, and presently a shell of iron had parted the waves and lay alongside his sloop, bumping him and making him nervous enough, but still so far not harming him.

Sometimes the captain of the submarine came up to dine with Juan, and sometimes Juan got courage to descend into the vitals of the deep-sea monster and dine with the captain there, and look about him wonderingly at the glitter of machines and wheels and gauges and coils and indicators and cunning contrivances of shining brass or glistening copper, the several objects of which he could by no means guess. And while he ate his meal and drank the sparkling Rhenish wines his host provided, and pocketed the purse of gold they gave him, he was flattered with being told that the roar and smash he heard behind his back was the radio carrying the message he had brought to submarine bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend, at Wilhelmshaven and Kiel, and to any sister submarine that might be in a listening position.

The very night after the cable message arrived in Corunna an admiral of submarines at Wilhelmshaven was storming over some scratches on a piece of paper. "Eight ships! Yes, yes, eight ships!" he was half-rumbling, half-gloating. "Troop ships, yes—ten, maybe fifteen thousand of the Yankee swine! But where are they? What course? What port? Where? How the devil! And he calls himself a servant of the Kaiser? He draws pay, yes; and this is what he sends!"

"Perhaps it is hard to say what course, sir," suggested an underling, "when he himself does not know what course; when the course is changed from day to day and from hour to hour almost; when the very captains of the ships themselves do not know what port. One moment it might be Marseilles and another it might be Archangel."

"Marseilles! Archangel! You talk like a fool!"

"Only by way of illustration, sir. We cannot know what they do not know themselves."

"Fool! It is by knowing the unknowable that Germany becomes great. Only we knew that Russia would crumble, that Cadorna would crack, that the British line would bend, that the Yankees would dream so long. They know it all now, but we knew it first. That is why Russia is in our hand, why Rumania and Serbia are at our feet, the Balkans ours, the victory ours—already!"

"You would know, then, sir ——" humored the subordinate.

"To what port this convoy is destined, and by what route it will reach it; and then—but, nonsense! No one can tell me this but me myself. It must be worked out here." And the admiral of submarines smote himself grandly on the brow.

In this theatric pose the admiral stood a moment thinking. To throw the fear of God and Kaiser into these upstart peoples and make them too terror-stricken to dispatch even one more troop ship he had but to send this whole flock of ships to the bottom at a single blow. A spectacle! What a spectacle! And how dearly the Emperor loved a spectacle! In four years of war but a single troop ship on the Atlantic down, and she, by some cursed luck, with small loss of life; and now eight, eight in the hollow of the admiral's hand!

"God is on our side; he might help us," encouraged the aid, as if he read his master's thoughts.

"True, he might," confessed the admiral, suddenly and superstitiously humble. "Let us try him! Leave me, Ferdinand!"

The admiral of submarines fell immediately to studying his charts and noting what underwater craft were at sea, how long they had been out, what supply of torpedoes they carried and in exactly what waters they operated. What information the charts now lacked would soon be supplied, for that hour of night approached when every submarine at sea would be riding at ease upon the surface, aërials up, men at their instruments, reporting and receiving instructions for the next twenty-four hours.

As the flow of this information streamed into the admiral's brain and he gave back his instructions the effect of the mental activity was stimulating in the extreme. Imagination leaped. He felt himself an occult master of the sea. He determined boldly to match his own fat-eyed cunning against the subtler cunning of the Briton and the Yankee. He determined to make good his boast—to know the unknowable. He attempted to orientate himself. He said: "If I were an enemy admiral dictating the course of this convoy, how should I send it? What should I tell it to do?"

And he decided. He decided, too, upon a brilliant coup. He decided also upon the Order of the Black Eagle for himself in recognition of his achievement. He heard in pleasant fancy his name ring through all Germany. He saw a statue and a medal—with his bust upon the one, his profile upon the other, his name blazoned proudly on both.

But the matter of the port destination for these eight ships still bothered him. Which—which port? Any one of half a dozen, as far as the admiral could see. To meet this perplexing contingency he decided swiftly upon—first a string of underwater dots, each dot a hissing stinging submarine, round the north entrance to the Irish Sea; that was for Glasgow or Liverpool if they went there; and next another string of underwater dots about the south entrance to the Irish Sea. That, again, was for Liverpool if they went by the southern route. Last of all a moon-shaped row of dots round the group of French ports fronting on the Bay of Biscay.

But there were other resources. One was mines. The admiral had got his submarine mine layers in hand, eight of them, each with her racks full, nine mines to a rack, and four racks, thirty-six mines to a ship, mine layers to make their ways to chosen positions and there in long rows across the course of the convoy to lay their devil's eggs, each anchored on the bottom and floating up to where the blow of a prow would loose havoc in a transport's intestines.

But to these plans the admiral added now the crowning detail, that masterpiece of underwater strategy which his brain had this night conceived and which was to provide the coup that would make him famous. So secret, so sure must this instruction be that under his own eye the code room did it into cipher and he stood beside the machine while the operator sent it whimpering and sputtering over a thousand leagues of brine.

This admiral of submarines was not to work unopposed, however. Over against him there looms a powerful but necessarily somewhat mystical figure—a sort of Naval Intelligence, one might call him. And this Intelligence knew what the admiral did not know—he knew exactly where the eight ships walked with their precious cargo, zigzagging methodically across the ocean, still as ghosts by day and dark as unlit tombs by night. He knew, too, that there was an unusual amount of undecipherable chitchat between Wilhelmshaven and the wide surfaces of the sea at night, so that, putting one and one together, this Naval Intelligence frowned and tightened his stiff upper lip, while the steely eye of him glinted darkly. Closer and closer he stayed to his charts, and more and more alertly he moved about upon them the pins that marked the moving of the convoys, the transports and destroyers and mine sweepers.

Keenly too he watched the movements of such submarines as got themselves into his reports—one off the Scottish Isles, one a hundred miles from Fastnet Light, one way down off the coast of Portugal, two moving westward below Southampton, and one north of Lough Swilly.

This Intelligence did not break out in melodramatics. He did not hold a dialogue with himself even. There was nothing theatric about him. Instead he sat with shoulders bowed, lips pursed, brow knit, thinking and scanning

intently a map of the eastern Atlantic, doggedly determined to find out what that chitchat with Wilhelmshaven meant. Occasionally he rested his mind by lifting his eyes and looking out of broad windows upon the snakelike curve of a narrow bay in the midst of which was a flotilla of low-lying zebra-striped ships, fuel tanks charged, steam up and ready for sea at a moment's notice, but now idly swinging at the anchoring buoys. These were the American destroyers, or a part of them, and so effectively had they done the work required of them that this snug harbor in which they rested might be called the port of missing submarines.

It was the forces represented in this port against which the admiral of submarines had decided to match his cunning; and it is just possible that had he been able to peer within it this afternoon he might have thought he saw reason for assuming that these forces were loosely held and unready. It is a fact that it was a sunny play-inspiring day in the port of missing submarines, and a series of widely separated incidents was taking place that might have been regarded by this admiral as having no particular connection with the business of a fighting Navy.

For one thing, liberty parties were ashore. The cobbled semicircular street that bordered the harbor like a lip resounded with the tread of hundreds of the jackies of Uncle Sam. They thronged the naval club, they crowded the restaurants, they stood three deep before the barriers in the pubs, exchanging sailor persiflage and sailor money with barmaids for Irish wit and Irish brews of various sorts. In some places they drank cocoa, tea and—save the name!—coffee.

Little coteries from separate ships thronged their own particular hangouts, as for instance now a party of "gobs," as enlisted men delight to term each other, from the ——— were forgathering in Mrs. Murphy's. They banged her piano, they cluttered up her parlor with lounging uniforms, they sang their snatches of song, mostly made up of reckless parodies on other songs; they exploded rude and noisy jests; they flirted with the daughters of Mrs. Murphy, who, smiling, flirted back again. They refreshed their parched throats from time to time, deceiving themselves as to the amount of such refreshment by playfully concealing the emptied containers in the top of the piano, the notes of which in consequence acquired a glassy sound; and they bargained with Mrs. Murphy to fry them great platters of eggs and make them kettles of tea, to be sweetened with sugar dug up from their own pockets, which had been surreptitiously stocked from supplies on shipboard.

Generally they reveled, quite after the fashion of irrepressible American youth; and duplicate parties were in Mrs. Coakley's, Mrs. O'Halloran's, Mrs. O'Ryan's and other wheres, until one could hardly have dropped a bomb on an Irish house or store or field in all the region without killing or wounding an American sailor, while if the bomb had fallen on the skating rink at the top of the hill the casualties among American men and Irish maidens would have been frightful to contemplate.

But starting thus with generals one came in a moment to particulars and to Richard—Richard Dorgan, gunner's mate, and restless to-day because adventure was pursuing him without his suspecting it. He only knew that he was restless, and ill-content, and dragging his anchor in Mrs. Murphy's he had taken hold next at Mrs. Coleman's pub, where they welcomed him joyously, but thoughtfully allowed him to pay for the celebration.

"Porter!" called one to the barmaid, Bridget McCarthy by name; and she served him porter, black, sirupy porter, in a great glass that would hold a quart.

"Lager!" decided three, and she poured them dark ale.

"Gi' me a depth charge," proclaimed another boisterously; and Bridget with a knowing smirk set him up a drink of Irish whisky.

"Ditto that!" ordered two others.

"Soda!" said Dorgan, according to his principles, and satisfied with a salute in one round he waited only for the change from his ten-shilling note and backed his way again into the outer freshness, where he posed a moment in the sunlight.

The clarity of his eye and the freshness of his skin proclaimed him a man in the pink of vigorous health, whose natural disposition would be to extract great joy from life; but his bored air made clear that no diversion to his liking had yet presented itself.

Unseen a girl approached, with Dorgan as her apparent objective. This in itself was nothing unusual. Indeed it was quite the common thing. Only the girl was uncommon. Her cheeks were as apples when October has painted them with red, and her eyes were as blue as the Irish Sea, which Dorgan was looking at now so wistfully because it was the back track to that better world of which he was just now thinking.

"Hello, Jack!" she chirped in a voice half-bold and half-diffident.

Dorgan steadied himself and looked, while wonder penciled lines of amazement on his face. In that America to which his thoughts had just been turning he believed honestly that they produced the best ships, the bravest men and the prettiest girls. As for the girls of Ireland—why, when the Americans came to town, they wore sandals to their feet and shawls to their heads; they curried the donkeys, and—and—but here was perfection! Perfection past argument in a creature who burst upon the ken of Dorgan as something fresh-made and wonderful, and to it he capitulated immediately with a gasp that left him speechless and swallowing hard.

The wind playing with the girl's short thin skirts molded and remolded her figure in plastic draperies, and all the while her bright red lips were curved in an arch and saucy smile.

"Who said these Irish girls didn't have any teeth?" growled Dorgan in the heart of him, gazing at the unbroken crescent rows of ivory which the girl was displaying.

"Hello, Yank, I say!" she teased. "Can't you speak? Has the cat got your tongue?"

For answer Dorgan reached for the girl, just reached for her with both of his long, engaging arms, wherewith in times past he had reached for all sorts of things—ropes, ladders, buoys, the shells wherewith he fed his gun, the gun itself, and even a German spy whom, once in a home navy yard, he had caught skulking along the deck of his ship—and mostly what Dorgan in his lifetime had reached for he had got; and what he got he held. But this time he did not even get. With an elfish movement that was hardly a movement at all so much as a sudden dematerialization the girl eluded the reach of Dorgan. His enamored eyes did not see her move. She just wasn't there; dissolving between his hands, but rematerializing immediately and standing close beside him to show she was not afraid, looking up at the sailorman with eyes that strangely mingled challenge and admiration.

"Strong, are ye not?" she commented, scanning him critically.

And though the girl stood perfectly still now, closer to him than before, Dorgan did not take her—he could not have taken her—but merely stood feeling what a lie it was that he was strong.

"'Tis a grand clear day for lookin' out," suggested the girl artfully, as if having noted Dorgan's wistful glance toward the ocean. "I am going up to the top of the hill. Would ye want to come?"

"I sure would!" grinned Dorgan, forgetting that there had ever been such a thing as discontent in his heart.

"No, don't ye touch me!" she prattled swiftly. "Ye're not allowed. Keep your hands by your side then. And if ye walk up to the very top of the bluff with me, then we can look out to sea and you can tell me anything—everything I want to know. Will ye that, sailorman?"

When the little woman asked that last there was a note of unexpected longing in her voice, as at the tapping of some great reservoir of desires, questions, wonderings that through all the years she had spent in growing up on these hills and seeing white ships come and go had somehow grown and grown inside of her. The sea—the sea was the mystery of life to her, and she wanted it solved. This blue sailorman whom the sea had brought to her—he should solve it. Dorgan was touched.

"You don't talk; you sing," he laughed approvingly. "Here, take us up!" he called to the driver of a jaunting car.

The girl stood marveling. Jaunting cars were for the rich.

But Dorgan, masterful now by virtue of his intention to draw upon his wallet, distended with a full month's pay, took the little woman and tossed her lightly to the seat of the jaunting car. Strong? Yes, Dorgan was strong. The girl felt that as he tossed her like a feather; and she—what was there about her that Dorgan should have lifted her without being conscious of any weight at all? It was as if he had taken hold of a spirit, but a soft warm spirit that left a strange thrill in his hands, so that for a moment on the seat beside her he sat staring at them and noticed how big and thick and coarse his fingers were.

Not alone, however, was the enlisted man guilty of unmilitary acts ashore this afternoon in the port of missing submarines. There are a score of fine homes that crown the heights or dig themselves in upon the hillside, surrounded by ivy-grown walls and terraced walks and all but submerged in that swirl of green and creeping plants that set themselves out to cover up the desecrating hand of man wherever in this verdant land a scar betrays its presence.

In divers and sundry of these homes teas were going on this afternoon, and passing the cups were alert young men in the neat and simple uniforms of the officers of the Navy of Uncle Sam.

One says young men, for the faces of them are mostly young, yet by the stripes upon their sleeves one knows they must be older than they look, and by the stories whispered among the cups by the women and the juniors one knows that here or there is a very hero of the sea, a man whose voice, soft and dulcet now, is like the roar of a lion when a storm is sweeping the bridge, or the enemy is sighted.

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THE HUNGER JUGGLER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE Hotel Stalton and Gil Frayne began their final slump into hard luck's mire at almost precisely the same moment. Of course that was the merest coincidence. Because Gil Frayne had had nothing whatever to do with the Hotel Stalton. He had never heard of the place. And, if he had, his total wealth would not have withstood the claims of one week's bill there.

Let's take the two unfortunates in the order of their importance, shan't we—beginning with the Stalton and tapering gracefully down to Gil?

The Stalton had been an ultramodern hotel, a garish upstart of New York caravansaries, in the days when the old Fifth Avenue Hotel was in its hale, if hoary, prime; and when the Holland House was almost new.

It had inaugurated flashy innovations—such as a stringed orchestra in the main dining room's gallery and telephone service in all five-dollar rooms—innovations that savored of Babylon and that seemed almost immoral. This in the era when Roscoe Conkling was still a fresh memory and when Tom Platt first enthroned himself in the Fifth Avenue's red-plush Amen Corner.

Out-of-towners spread the fame of the Stalton. New Yorkers began to drop in there for dinner and to the new function known as "afternoon tea," which the more-than-up-to-date hostelry had installed.

Great was the Stalton. One startling innovation followed another. The climax of novelties was the huge basement grillroom with its open range at one end and with its menu of foods that were so hauntingly homelike as to strike with utter amaze the public palate—attuned as that palate was to the "union" hotel fare of thirty years ago.

The grill meals from the first were triumphs. Sublimated corned-beef hash, fried chicken, country sausage with buckwheat cakes, "Southern dinners," waffles—all the things one was supposed to get nowhere but at one's own home table, and cooked as few housewives could prepare them; these were the specialties that crowded the Stalton's enormous grill to the doors with the hungry well-to-do.

There was a charm about it all—especially about paying ninety cents a portion for homely corned-beef hash in a golden age when restaurant sirloin steaks seldom cost more than sixty.

For years the Stalton throve amain. Other New York hotels crumbled. Still others burst into being and soared to dizzy popularity—some of these remaining fixed in the zenith, some collapsing. But the Stalton's success neither ebbed nor swelled. It stood stationary in its affluence.

Travelers came back to the Stalton year after year with clocklike regularity. Its local patrons stood firm in their loyalty. The place was a fixture in metropolitan life.

And after the manner of established success it gradually waxed as conservative as once it had been daringly progressive. The Stalton manager's unspoken motto was "Don't spoil a success by trying to improve on it!" The hotel had struck its gait—a gait that kept its rooms and its tables and its coffers full. It gave the public—its public—what it had educated that public to want. And there was no sense in altering perfection.

Other New York hotels began to advertise in the daily newspapers; to hire press agents; to angle craftily for the patronage of transient celebrities and of conventions. The Stalton's manager viewed these tawdry departures from the ethics of an ancient and honorable profession as Daniel Webster might have regarded a suggestion that he hold his hearers' attention by interpolating feats of parlor magic in one of his senatorial speeches.

Such newfangled ideas as advertising and press agents might do very well for hotels that had no dignity to lose and had patrons to gain. The Stalton could easily keep both its patrons and its dignity, which it did for many years.

The change came subtly, slowly—but very, very steadily at first, and, at the last, with dismaying speed. Only the most careful study of back-year ledgers could show just when it set in. The date, oddly enough, synchronized with that on which the other hotels launched their first organized advertising campaigns. This perhaps irrelevant fact the Stalton's manager and stockholders overlooked for a long time.

The traveling public had gradually changed its personnel. The old guard still was loyal and made the Stalton its sole New York rallying spot. But the old guard was dwindling. And its successors were lured to other and more modern hotels. Tearooms and grills were strewn thick through the city. New Yorkers were patronizing these, to the exclusion of the Stalton's. The old hotel, moreover, was now almost inconveniently far downtown.

Of yore business men, homeward bound, had broken the northward journey at such places of refreshment as were nearest their downtown offices. Now—thanks, perhaps, to the Subway expresses—these men seemed to have reversed the process and to choose more northerly hotels as rendezvous for meeting and eating with their womenkind.

In any case the lately jammed Stalton grill was barely one-third full. The long double lines of upstairs rooms echoed dolorously to the tread of the far-too-occasional guest and his bell-hop escort. The Stalton stockholders looked forward no longer in glee but in sick worry to the arrival of dividend checks. The glory of the hotel had departed. It was gliding down the chute—gliding downward no longer with a slow majesty but with gathering momentum.

Even a new and better stringed orchestra and a peerless "home-cooking" chef could not revive its grillroom glories. And its stately bar drowsed half empty.

Which brings us to Gil Frayne; star—and only—special writer of the Fauquier, Virginia, Oriflamme.

Frayne filled a daily column of the Oriflamme with local jottings of a pleasantly humorous personal nature, and another daily column with verse, quip and philosophy. He also wrote the second of the two editorials that the Oriflamme printed each morning. And he did odd jobs at reporting on the side.

For which light employment he received an aggregate of sixteen dollars a week.

The pay was enough for all his needs and for most of his wants. And that, after all, is the true acme of financial prosperity. Gil lived with his parents, who were tolerably well off. This solved the problem of board and lodging, which cost him only six dollars a week. It left him ten whole weekly dollars, in a town where it is almost as hard to squander ten dollars in seven days as to squander ten thousand in New York in seven hours.

The board for which Gil paid less than a dollar a day included the bounteous and divine home fare of the olden South—a prodigality and a simplicity and a deliciousness of food seldom found or imagined north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

To Gil Frayne, who had never known anything different, these gastronomic blisses were mere matters of thrice-a-day routine. They roused him to no epicurean ecstasies. He gobbled them down with the incredible appetite of twenty-four years and of a reasonably good conscience. That was all there was to it.

And so he might have continued until the course of time and of abundant meals should give him a circumference instead of a waistline.

But Ambition had always been gnawing at Gil. And after he met Susie Holland, Ambition no longer gnawed. It bit—in great mouthfuls.

Fauquier, Virginia, was a mighty pleasant place wherein to do one's living. But though a single man could live, as did Gil, in luxury on sixteen dollars a week, a married man could not—not even in Fauquier, Virginia. Also, though it was nice to know that Fauquier's four thousand inhabitants turned eagerly every morning to Gil's columns in the Oriflamme, it would be a positive rapture to feel that four hundred thousand metropolitan readers were reading those columns, and that exchange editors all over America were clipping his gems of wit and of verse.

New York offered everything to the right sort of newspaper man—fame, fabulous cash, power. In short it offered a career and—the money to marry on. Gil had always dreamed of a career. And ever since Susie Holland's family had come from Richmond to Fauquier to live he had dreamed of marrying.

Frayne sent a flight of scintillantly clever letters to New York editors, asking for a job, and inclosing samples of his very best work on the Oriflamme. It was the slack season in New York newspaperdom. Yet one of the eleven editors replied. The reply brought no cheer.

Next Gil decided one must be "on the ground" to get the right sort of job. So he went to New York. His material equipment for the venture was one small trunk, sixty-two dollars in cash, and a letter from the Oriflamme's proprietor to the latter's cousin, who was one of the big men in the Seaboard Advertising Agency, in West Forty-second Street.

Gil had not asked for this letter. He did not want it. He had no wish to fetter himself to the mercantile end of the literary game. He wanted to mold public opinion, not the wording of a corset advertisement. But he could not well refuse to accept the letter when it was so kindly proffered. He stuck it in the bottom of his trunk, planning to let it lie there forever.

On sixty-two dollars, in Fauquier, Virginia, a spendthrift may amass a temporary Monte Cristo repute. In New York the climate has a depressing—not to say dwindling—effect on such a hoard.

At the end of a month Gil Frayne's sixty-two dollars had vanished. And through the aid of a generous pawnbroker he began to live on the contents of his trunk—beginning at the top.

No newspaper wanted his services. As he did not know the city and had had no worth-while experience he was not in demand as a reporter. The column of quips for which Fauquier in general and Susie Holland

After He Met Susie Holland, Ambition No Longer Gnawed. It Bit—in Great Mouthfuls

in particular had shown such keen appreciation awakened no New York editor to a yearning for the inspired writer's services. In brief, the boy found every newspaper's door shut against his increasingly wistful appeals.

Meanwhile Gil was learning more about Fauquier, Virginia, than ever he had known or imagined. He was learning that its people are friendly and hospitable, and shake hands with each other, and are not too busy and too suspicious or uppish to stop for a chat with a lonely townsman who aches for good-fellowship with his kind. He was learning that Fauquier's one editor was too courteous to refuse to see a legitimate applicant for work or to send out a prematurely gruff office boy with the curt ultimatum: "Nothing doing to-day. He'll let you know if anything turns up."

He was learning that the beds in Fauquier are soft and roomy and well made and gloriously clean; and that hall rooms have not dragged their noxious presence into that spacious-housed townlet; that the Fauquier streets are not so noisy as boiler foundries, nor filled with people who scourge themselves into a mania of useless and frantic hurry.

But most of all—as the contents of his trunk ebbed—Frayne was learning wonderful and unsuspected things about Fauquier's food and its cooking.

He was eating nowadays at a severely unclean little hole-in-the-wall off Seventh Avenue, where for fifteen cents is served a clammy and grease-caked viscid semifluid, mislabeled "Irish Stew," as a filthy affront to the memory of Robert Emmet.

He was drinking, over the edge of a stone-wall cup, a decoction that passed as coffee and was sparsely diluted with condensed milk. It could be bought, together with two thin and tastelessly dry wafers of rye bread, for five cents. There were other articles of diet at the hole-in-the-wall, of course; but the stew and the coffee and bread were chosen, after much experimenting by Gil, as the least nauseating.

The coffee and bread formed his breakfast; the stew his dinner. Lunch was a habit he had deleted of late. The fare did not satisfy appetite, of course, but stunned and deadened it on the same principle that a blow over the head with a club will not cure a toothache but will make the sufferer forget it for a time.

For amusement—after the pristine excitement of watching the crowds and staring in at show windows began to pall—Gil used to end his day's sorry search for work by going to his hated room and cramping his long body into his short bed with what scant comfort he could. There resting the acute throb of his feet he would proceed to cater to the equally acute throb of his stomach by saying over and over again to himself some such idiocy as:

"Beaten biscuit; whole heaping plate of 'em; with clover honey and about a pound of unsalted butter. Beefsteak pie, with tenderloin cooked to a jelly, and mushrooms and slices of egg and vegetables and things, and flavored with a dash of port. A mountain of half-grown chicken, fried light, and a bushel of corn fritters to go with it. Turkey stuffed with chestnuts at one end of the Christmas table, goose with sage and onions at the other, and a suckling pig in the middle of the table with a lemon in his mouth and cranberry eyes and the cracklin' so tender it melts in your mouth. Apple sauce and potatoes and lashin's of gravy strung along between. A sweet-potato pie as big as a milk pan. Forty-two cups of real coffee, with enough cream in it to make it gold, and whipped cream all over the top. Brunswick stew with ——"

But the memory of this crowning table treasure would usually prove too much for him, and he would reverse gears, trying to forget instead of remember what Fauquier food was like.

When he came to the bottom of his trunk in the swift process of changing clothes into near-food Gil happened upon the letter his Oriflamme boss had given him. Next day, being famished, he presented it at the office of the Seaboard Advertising Agency.

Two of the agency's staff had recently gone to better jobs elsewhere. A third had just been discharged for taking an unauthorized three-day alcoholic vacation from his desk. Gil's letter, moreover, described its bearer's literary perfections in a veritable flood of Southern eloquence. The men in charge rather liked the boy's looks and the samples of Oriflamme work he showed them.

After almost no delay they offered him a "tryout job" at fifteen dollars a week. With the offer went the wonted word picture of the heights to which he might hope to rise if he made good—hope being always on the free list.

With such zest as was left over from the sidetracking of his ambitions and self-esteem, and from a regimen of hole-in-the-wall cookery, Gil Frayne tackled his new duties. And he honestly did his best. It was not a very good best. But that was no fault of Gil's, for he found himself in a new world.

"These Ads of Yours are a Disgrace to a Reputable Agency. But Somehow They're Changing the Stalton at Noontimes From a Receiving Vault Into a Bargain Counter"

Advertisement writing, on the Oriflamme, had been a very rudimentary chore. Indeed Gil Frayne had wondered mildly how such work could be dignified by the name of "a profession." Now he discovered it was not only a profession of tremendous magnitude and importance but one for which he seemed to have no aptitude at all. He had supposed the wording of an advertisement the simplest sort of work. He found it was not only gruelingly hard but as much a recognized art as the upbuilding of a story or the weaving of a poem.

Doggedly he set himself to mastering the technic and the spirit of the business; to studying the ads of the agency's stars, and to noting where and why they excelled. As each new bit of business was drawn into the Seaboard's net Gil strove to figure out how he personally would have handled that special line in order to set it most attractively before the public. And invariably it was treated in a way he would never have thought of.

Yet he kept on. He even made a nuisance of himself in odd hours to the printing department, by tackling the mystery of display type.

His own work of course was along minor and routine lines, and was copy-read by his personal overlord in a way to wreck Gil's remaining hopes of doing anything original. This same overlord, one Marcus Rahl, took as little joy in his neophyte's progress as did Gil in Rahl's sharp calldowns. He could see no promise in the newcomer. Frayne was not doing badly enough, after the first few horrible weeks, to warrant his discharge in such short-handed times. But his was the first name on the list for release when next it should be needful to prune down the force.

With fifteen dollars a week Gil was again eating three meals a day—such as they were. And he had moved to a hall room with a longer bed. But he was still finding trouble in getting along, for his job called for better clothes than he had left. And the sum needed to redeem his pawned garments took out too much of his weekly wage to leave enough for food. The hole-in-the-wall still held his patronage. And in moments of leisure he dreamed of the food of Fauquier—dreamed ravenously of it. And always at Brunswick stew his dream would reach a climax of hungry yearning.

It was a feather in the cap of the Seaboard's best solicitor when he landed the advertising contract of the Hotel Stalton. For months he had been on its trail. The manager had repulsed with horror his every coy advance until, through a stockholder, the matter was brought forward in a way that brooked no further refusal.

The defeated manager made a final and despairing stand for the hotel's barren dignity by wailing to the assembled stockholders: "But, gentlemen, it's against all our long-established precedent! The Stalton has been a going concern for thirty years. And it has never stooped to advertise. Never!"

"Perhaps," politely suggested the Seaboard's solicitor, "perhaps that is why it is in danger of being a gone concern. It isn't too late for the right kind of publicity to wake things up. You say your food is just as good and your rooms are as modern as any hotel's. Then let us use the Stalton's ancient fame as a lever to remind people it is still on earth."

"If you'll get people to come here and eat," put in the chief insurgent of the stockholders, "they can go where they choose to do their sleeping. It's the restaurant and the bar that make a hotel's profits nowadays. And the Stalton can stand or fall by its grill. Bear down heavy on the grill in your ads. Make people remember the kind of home food we still serve there. Put the grill back on a paying basis and you'll have saved the day for us."

Wherefore a thrill of achievement ran through the compact offices of the Seaboard Agency when the Stalton's fat appropriation was corralled. Wherefore, too, a series of councils and conferences between department heads and star writers as to the verbal form of the campaign to put the Stalton's grill on the city's gastronomic map once more.

Of course Gil Frayne had no more part in these conclaves than has a corporal in a consultation of the General Staff. But the Seaboard's offices were small and interconnected. And the Seaboard's staff were enthusiastic and talkative. The gist of the campaign was soon known to Gil. And it interested him strangely. It was the first thing about his new job's surroundings that had given him the remotest twinge of personal interest. And it did so only because of a Stalton menu he chanced to see lying on Rahl's desk.

Chronically and eternally hungry—homesick for real food—Gil read the menu with moist-lipped avidity. He had not imagined that restaurants could serve such homely dishes; dishes whose names sent through him such a rush of starved nostalgia. In particular his heart glowed toward certain Southern specialties.

Lord, but it would be easy to write the ads for such fare—ads that would touch the gastric nerve of every homesick and hungry hotel diner! It would be a veritable inspiration. It would be deep calling unto deep. There was art in the mysterious advertising business, after all.

Back to his own desk went Gil. He tried to frame an alluring point of view for a stove-polish ad he was evolving out of pages of dry facts. But his memory continued to chant the epicure hymn of the Stalton's menu. Presently the lure was too strong for his soul to resist. For into his mind came a new and pleasant variation on his evening amusement of conjuring up the vision of delectable food. He began furtively to scribble on a blank half-sheet of paper. As he wrote he heard Rahl's glum voice criticizing the work of one of the high-priced writers of the concern.

"No," Rahl was complaining, "you've tackled the whole thing from the wrong angle, Keene. Don't play up the 'center of things social' idea; or even the 'excellent cuisine.' Try to get a punch in it that will make people go to the Stalton! Something that'll make 'em go there because

it'll give 'em things they can't get anywhere else. Make 'em want those things—whatever they are. Do it over again from that angle."

Dismissing the writer in a huff, Rahl strolled across to where Gil Frayne was crouching over his own desk. The boy's attitude was tense and he was so absorbed in whatever he was doing that Rahl decided he must be writing a love letter and prepared to administer the needed rebuke. He reached Gil's side just as Frayne finished what he was scribbling and leaned back to read it. Over his shoulder Rahl also read. This is what Gil had scrawled:

BROWN SUGAR AND CLOVES!

They form a savory blanket for a true Southern Ham that falls apart at your touch, as tenderly as a full-blown rose. Its fragrance invites you! Its richness incites you! Its flavor delights you!

Virginia Ham With Grilled Sweet Potatoes

This is one of the fifty perfect dishes on the *plat du jour* at the Hotel Stalton Grill to-day. Fifty dishes that are Memories of HOME!

Rahl read and reread the sheet of gushing copy. He sniffed in what he thought was derision at the queer ad. Then subconsciously he realized he had been trying to sniff the aroma of baked brown sugar and cloves; after which he glanced at his watch. It seemed to him, all at once, that it must surely be lunchtime.

It was at this point that Gil looked up with a start of wage slave's ague, to find his boss reading for a third time his hunger-born lucubration. He crumpled the sheet in his hand and made as though to toss it into the wastebasket. Rahl intercepted the move, snatching the sheet from him, smoothing it out, and without a word stalking into the sacred inner office with it.

Gil wanted to run after him, to demand back his brain child, to apologize for wasting the office time, to beg that he be not made a laughing-stock by the showing of the thing to others. But he was too late. The door shut behind Rahl. Nor for ten minutes did it open again. By that time Gil's trepidation had merged into sulks. He said nothing about the offending bit of paper. Nor did Rahl. And so the day jogged wearily on.

Next morning on his way to the office Gil turned his newspaper to the page on which hotel advertising was usually displayed. He wanted to see how the Seaboard had started its Stalton campaign. This was the day for firing the opening gun. And Frayne was keenly interested in a hotel that served such food.

A line of boldface leaped from the page and smote him full in the eye with the words:

BROWN SUGAR AND CLOVES!

Beneath the erratic caption, with scarce a single verbal change, was his confiscated advertisement.

If it were true, as mystics claim, that levitation is dependent merely on a state of mind, Gil Frayne would have floated through the air to the Seaboard's offices that morning.

He sat down at his desk and peered expectantly across at Rahl. The overlord nodded grumpily and spake no word. Gil, sore puzzled, followed his chief's example and did not mention the subject that jostled at his lips for utterance.

But during the morning he took occasion to read his inspired ad no less than eleven times. He yearned to speak to Rahl about it. But again sulkiness kept him silent. If Rahl had chosen to pass the thing off as his own Gil would not lower himself by calling attention to it. But Hades should become gelid before ever again he would give the man such a chance.

He cut out the ad and mailed it in his daily letter to Susie Holland. This comforted Gil a little.

At three that afternoon the solicitor who landed the Stalton contract burst into Rahl's office on his way to the holy of holies beyond.

"It worked!" he chortled loudly. "I've just come from there. For the first time in eight years the grill was practically full. They ran out of Virginia ham before two o'clock. The Stalton people are tickled to death. That's the line to spring on 'em! We hit it first time."

"We?" echoed Rahl grimly. "*We* did? Say, Sidney, did you ever hear of the battered garbage pail and the new ten-dollar silk hat that were washed downstream in a Mississippi flood? The garbage pail called across to the aristocratic tile and asked: 'How soon do we get to Paducah?' The hat answered: 'Paducah is ten miles south of here. But what in hell do you mean by "we"?' This boy wrote that ad. And unless I'm a long way off the boss will keep him at Stalton work from now on—after he gets your report. But cut out the 'we' stuff. If that freak ad had been a frost you'd have been spraining your throat saying 'you!'"

As the solicitor moved loftily away, disdaining to reply, Rahl favored the gaping Gil with a grin that seemed to hurt the whole southern area of his face. But he qualified this mark of effusive approbation at once by saying:

"I always knew there must be something you could do well or God wouldn't 'a' put you on earth. And you've struck your gait at last. You sure were due to. Now get busy on another grillroom ad. Here's to-morrow's menu. The boss will be ordering an ad as soon as Sidney gets that 'we' report off his chest. And I want to tell him you're working on it. He likes quick action."

On the following morning this advertisement flared forth from the double column of hotel announcements in all the newspapers:

THIS PIE FELL FROM HEAVEN!

Anyhow it is better than any ever before made on earth! Take a peep under the snowflake crust if you doubt it. Look! Squab and veal kidneys and golden-brown mushrooms and asparagus tips and corn, and other things that blend like a symphony, and smell like ambrosia, and taste like HOME!

Squab-and-Kidney Pie, à la Stalton

That is the headliner at the Stalton Grill to-day. We regret that the Virginia Ham did not last longer yesterday. That was the fault of our patrons for ordering so many portions of it. We don't guarantee that the Pie will last any longer than did the Ham. What we do guarantee is that it, and a score of other Stalton Grill dishes, will waken dandy dinnertime memories of Home.

The lavishly featured pie gave out that day long before the last applicant entered the grill. And the grill itself was so crowded that the guests overflowed into the usually vacant Oak Room.

"I s'pose I don't need to tell you," lovingly confided Rahl to his neophyte on the fourth day of the campaign, "that all these ads of yours are the sloppiest rot ever turned out by anybody this side of a nut factory. They're a disgrace to a reputable agency. And we're getting the ha-ha for them all down the line. But somehow they seem to make folks hungry; just as I had a hunch, that first day, they would.

"They're changing the Stalton at noontimes from a receiving vault into a bargain counter.

"They're doing their work. And after all that is what the Stalton is paying us for. Sidney told the boss the hidebound old fossil manager down there pretty near cried when he saw the first one. But now he's strutting round like he's wrote 'em himself. The stockholders are thinking of buying him a loving cup.

"But don't go getting the notion you're an ad-writer, Frayne, for you aren't. You're a dub at it and you always will be. Maybe that's why the boss told me to break the news to you that there'll be another ten-spot in your envelope, Saturdays, after this. Some folks sure get it easy!"

"You Never Do 'Quite Understand.' That's What Will Throw You Back on a Twenty-Five-Dollar Office Job Before Long if You Don't Look Out"

Having thus informed Gil of his raise without unduly exciting that dazed youth's sense of self-importance Rahl glowered fiercely across at the beneficiary and plunged once more into the litter of copy on his desk.

Frayne tried to stammer out a pæan of overjoyed thanks. But as usual his chief's bearing silenced him. And the boy proceeded to work off steam by writing the gorgeous news to Susie Holland. As he did this in office time he salved his conscience by putting the tidings in tersely condensed form. The entire letter filled scarcely more than five close-writ pages.

Twenty-five dollars a week! Andrew Carnegie of course received as much from his various holdings; John D. Rockefeller probably a little more. But neither of them had been living for an endless time on fifteen dollars a week, of which a full half went for the redeeming of pawned clothes. So their sense of wealth was perforce a mere delusion of grandeur compared to the Crœsus feeling that swept Gil Frayne for the next three days.

At the end of the week Rahl again opened communication with his new-rich subordinate.

"Go down to the Stalton!" he ordered in the tone of Israfel dismissing an erring angel from paradise. "The manager there wants you. Boss says it's O. K. Which it isn't. Manager made a big point of it. He's got a new slant on the advertising game, and he's fool enough to think you're the only man to work it for him. He ——"

"What's the idea?" queried the puzzled Frayne, breaking in on the staccato-barked speech. "I don't ——"

"I don't either," retorted Rahl. "No sane man would. The Stalton folks steered clear of advertising for years—walked round it as if it was a lake. And now they find what it can do they're starting to plunge like a drunken miner. At that, it's the wisest thing they ever did—if they didn't couple it with you!"

"I don't understand ——"

"You seldom do," flattered Rahl. "Here's the idea: They are stuck on those wall-eyed grub-dream ads of yours. They want you on the spot, to write the copy direct for them. The boss made good terms—for a bum bargain. I'll say that for him. He's getting jewelry prices for second-run Camembert. And he's made good terms for you, too, while he was about it. You go down to the Stalton to live—room and feed free—forty dollars a week as a starter. No work but to grind out bigger Stalton ads than before and to snoop round in search of new ad angles on the eating game."

Again a daze of joyous bewilderment flooded Gil's soul. But the magnitude of his new good luck brushed aside Rahl's forbidding grunt and hurled him into words.

"Great!" he exulted clamorously; "great and gaudy! Lord, but it's good to be alive! Forty ——"

"Get all the cheering out of it you can!" exhorted Rahl, "and while you can. You'll probably be back on your old job here inside of a month. It's a cinch you won't make good there."

"It's a real treat to see how much pleased you are with my stroke of luck, Mr. Rahl," said Gil, too happy to be respectful. "Your staunch faith in me will be an inspiration to keep me worthy of it."

"You'll need decent clothes down there," snapped Rahl, who in the matter of sarcasm deemed it more blessed to give than to receive, and who resented his subordinate's new tone. "Get a whole outfit. You can't splurge round a place like the Stalton in Fauquier hand-me-downs the way you can here, you know. Now stop jabbering and go to work."

He wheeled his chair back to the littered desk. Gil yearned to cross the room and pull the chair bodily from under the old kill-joy—the "kill-joy," by the way, who had engineered Frayne's two promotions and had tactfully forced him upon the Stalton as resident advertising man.

Rahl's way of doing favors, the Seaboard president often said, reminded one of a man spitting diamonds.

A truly lavish sartorial equipment, bought on twenty-five-dollar-a-week installments from a fairly good outfitter, and a calm confidence that his hunger-driven brain could turn out alluring food advertisements forever—these were the chief assets Gil Frayne brought with him to his new job.

For the first time in his twenty-four years he occupied a room that had a bath attached, a symbol of luxury that never palled on his wondering brain. For the first time in his life he was deferred to by men older than he. For the first time, too, he ate in the dining room of a first-class hotel. Under such a transformation his spirit soared. That same spirit was preparing to put on flesh.

But Gil luckily did not recognize the symptoms, and merely thought himself inspired.

(Continued on Page 69)

VENUS IN THE EAST

Mrs. Pat Dyvenot Was Not Averse to the Public Stare Apparently, for She Stood There Several Minutes, Permitting the Glasses to Focus on Her

VII

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE next morning found Buddy McNair with a headache, expensively acquired the night before. He had wandered lonely as a cloud among the electric lighted daffodils of Broadway, where he had tested the Manhattan cocktail in many guises. He had a memory this morning of varicolored arc lights going round in vast boreal pin wheels proclaiming The Hit of the Year or 1001 Consecutive Nights. His ears were full of music in which trombones brayed, African tenors whooped, cowbells rang, and things seemed to be falling downstairs amid wonderfully syncopated harmonies.

At one of the brightest bars in towns he had met up with Job Twiller, a mining man from the Virginia district, who was being convoyed by a mixed flotilla. Someone had proposed dinner at the Cloudland Cabaret and Buddy had confusedly followed. They had eaten things; and out of the vague, skirts had appeared, twirled, disappeared; and then they had eaten some more.

Twiller had been comatose most of the time. Buddy had enjoyed the sensation of one who having taken forbidden drugs is rather pleasantly enraptured. Somebody had proposed the Insomnia Roof. The Insomnia Roof it was, then; and they had gotten a table under a glass bridge which the ladies of the chorus, much to Buddy's discomfiture, seemed to be using as a runway between their dressing rooms and the dancing floor. The Pansy Varieties in Axe Creek had never been rough like this. Buddy had always associated this kind of thing with back streets. Yet here it was, going full blast under a million dollars' worth of electric lights, crowds of people, dressed almost like ladies and gentlemen, howling their delight at every change in the hosiery display. A bogus French count got up and sang a suggestive song, with all the suggestions carefully pointed out; the audience went wild, banging little hammers upon the tables and howling for more and worse.

A girl, dressed in the American flag—a fair sized one, it's true—skipped to the center of the floor and explained in a soprano as violent as her gestures, "Uncle Sammy is a rounder like the rest." Buddy called for the check. It cost forty-seven dollars to get out, but the escape was worth it.

So here like a pampered duchess lay Buddy, a pink satin coverlid over him, dainty French prints on the paneled walls of his bedroom in the Merlinbilt. He had breakfasted on effervescent sedatives and was reading from the yellowest of the New York newspapers, which lay scattered over the rug. On the fourth page, under the caption Siftings from the Smart Set, he found a full-length portrait of Mrs. Pat Dyvenot, again wearing that string of precious birds' eggs round her swanlike neck. She swayed like a lily in the long panel, her clear eyes regarding a world created to do her homage. Buddy, prostrate upon the pillows, sighed and contemplated his own five-feet-seven. He wondered just how much she would look down at him when he met her.

He was midparagraph in the item which announced her assistance to the Duchess of Gush in the Pink Fête for Crippled Cab Horses when the telephone rang and he recognized Pontius Blint's voice floating over the miracle of Manhattan. Blint was evidently willing to try him again.

"We'll have a box at the opera to-night," he tempted, "and we'd be tickled to death if you'd join us. It's Aida and you might like to see Caruso—and hear him."

"Thank you very kindly," Buddy was quick to say; "I just got my dress suit."

"Good. We'll meet you in the foyer at a quarter past eight."

Shortly after Jass had come in to dress his patron for the day Mr. Job Twiller was announced and subsequently shown up. The new valet was easing Buddy into his trousers at the moment the eminent Mr. Twiller entered the door. He was an enormous man with a dyed mustache, little bloodshot eyes, and the style of black felt hat affected by politicians of democratic tendencies. He stood in the door, agape at the tableau of the kneeling slave and the leg-raised master. At last he came to a stoop in the attitude of a catcher behind the bat; he brought his big hands together, opened his mouth and emitted a series of bleats—tiny sounds to come from so vast a structure.

Jascomb, adjusting new gold buckled suspenders at the moment, permitted himself just the slightest glance of disapproval.

"Ba-a-a-a-a! By Judas!" chortled the mirthful Polyphemus. "Got a hired man to put on his pants!"

"If you don't like it you don't need to eat it," Buddy pointed out with a dignity he had borrowed from his man.

"Like it!" bleated Job. "If I don't tell Doc Naylor on you if I ever get back to camp!"

"You'll never get back then," threatened the backslider.

Job Twiller sat crushingly upon a small chair and gazed round eyed while Jass presented to his master a becoming cravat, nicely adjusted into the folds of a fashionable collar.

"A hired man to button him up!" moaned the visitor, speaking quite impersonally.

"You get used to it," Buddy stiffly explained. And when Jass had stepped out of the room the hulking miner leaned over and whispered behind his hand, "Say, Buddy, is he one of them vallays?"

"You bet!" Buddy whispered in reply. And a boyish pride inspired him to add, "And not only that—he's a genuine English vallay, too."

"No!"

"Regular Englishman—got papers to prove it!"

"Well, Buddy, you're goin' the whole hog, I'll say that for you. You're varnishin' the stick on both ends. That's the trick if you're out for high society."

And he greeted Jascomb's return with a look of reverence.

Buddy was intending to take Mr. Twiller round the circle on a Seeing New York tour; but after luncheon it proved that the metropolis had but one interesting feature, in the miner's estimation. A moving-picture house in Forty-second Street was giving a realistic Western production showing every phase of life in the gold mines, with the fourth reel culminating in a fight round a ruined shaft house. It was an engrossing afternoon for these two wanderers who had crossed the continent to get acquainted with the East.

At a quarter past six that evening Jass was back again with the new dress clothes faultlessly pressed. He diagnosed Buddy with scientific minuteness, saw that his chin was properly smooth, plunged him into a bath of the correct temperature, dried him like a new-born babe, eased him into his underwear and smoothly adjusted the silk hosiery which his experienced eye had picked from the stock of Claymoor & Co.

Buddy, a band of pearly white choking him at the throat, a cravat of Jascomb's tying winging daintily under his spotless muffler, a new silk hat somewhat jauntily set on the back of his head, appeared in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House a few minutes early. The Blints, being New Yorkers, came a few minutes late. He was already stewing in his patent-leather shoes when Mrs. Blint in a futuristic evening wrap and an extra coat of cosmetics rushed to greet him effusively. His perfect attire made so evident an impression as to give him a new sense of power. He had a feeling of being better dressed than the superpleated Greek god, Mr. Hurler, whose hat was potted on a slope, like a French comedian's.

The box they entered on the grand tier had a brass plate engraved "Boris Klowski" on its mahogany door. Mr. Blint was not a subscriber. He didn't have to be. One close to the ear of power finds that many things come his way: among them opera boxes from time to time. The house was in semidarkness when they came in, and the broad

stage, a flare of color, revealed some Neapolitan artist's idea of a temple in ancient Memphis. A multitude of persons, who from a distance looked to Buddy's inexperienced eye like bearded ladies in spotless nightgowns, raised their hands together and shouted in unison while a fat priest at an altar gesticulated over an equally fat warrior below.

It was all very noisy and confusing, and Buddy, taking advantage of a crack of light by the door, attempted to get his bearings out of a libretto he had purchased in the lobby. Unfortunately he found only the Italian version, affably explaining:

"Scena V—*Interno del tempio di Vulcano a Memphi—Una luca misteriosa scende dall' altro—Una lunga fila di colonne . . .*"

He made haste to be seated, because Miss Blint was making haughty gestures; and it was their mutual misfortune to occupy adjacent chairs again. Of the Italian explanation Buddy made nothing, except possibly that "*una lunga fila di colonne*" might mean "one lung filled with cologne," and in that case he thought the chorus was certainly doing very well.

"Caruso!" whispered the superior Doris, indicating the stout warrior, who had then half-turned and was caroling bravely:

"*Numa, che duce ed arbitro—*

Buddy, who had often heard him on the phonograph, was disappointed.

"Isn't he a splendid Egyptian!" Doris thrilled, *sotto voce*.

"He looks like the whole mummy case," agreed Buddy.

Being no artist himself, the hundred-thousand-dollar bellows which the great Italian directed toward the diamond horseshoe missed their mark as far as Buddy was concerned. He didn't know much about Egypt, but he was pretty sure it wasn't like that. In all the illustrated books on Egypt the inhabitants had been pictured as skinny colored men with Turkish towels round their waists, two-quart cans on their heads, and a style of walking which implied that the ancient dwellers of the Nile got from place to place on a tight rope.

He told Miss Blint as much when the curtain went down and the lights came up. He said he didn't believe a successful lover, even in the days of Pharaoh, could wear a figure similar to that of our heaviest ex-president. He found an English synopsis called Argument in the front of the booklet and he showed this to Miss Blint to prove his case.

"Could You Get Together Ninety-One More Like It and Rope 'em Together for Me?"

"She's pretty good for a coon," he commented, distracting Doris for a moment from her staring round the boxes.

"I'm sorry," she acknowledged, leaning toward him.

"It seems this Aida was an African girl and all the royal court went balmy about her. I'm just as strict for the color line as anybody else, but I say if she can get away with it bully for her!"

Miss Blint rewarded this with a withering glance and turned her attention to Mr. Hurler.

Down below the great body of the house appeared like a giant's flower bed, mathematically laid out, bedewed with precious gems. The white flowers were shirt fronts; the blue, purple, red and yellow glowed from expensive evening toilets; and the delicate rosebud pink shone from ladies' shoulders and gentlemen's bald spots. Miss Blint was useful here, for she seemed to be a connoisseur of everything that was Manhattan.

"That's Mrs. Courland Reichart—four boxes to the right. No, the one with the jeweled bandeau."

She became quite animated and almost cordial in the play of her favorite game, which was picking out personages from a distance.

"You mean the fat one?" asked Buddy in an awed whisper.

"Silly! They're all fat in that box. The one looking this way with the opera glasses. The short one just coming in is Tauchnitz Fielding—you remember the owfully cutting things Gossips' Weekly said about him in this issue. The third box is Sagan Rae's, but the Willie Crambuns have taken it since Sagan was committed to a sanitarium. Don't you think Mrs. Willie Crambun looks owfully absurd?"

"Owfully," echoed Buddy, taking in the skinny dowager, who, ablaze from head to waist, blinked comically from right to left through her ridiculously small lorgnons and gave the impression of some rare and precious specimen of the beetle family.

"These are all Manhattans, I suppose?" asked Buddy, his eyes sweeping the tier. Apparently Miss Blint was not familiar with her father's classification, for she turned her hectic eyes upon him and said "I'm sorry."

This remark had about as much bearing on the case as Jascomb's perpetual "Thank you, sir."

"I mean," said Buddy, "are all these folks inside the little ring?"

"Society, you mean?"

"That's what I was trying to say."

"Well, rather!"

For years Buddy had made a theoretical study of the diamond horseshoe through the medium of the Sunday press. In actuality it was somewhat disappointing. There were jewels, to be sure—possibly a quantity of them—but he had pictured in his mind an auroral glow, a solid breastworks of gems, now rosying the dusk with ruby lights, now blinding the eyes with diamond flashes, and anon bringing emeralds into play until the air was kaleidoscopic with magic radiance. Instead he saw rows of more or less homely people sitting in satin chairs and chatting in a loop of golden cages. Several of the cages were empty and Buddy inferred that the opera wasn't doing very well. When he confided this to Miss Blint she adjusted her mask to an angle of coquetry and giggled "You're owfully funny!"

"Well, in Axe Creek when the Pansy Varieties fails to fill up the boxes they call the show a flivver and change the bill."

"You needn't be afraid of this show being a flivver," she reassured him.

"But half the boxes are empty."

"Oh, that!" Again she giggled. "You know, it's considered owfully bourgeois to be on time for anything in New York. Mahmah's always nagging poor daddy because he wants to be early to everything. It's considered good form to come in after the first act. You see, the seventh box to the left is just filling up—and there come the Pelsiveres—and ——"

Suddenly her shallow eyes swam into the next box at the right and nudging Buddy with a whitened elbow she whispered "There she is!"

A party of four came in, laughing rather boisterously. A pretty woman in pale gray showed deep dimples at the corners of her smile as she looked back upon the somewhat fat Adonis at her shoulder. There was a wheezy bald old fellow who hovered about, and lifting a white furred wrap revealed the Lady in Coral.

She was of medium height, which, as Buddy mentally calculated, was about his own; but the poise of her little head on its white pillar suggested a habitude of looking far over plebeian heads. Her hair, which was tawny, was rather coarse; but it was brilliant and gave the appearance of some fine-spun metal on an Italian figurine. As she rested a slim hand on the velvet railing that hand and the arm above it seemed made for just such soft contacts—they were jewels, cut and polished to be laid upon velvet cushions. Round her neck, falling over her fair bosom, was a double string of creamy pearls, lustrous and of impressive size.

She was not averse to the public stare apparently, for she stood there several minutes, permitting the glasses to focus on her while she picked out friends here and there to favor with the royal nod. She was more lovely than he had anticipated.

"Mrs. Pat Dyvenot!" whispered the excited voice at Buddy's ear.

Buddy tried hard to swallow.

She must have heard, for she slightly lifted her brows and gave the Blint party the fraction of a glance out of her narrow eyes—a glance that as much as said, "And what business is it of yours?"

The next act was a blur to Buddy McNair—a beautiful, heartbreaking blur in which he was aware of the perfect woman somewhere near him in a satin chair just like the one he occupied. Fortunately for him Miss Blint gave him up and took to buzzing with her Mr. Hurler. Through the twilight he could see the outline of Mrs. Dyvenot leaning very close to her fat Adonis, flirting busily in her clear treble, paying no attention to the expensive efforts on the stage.

Frenzies of jealousy and despair, though spouted by more or less incorrectly dressed foreigners in a language he could not understand, began to take on meaning to Buddy McNair. The presence of that appealing beauty dimly revealed in the twilit box so near imparted to his spirit an alchemic change. He found himself in sympathy with the lovelorn slave girl, wailing her desperation at the palmy gates of Thebes. He knew now that there was a place for music, that somewhere in the elfin history of our planet people had thought in accorded sounds. The music, which only half an hour ago he had thought fantastic and as unnecessary as life on the moon, now touched him, moaned his own inexplicable pain.

And that was quite natural. When you live in Luna you normally think with the lunatics.

Mrs. Pat Dyvenot continued to disregard the performance. Buddy didn't think it rude. He could have stood forth and slaughtered armies in defense of her taste. Her small tinkling comments came to him in scraps.

"Carlo, poor dear, why should you always be a savage?"

"Because I am still human in spite of something," growled a foreign accent.

And Buddy recalled the face of Prince Carlo Kulik, the Bulgarian noble whose portrait had adorned a lower point of her star in that Sunday-supplement article. She continued talking throughout the act. Music began to wear away its spell upon Buddy's soul and he was wild with impatience for the lights to come on again.

When false day dawned from the ornate ceiling Buddy caught the unwelcome spectacle of Mrs. Dyvenot and Prince Kulik still absorbed in their flirtation. Mr. Blint had no sooner come and taken the chair beside Buddy's than the door of the next box opened and Middleton Knox stepped out of the void. He was dressed with his

customary modest perfection; but in his whole attitude the man from Axe Creek saw a marked difference. It was as though the dinner table, at which Buddy had first seen the Knox style of snobbishness, had been turned against Knox. He fawned over the stubby hand of the bald-headed gentleman, who was evidently giving the party, and received rather a sparse reception all round. Mrs. Dyvenot, who appeared to have at least good-natured tolerance for everyone, smiled up at the obsequious bow. He stood over her chair in much the same politely crushed pose, Buddy thought, as Jascomb affected during tense moments in toilet-building. Prince Kulik was evidently annoyed at the interruption, but Mrs. Dyvenot gave the new worshiper her amused smile and narrowing eyes.

"When I hear her dismal wail again"—Knox was having at the prima donna—"I wonder why I continue to come."

"I often wonder the same thing, Middie," smiled Mrs. Dyvenot without a trace of rancor.

"It's a habit, like sleepwalking," grumbled the erst proud one; and it was a joy to Buddy to see him flounder.

At that moment Knox happened to look over and catch sight of the Blint party.

"How are you, Middie?" sang out Blint, who was nearest to contact.

"How do you do?" The greeting was as icy as it was intended to be.

Middleton Knox ducked his head once to the Blint ladies, and when his eyes rested upon Buddy it was with a gaze that went through and beyond. A few moments later he backed out of the royal box and was seen no more.

"That's Middie Knox all over," chuckled Blint good humoredly. "When he's in Fairmont Garland's box he goes blind in one eye."

"You can't whistle and sing at the same time," was Buddy McNair's musical criticism.

Society was apparently a restless tribe. They were forever getting up and changing round and going away and coming back again. Mr. Blint seemed to catch the spirit and invited the men out for a drink. Miss Blint, being whimsical, insisted on Mr. Hurler's remaining, so Blint and Buddy went together to the café. Buddy was a poor companion. He was mad to get back, to hover near the elbow beautiful and feast his eyes while the blessed light remained.

When at last he took his seat in Mr. Blint's very temporary box he found that the Fairmont Garland party had been joined by more visitors round.

Mrs. Dyvenot was frivolously standing off a group of male admirers.

"Why stay and be bored?" a carrot headed young man was urging, to the evident discomfiture of Prince Kulik.

"Tommy, you're always in a hurry!" she accused, looking up into the auburn eyes. The big pearls seemed almost to rattle together with her teasing gestures. "Do be respectable for once and stay out the performance."

"I know; but this is the very edge of the evening. Let's all be sensible."

Just where the sensibleness lay Buddy never knew. Everybody stood up, and the next he realized the entire Garland party was filing out.

The following act was an aimless shouting void to Buddy McNair. His patent-leather shoes hurt him. He wanted to go somewhere where they played American music and you could drink while you listened. In the next brightening after the falling curtain he saw in the Garland box nothing more appealing than a disarrayed colony of rose satin chairs.

The performance was over so far as Buddy was concerned; Doris Blint, too, began to fidget. But Mrs. Blint, who was sentimental somewhere under the enamel, insisted upon staying through the death scene. Down in the subcellar of Vulcan's temple Radames, disguised in a Russian blouse, wailed his last into the dead ear of the African lady. This brought down the curtain, and the Blints set up an argument as to where they should sup.

Outside the Metropolitan just as they were entering the Blint car Buddy caught sight of an anxious group making conspiratorial gestures round the carriage man, who stood with a puzzled look, his movements expressive of emphatic denial. The stout man in the circle was Prince Kulik of Bulgaria, and in the pale, rather anxious face turned up to the uniformed person Buddy again recognized Mrs. Pat Dyvenot.

"I thought Mrs. Dyvenot had gone home," he said, following his party into the car. But Miss Blint was too busily engaged in a quarrel with her mother to give the remark the attention it deserved.

They went to the correct hotel for champagne and things in silver dishes. Like strains of music the memory of the Sunday-supplement lady came back to him, haunting him with a pleasant melancholy. And like a scene of darkest intrigue, tuned to a deep sneaky minor, came that glimpse he had caught of her out in the street. Had she been in trouble? Buddy hated himself to think that he had not gone boldly up to her and offered his poor services in her behalf. He even glanced round the long oval dining room in hope of catching sight of her coral gown and that fabulous double chain of pearls.

Mrs. Blint, whose mania, no less than her daughter's, was the inner life of the fashionable, seemed also to have Mrs. Dyvenot on her mind. Fussing with the fruit cocktail—which Buddy after giving her method a sidewise study had courage to tackle—she confessed she didn't see how Mrs. Pat was going to settle her life, after throwing over poor Pat; and no one could blame her for that, heaven knew! Everybody had thought it would be Terry Overbeek next, but she had been too much for Terry, and Terry was sulking away from New York most of the time now. Apparently she had gotten that Bulgarian prince thoroughly tamed, but you can't get blood out of a turnip.

"How about a beet?" snickered Mr. Hurler, who scored as a humorist every now and again.

"She couldn't keep Carlo in the style to which he is accustomed. And nobody ever noticed that Mrs. Pat ever yearned for love in a cottage."

Mrs. Blint, when possible, referred to accepted favorites across the Park by their first names.

"What was the matter with Pat?" asked Buddy in the first pause.

"Pat Dyvenot?"

All eyes round the table were widened at the peculiar question.

"I thought everybody knew that," patronized Miss Blint across Mr. Hurler's complicated shirt front. "He beat her, you know."

"Beat her?" Buddy's neck began to swell and he reached into his revolver pocket, where he found that Jass had provided him with only a fresh handkerchief. So he brought the trifle out and mopped his troubled brow.

"Pat had his sympathizers too," sighed Mrs. Blint, fishing the last morsel of fruit out of her high glass.

"Did you notice ——"

It was Mr. Hurler who said this, employing his finger in a throat-cutting gesture.

"You mean the pearls?" asked Mr. Blint.

Mr. Hurler nodded a beautiful nod.

"All ninety-two of them—count 'em. If I had her nerve I'd stop working to-morrow."

"Anything wrong with the pearls?" blurted the artless one from Axe Creek.

"I should say not!" Mr. Hurler was very superior. "If you take one look at 'em you can tell that."

"But how can she wear them everywhere?" asked Miss Blint. "Owfully bad taste, I call it."

"You see, Terry Overbeek gave them to her as an engagement present shortly after her divorce from Pat Dyvenot," Mr. Blint in his kindly patient voice was explaining. "They are a very famous string; they belonged to Terry's mother; and to his wife, who declined to take them with her when she left him and went home to Virginia. When Overbeek's engagement to Mrs. Pat was broken, about six months ago, everybody thought the pearls would go back with the lock of hair and the letters. Not so as you'll notice."

"Well, she came by 'em honestly," was Buddy's perverse defense. This dropping of ice upon his idealism turned all his thoughts to gray. "If she wears 'em it's her business, I suppose."

"Yes, and when Tammany Hall moves away and the New York Central tracks along the Drive are covered with lawn we'll all think nice things about everybody," satirized Mr. Hurler.

"And won't it be owfully stupid!" yawned Miss Blint.

"Gentleman to Take a Lesson," Proclaimed the Fat One

VIII

THE snarl of shade rollers woke Buddy from his dream of a captive African princess who talked in music and ate large pearls. He squinted across the blinding shaft of light, to behold a mountain chain which a thunder god leaning from the brilliant zenith was garnering in his illimitable embrace, while cataracts roared and grumbling thunders smote his ears. Dizzy with sublimity Buddy sat up in bed, got his perspective, and saw the faithful Jass picking up his scattered evening apparel. The cataract effect was caused by Croton water rushing from the spigot into the porcelain bathtub.

"What time is it?" yawned the voyager into Babel.

"It lacks a quarter of nine, sir."

(Continued on Page 62)

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Every Little Two-Bits Helps

EVERY day, in almost every house in the country, people are saving flour, sugar, beef—cutting down on some necessity here and cutting out some luxury there. They are going without these things that our soldiers may have them.

These savings of goods and of the work that goes into their production are helpful only to the extent that they are loaned to the Government, and they are not loaned to it if the money that represents a saving in one quarter is spent foolishly or wastefully in another. That means that other material and labor, important to the Government for war purposes, is being used. The wasteful expenditure cancels the wise saving and the final gain to the Government is nil. Only through deferred spending is the Government ahead.

Deferred spending means putting the money that represents materials saved and extra labor done at this time into War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds. Then, when the need of the country is not so great, one may, if one wishes, buy more and work less. Consequently, it is most important that every man and woman keep daily or weekly account of food and other savings and immediately lend them to the Government. This may most quickly and easily be done by keeping a War Savings Stamp book handy, or in the case of large savings by accumulating the money in bank until it can be changed into Liberty Bonds.

Every time we stay-at-homes paste in the book a stamp that represents a concrete saving of flour we are sending that flour direct to our boys. The money we have been wasting is not money at all—it is equipment, clothing, shot and shell that are urgently needed in France. The food a glutton stuffs into his overgorged stomach is stolen from a soldier or a starving kid.

We have no more right to waste labor than goods. We cannot lay off a day because we do not feel like working, any more than the soldier can lay off because he does not feel like fighting. The man who works two days and then lays off one, because he has made enough for three, is as criminally wasteful as the one who throws good bread into the garbage can. Every loafer, every half-way, half-time worker means less coal, less munitions, fewer ships and more dead men. Even those who are working to capacity for eight, nine or ten hours a day have feather-bed jobs beside those of our boys in France.

We have plenty of food in this country, but not an ounce to waste; we have plenty of labor, but not an hour to slack. Not only must a certain amount of our spending be deferred and put into stamps, but a very definite amount of our rest and recreation as well. Both can be cashed in later when the big job is done. Sanity, sense and saving will carry us through to that day.

This is not the time for either hysterical sacrifice or cold-blooded selfishness. Every fellow must be for the Government before he is for himself. But we must step slowly among the intricacies of the essential and the non-essential, lest in our eagerness to help we do irreparable harm. That situation must be met day by day as it develops clearly. There must be no sabotage in our business plant by whole-hearted but half-informed zealots. But there is no mistake possible on one score. Stoppage of waste and taking up of slack will yield a large part of our requirements and tone up both the individual and the business machine for the strain of the post-war period.

War or no war we were due for a change of habits in this country. There has long been need of a systematic course in thrift. Meanness and niggardliness have never been American faults; but thrift and prudence have not been American virtues. Both for the good of ourselves and for the good of the country it is high time that we learned to substitute substance for show, comfort for flashiness, a bank balance for unwise and unpaid bills. A high standard of living does not mean waste; liberality does not mean prodigality; comfort does not mean competition in spending—a pitiful pretense that we can afford things that are not worth having. "I can't afford it" are hard words for the average American to say, but in the very act of saying them he is on the way to being able to afford it. To be known as a good fellow, a spender who doesn't count the change, a generous provider who provides more than he should—that is the ambition of cheap minds. It wins for them the unqualified approval of bartenders, head-waiters, bellhops, chorus ladies and various members of the taxicab classes. The black curse of Broadway is put on a man when the jazz folk call him a tightwad; but it is worth remembering just now that a tight wad keeps the powder dry and the shot in place.

There is some excuse for the cheap spenders, but there is none for those who set the pace and the example. As a class the rich, no matter how self-indulgent in the past, have been quick to respond with men, money and service to the country's call, but there are still too many exceptions in a situation that does not admit of any exception. There are other garbage pails than those at the back door and the wastes of a rich man—show food, show clothes, show servants, show anything—always deplorable and debauching, are now slop and swill that stink to high heaven.

Thrift is simply the happy medium between recklessness and meanness. It is right living, peace of mind and opportunity to get ahead in the world. It is something much bigger and broader than buying War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds, though they are a concrete expression of it and a first aid to saving, good for you and good for your country. But America must take on as a permanent investment the big, character-forming idea behind them.

No man by giving can escape the obligation to save. We must both save and give. But there are too many men who brag about doing their bit when they have given two-bits; too many who assert that we must give till it hurts—somebody else. Look over your budget and see what you can squeeze out both to give and to save. Don't be afraid to say "I can't afford it." If two-bits is all that you can afford to give and another two-bits weekly is all that you can spare from necessary living expenses for thrift stamps, it is still well worth while.

Every little two-bits helps.

The New National Game

AN EMINENTLY practical citizen named Schwab, who has a huge job on his hands at present, is spending considerable time these busy days traveling over the United States making speeches at conventions and large public dinners, getting himself interviewed and facilitating the reproduction of his virile countenance in newspaper illustrations.

If you should ask him heart to heart why he is doing that instead of sticking to his desk he would undoubtedly reply that it is to increase the output of ships. For he knows that the applause and enthusiasm that his activities evoke react directly upon the half million or more men who are building the ships. We are all of us so constituted.

If you could put the total shipbuilding industry on a baseball field, with the American public in grand stand and bleachers, in the same emotional state as at a close game with the home team winning, the output of ships would rise like a thermometer in the July sun. Schwab knows it well enough and is trying to get the best practical substitute for that impossible arrangement. Every man who has dealt with men knows it.

In various instances organized wage labor has gone wrong—which is no excuse for a foolish and harmful disposition in some quarters to indict it wholesale and continually carp. President Wilson is on the right track when he takes every reasonable occasion to give three cheers.

Swapping I O U's

MANY signs of Germany's activity in Russia transpire. There is no doubt, for example, that German promoters are doing a brisk business in the way of picking up interests in Russian railroads, banks, steamship companies, mines, manufactures. It is said that Russian shareholders, fearing confiscation by the Bolsheviki, are eager to sell on almost any terms, and that sounds probable enough. Even more ambitious schemes—such as a large loan to the soviet government, to be secured by liens on material resources and by trade concessions—are reported, and may be true. Naturally Germany would be doing what it could to get the tightest possible economic hold on Russia.

But all this must amount mostly to a swapping of dubious pieces of paper. What any piece of Russian paper may be worth next year is a problem too complicated to be solved by merely finite wisdom; and there is no piece of German paper that is not deteriorating with every additional month of war.

There is no move by a German promoter now that is not subject to review by some millions of Allied promoters in France next summer. Finally Germany will not absorb or dominate Russia unless she also dominates Western Europe and America. To every present appearance Russia is definitely out of the war, even though war lasts two years more. There is small reason to suppose it can really count in a military way on either side. Germany's position there will be decided when the war is decided.

The Simple Test

THE German Foreign Secretary propounded this conundrum to the Reichstag: How can the warring nations ever begin peace negotiations if each side persists in rejecting the other side's overtures as mere subterfuge? How can a start ever be made if when one side says it is ready to discuss just and honorable peace the other side replies that it is lying?

Suppose revolution had disorganized Austria and the Allies had invited Vienna to enter peace negotiations, stipulating that they would ask no annexations and no indemnities. Suppose, then, having assured themselves of Austria's helplessness, they had coolly grabbed a third of her territory and written the remainder of the peace treaty to suit themselves. Suppose they had then turned to Germany and said: "We want only just and honorable peace, without annexations or indemnities; let's open negotiations."

There must be a certain amount of confidence between man and man or there can be no business. You enter a certain shop to make a purchase. The proprietor knocks you over the head and takes your pocketbook. Then he follows you to the sidewalk and says: "Unless you have some confidence in shopkeepers you cannot trade at all. Come on back and let me show you some fine goods at a low price."

Of course the Allies will distrust German peace suggestions so long as the German Government's actions belie its words.

UNCLE SAM'S GREAT LEDGER

In It He Keeps the Record of His Man-Power Reserve

By Edward Hungerford

"They Shall Not Pass!"

IN HIS great ledger our Uncle Samuel keeps the record of his men. There are other ledgers too; huge tomes in which are kept the measures of food and of dollars, of ships and of shells. But the great ledger—the old gentleman's especial pride and watch—is the record of his men. It is divided into 52 principal accounts, one for each of the 48 states as well as for Alaska, Porto Rico and Hawaii and the District of Columbia. There are almost 5000 smaller accounts grouped under these larger ones. And each account bears at its head the designating number and the location of a local draft board.

Into these accounts—the large and the small—our Uncle Samuel these days is forever digging. Sometimes it is 100,000 men—at other times perhaps twice that number. And then again it may be but two farriers, perhaps to go to a Regular Army post such as Columbus, Ohio, on a special call from the quartermaster at that point. There is great variety in the calls, but the drain is constant, and recently it has been tremendous. It was thought as recently as the beginning of the present year that if the Provost Marshal General of the War Department—the clerk who has immediate charge of Uncle Sam's great human ledger—could bring 100,000 recruits a month into the Army he would have his hands quite filled. But in these summer months he has handled 300,000 new soldiers each 30 days, and apparently has not found the task appalling. In the month of May he received into the Army 373,063 men—including 12,833 from the island of Porto Rico.

There is no disputing the fairness or the efficiency of the draft. Already it has more than justified itself. And with Congress and the Secretary of War preparing to extend its age limits there is hardly a fair-minded man in all the land who does not believe in his heart of hearts that they are right—right from the ground up—and who does not stand ready to help them to the limit of his ability, even to his offering himself up for service. So much has our national policy of conscription won for itself already.

The Old Draft and the New

WE HAD a draft in the Civil War—a miserable and unjust business. That draft was miserable because it was unjust. Men of means were permitted to hire less favored ones to take their places in the draft—poor devils who for the sake of a few needed dollars risked a man's most precious single and irreplaceable asset, his life. The whole wretched business was further marred by strange and gross exemptions. Artemus Ward, traveling through Central New York in 1863, found a whole company of horsemen rolling up to the porch of the tavern at Baldwinsville.

"What are they?" he asked. "A training for the cavalry?"

Nothing of the sort. They were bringing in the morning mail. Postmen were exempt under that first draft, and the old humorist then saw that each of the riders bore two or three letters under his arm.

That was a favored day. Some days there was not enough mail arriving at the little village to give each of the riders even one piece. That was embarrassing, to say nothing of dangerous. For on such a day a draft detachment might appear and it would be difficult for each of the company to show that he was a genuine postman—a thing not so difficult to prove while he held in his hand an unopened letter for another.

That was the way the Civil War draft was handled—no registration, no intensive study of the situation, names being drawn indiscriminately out of a whirling cheese box.

We all know the history of the present conscription act—how it was passed by Congress with a decision and swiftness that astonished ourselves, to say nothing of our friends and enemies overseas; how in June, 1917, 687,000 men were to be called to the colors; how it was arranged that the quota to be demanded of each state was to be in exact ratio to its population; how quickly and easily the registration of 9,586,000 men was accomplished upon the fifth day of June a year ago, and how from them through a great master-drawing in the Senate Building at Washington similar serial numbers of precedence were established for each of the 4557 local draft districts across the land. We recall how the entire country held with a genuine bated breath while the Secretary of War drew the first number, the pride with which each "258" in each of the 4557 draft districts regarded his position at the head of the list. We remember how promptly the eligibles were sifted out from the ineligibles and inducted into the Army. And we have heard with no small pride how communities like Breathitt County, Kentucky, and Schenectady County, New York—to take two instances out of more than a hundred—had no work for their local boards simply because they had filled their quotas through volunteer enlistments. A county in the southwestern corner of Virginia in this way more than tripled its quota. But none of them is more interesting to me than the little shire in the heart of Kentucky, whose name is all but unknown to the outer world, but whose fame shall be undying, for it houses the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. It was little Larue County that sent 66 men up to Camp Zachary Taylor, at Louisville, its full quota, and in exact order as Secretary Baker had drawn the order numbers at Washington. And not one of the 66 claimed exemption, not a single one failed to pass the physical examination.

Not that I should wish to cast the slightest obloquy upon many of the men who did claim exemption. Many were honestly entitled to it. It would have been hardly less than criminal to have sent them to the war while certain others remained untouched.

That was the weakness with the first phases of our present draft—a trouble that was due almost entirely to the extreme haste under which the first conscripts had to be chosen, examined and inducted into the service.

The burden of exemption and examination fell upon the local boards. Their job was a nightmare. And that so large a part of them handled it so efficiently is due to their patriotism—and their fortitude.

By autumn the Provost Marshal General's office had not only recognized that the system was wrong but it had set about to rectify it completely. The question of exemption was systematized and explained more fully to the local boards. The systematic executive handling at Washington—first thoroughly centralized and then, following good precedents of national organization in other lines, decentralized, with headquarters at the adjutant general's offices of the various states—was refined. And the 8,689,447 men remaining out of the June, 1917, enrollment after the National Army cantonments, camps of the federalized National Guard and the ranks of the Regular Army, as well as certain special requirements, had been filled were divided into five great classes.

You know, of course, those classes: At the bottom, Class Five, composed of men not liable in any conceivable emergency for military service—clergymen, pilots, state or government officers, men totally and permanently mentally or physically unfit; right ahead of it the huge Class Four—composed of married men whose wives and children are almost totally dependent upon them; Class Three, highly necessary employees in industry, in agriculture and the official service of the United States; Class Two, less necessary employees, and finally Class One, the men without dependent relatives, whose labor is not absolutely needed for any essential industry or who, for one reason or another, have not claimed exemption or been placed in any of the deferred classes. Classes Two, Three, Four and Five are the deferred classes.

The Great Immediate Supply

IT HAS not yet been necessary to go outside of Class One—the great immediate army supply formed in December last from the residue of most-available soldier supply remaining from the huge registration of June, 1917. You will remember again that not only had 687,000 conscripts been taken to form the initial National Army, but there had been other calls to the service—all to a total, including the National Army, of 897,061 men. And there remained out of the original registration 8,689,447. These men were required to file questionnaires containing exhaustive facts in regard to themselves. And from these questionnaires they were divided into the five classes, as you have just seen—one active and immediate, the four others deferred.

Into Class One, under this new scientific system of conscription and from the interpretation of the questionnaires by the local boards, were placed 2,428,729 men, qualified and ready for immediate military service. Into Class Two went 509,666 men; Class Three, 427,870; Class Four—the great married class—3,483,326; and into Class Five—the impossibles—1,839,856 men. Upon Class One the Provost Marshal General's office began, calling men in lots from one or two at a time to 200,000—or even more—and steadily sending them to the various receiving stations of the Army.

Class One, as we shall see in due course, already approaches exhaustion. The calls upon this preferred class have been steady. Some of them, as we have already intimated, have been large. Others have not been so large as they have been difficult. They have called for both judgment and system on the part of the Provost Marshal General's office, and generally have received both. From a small beginning—79 calls in the last seven months of 1917—it has advanced to more than 800 calls in the first seven months of 1918.

How about these calls anyway? How does it happen that Columbus, Ohio, may be asked to supply a hundred negro chauffeurs, and Columbus, Georgia, a dozen white cooks? There must be some reason for the seeming discrepancy in reaching South for white laborers at the same time that the North is being combed for black.

There is.

That reason primarily is Maj. Gen. Enoch H. Crowder, the Provost Marshal General, who in effect is Uncle Sam's keeper of the great ledger; and secondarily it is the machinery that has been upbuilt in the office of the Provost Marshal General.

That name just now is really a misnomer. The Provost Marshal General in the usual scheme of an army is its police officer. He was such in our own Civil War, and to him as a police officer was intrusted the difficult job of conducting the draft and whipping recruits out of it. That was in the days when conscription was supposed to be a sort of police job, to have a certain stigma about it; when it was not recognized, as it is to-day recognized, as the only just and honorable way of obtaining man power for the fighting of a great cause. So while the Adjutant General is ordinarily supposed to be the business and the clerical end of the Army, tradition took this particular big job away from him and gave it to the Provost Marshal General.

A Square Deal for All

WASHINGTON tradition says that General Crowder, who is a bachelor, lives quite alone and prepares his own meals. But the traditions of the gossipy capital are not always to be trusted. I do not doubt that General Crowder could cook a very appetizing meal; most army veterans can. But to stick to facts the Provost Marshal General lives at the ancient National Hotel, goes to his office early in the morning and leaves it late in the average afternoon for dinner and the evening at the Army and Navy Club. In the course of his working day he finds several hours to spend in his office of Judge Advocate General.

But his biggest job—and I think the one closest to his heart—is as the clerk of his Uncle Sam's great ledger. It is his big, old-fashioned corner office in the old Land Office Building, at Seventh and E Streets, that claims his first attention and his last each day. He is in it at prompt seven-thirty o'clock each morning. His aid, Lieutenant King, from down Oklahoma way, is there five minutes ahead of him. On one memorable occasion the general beat the aid into the office by five minutes and had the pleasantest morning of a month.

To this sturdy soldier come many, many appeals from the rulings of the local draft boards. If they come to him through the regular channels—through the appeal boards and the adjutant generals' offices of the various states—they invariably receive prompt and courteous attention. If someone tries to cut short the regular process and to make a direct appeal by mail to the P. M. G. he finds his letter returned to him—in a plain envelope and without one word of comment. The job is too big for irregularities of that sort.

The personal appeals are more difficult of course; but here is an immensely human judge. There is hardly a day that congressmen—mighty men in their home burgs, even if hardly so consequential at the capital—do not sit in the P. M. G.'s reception office, only to be finally informed by the chief himself that there is no hope of personal appeal to him in draft matters—the existing machinery for the handling of the appeals is both competent and adequate. The shabbily dressed woman who comes with mother love driving common sense and makes the same appeal gets the very same answer—only with greater consideration and courtesy. But the rich man who comes to ask consideration for his favorite son Enoch Crowder fairly eats alive, yet in such a subtle and gentle fashion that the man hardly realizes that he is foodstuff. It is only fair to say, however, that there are mighty few rich men who have not gone to the other extreme and who have not been the very first to sacrifice their lifeblood. But the man with wealth and position who is an exception to this particular rule!

"Do you fully realize," emphasizes the P. M. G. to him, "that if your boy is set back into the deferred class another boy will have to come forward to take his place, and that that other boy may be the sole hope and joy of a woman who has no other wealth in the world? I must furnish the men that the President demands of me, and if one boy does not go another must come forward to take his place."

A little talk of that sort and the applicant generally beats a retreat. There is no mistaking the seriousness of the Provost Marshal General, any more than there is mistaking his fairness. A business man who reaches him with a protest that his business is really to be classed as an essential and so not to be robbed of its labor through the actual draft or the work-or-fight order generally emerges with a pretty definite idea of what constitutes Enoch Crowder's idea of an essential business in wartime.

"There is a double test," he says, "that we must apply each time we release or defer a man from active service. Not only must the industry in which he is engaged measure in our minds as absolutely essential, but we must assure ourselves that he is essential—indispensable, in fact—to it. No less than such a double test can we fairly accept."

So much for the man; now for the great mechanism that he heads. I have tried to give you a first glimpse into the huge problem that both must meet. Now let me endeavor to show you how the big machine of the draft is kept working steadily and at even pressure and effort—"without torque" an engineer would put it. Let us see it in its working—see it reaching for negro chauffeurs in Ohio and for white cooks in Georgia.

The clerk's job has grown! It has grown mightily. And if he had not developed system for its handling it might have grown quite out of his capabilities. On the June evening that I found myself in his office the force was preparing to receive and allocate between the various local draft boards a call for 55,000 men—divided into definitely specified types. That was to be an after-supper job; to be entered upon by nine or ten o'clock in the evening and finished well before midnight. In the course of it there would be much consultation, the close examination of charts, the prompt dispatching of hundreds of letters and telegrams. And that would be all there would be of it. The local draft boards, notified through the adjutant generals' offices of the various states, would be given a fortnight to complete the job of finding and notifying the men to complete the call. The Provost Marshal General's office allows itself sixty minutes for its portion of the job. So much for system.

And in this instance you can personify system, and the system of the office is personified in an officer with rank no higher than that indicated by two silver cross bars upon his epaulets. And Capt. H. E. Stephenson is a young man, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Railroad who walked into the office of the Provost Marshal General last January with the suggestion of a system with which to meet the constantly growing problem of the office. He had been mightily interested in the great man-power problem of the draft—had studied it a good bit. And when he had been immersed well within it as chief of the mobilization division he found that he was really back in railroading once again.

Filling Requisitions for Man Power

"WHAT was your job with the Pennsylvania?" one of his associates asked Stephenson one day after he had begun working out an easy and orderly plan of action in the P. M. G.'s office.

"Oh, I guess you would call me a sort of systematizer," was the modest way in which one of the ablest minor officers of one of the largest railroad systems in America designated himself in his reply.

After all, the problem of the human ledger is not radically different from the eternal human problem of transportation—to be specific, it aligns itself with the trainmaster's job, or the dispatcher's. These men—called upon at an hour's notice to furnish this kind of car or train or that, in various quantities and for vastly varying services—must furnish the cars. In the office of the mobilization division of the Provost Marshal General the demand was for men instead of cars or trains—but in varying quantities as well as qualities and destined for certain specific services. And that demand must also be met—exactly and at an hour's notice. It must be rapidly and accurately allocated; whether the call is for two men or for 200,000 they must be called forth from the local boards in both systematic and equitable fashion. And that is Captain Stephenson's particular job in the huge war machine that Uncle Sam has created for himself at Washington.

To begin with, remember that the call for man power each thirty days from each state or territory must be in exact proportion as is the proportion of its Class One to the Class One of the entire United States.

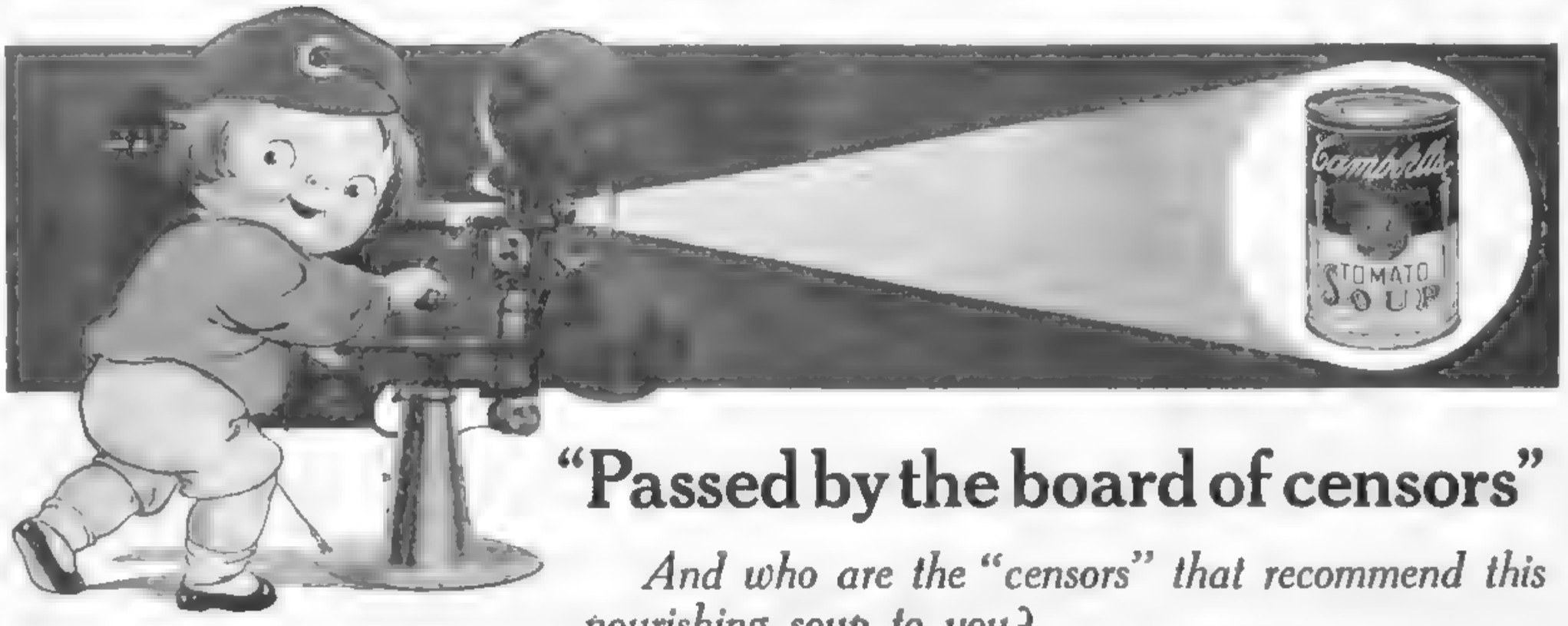
This question of the quota is the first problem that confronts Stephenson as a call for more men comes winging its way in to him from the Adjutant General's office up in the big State, War and Navy Building hardly a mile away. The Adjutant General's appetite for men is all but insatiable. And it is Stephenson's job to feed that appetite systematically and in good order.

First he must consider what state can furnish the men of the exact type, color, physical training and education desired; and then he must bear in mind the eternal limitation of the quota proportions. A simple chart, colored in chalks to show the number of men each state has furnished in the current month and how many remain subject to call, is his chief guide in answering these requirements. The chart shows the calls that have been allocated already for the ensuing month. Their placement and their time in the month may sometimes affect the current situation.

Stephenson, having found the states that are available for immediate man supply, enters upon a more detailed study of his immediate problem. There are social and agricultural and industrial conditions to be borne in mind. If he takes 10,000 men out of this Missouri Valley state in the first two weeks of the month he will seriously endanger the harvesting of the wheat crop and so in a measure slow up the prosecution of the war. But by

(Continued on Page 54)

"With joy I reveal this moving appeal—
A reel that is soup and a soup that is *real!*"



"Passed by the board of censors"

And who are the "censors" that recommend this nourishing soup to you?

They include the ablest critics you could name—leading dietitians who have made a life study of food values, skilful chefs, practical housewives, sensible physicians who know that a keen appetite and good digestion are the first thing to consider in building up strength and energy. They all endorse

Campbell's Tomato Soup

They endorse it not only for its wholesome quality and tempting flavor, but for its special value in strengthening digestion and creating a healthy appetite.

We use choice vine-ripened tomatoes, grown largely on our own farms. And we blend the pure juice with other nourishing ingredients of the same high quality.

The soup is perfectly cooked by the improved Campbell method. It comes to you hermetically sealed, and with all the original fresh tomato flavor and tonic zest completely retained.

Every can provides you with twice its volume of invigorating soup, all ready for your table in three minutes with no labor nor cooking cost for you.

Order a dozen at a time. That is the practical and convenient way.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE GREATEST GAME

(Continued from Page 13)

Some of these are men who have done dare-devil things, rammed the noses of their ships right through a U-boat's skin or stuck their little destroyers, wallowing in sea and night, alongside a transport, torpedoed and bellowing like a wounded bull as the black water creeps up her sides, and held their frail craft stubbornly there while survivors by hundreds slid down upon their decks to safety—feats of seamanship that hold the world in awe.

For with this war enters a new tradition into the Navy of the United States—the tradition of the typical destroyer captain, a boyish-spirited, unsuppressible hellion of the sea, who makes his way nervily at top speed without sun or stars or light, who handles his ship with a dash and reckless daring that would get him courts-martial in any other branch of the service, but on the bridge of his seahound win him compliment and encomiums, letters from admirals and secretaries, and add the iron scalp locks of submarines to his belt. And it was this sort of men who, after sleepless days and nights of heart-straining work afloat, and one sound sleep in port, were now taking a few hours of relaxation, drinking tea in homes along the hillcrest or darting perspiringly about a tennis court or knocking a bally ball about the league of Irish landscape that had been bred into a golf links.

Yet while the young men played and chatted or sipped their tea, yonder sat the grim old Naval Intelligence sternly at his work—a sage, close-lipped figure of a man who carried the transport of half a world moving across the semicircle of his brain. He had just reached an important decision. By no means sure that he had rightly imagined the purport of all this midnight chitchat of submarines with Wilhelmshaven he had resolved to lean heavily upon the human element in this American Destroyer Flotilla. The senior officer was summoned, a man with the four stripes of a captain upon his arm, backed by the sagacity of ripe experience.

The senior officer listened, keen, repressed, respectful, while Naval Intelligence uttered a few incisive sentences and paused with interrogation in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," said the senior officer crisply; "we can do it."

The mask of Naval Intelligence smiled, a kind of half smile, but it concealed a large satisfaction. Several times before this young and yet mature senior officer had listened as respectfully, grasped the plan as quickly, and answered with the same quiet confidence: "Yes, sir; we can do it." And always he had made good.

"Mind you do!" said the mystical one in a manner almost fatherly; and the interview was at an end.

Meanwhile there was this Dorgan at the top of the hill on a sun-warmed rock, with a lady by his side and a feeling of large contentment enveloping him like an atmosphere.

The reader wonders, of course, what he had to do with the matter of the ships; but the fact is nothing could be done without Dorgan. And Dorgan now was deeply engaged with concerns of his immediate own. He saw certain things about the little woman, now that they were up here alone—saw that her blouse and skirt were coarse, that her waist was cheap and tawdry, that her stockings again were thick and that her shoes were nondescript, while a cheap and weatherworn imitation of a sport hat was pinned on the back of her head.

But none of these details spoiled for him the impression of the beauty, the daintiness, the warm humanity of that petite person who sat so comfortably beside him, her chin in her hand, her eyes alternately cast down upon the harbor, coiling snakelike about its nestling islands and worming out between cross-jutting headlands, and then turned up to him as she asked her questions—questions of that other, newer world, of its cities, its life, its factories, its shops, its fashions and its customs.

And Dorgan answered, absently at first, and then eloquently.

"And everything all spoiled by the war!" broke out the girl petulantly, after having listened enrapt for a time.

"The war! War's practically over now that America's come in," affirmed Dorgan grandly. "Look what we've done to the subs! Got 'em buffaloed right off, haven't we?"

The girl leaned back to gaze in awe at the broad shoulders of Dorgan and to reflect upon his enormous confidence and the mighty mystery of power which America represented. Presently her mind considered only the man, and the wonderful life from which he had come and to which he would one day return.

Her hand had stolen confidingly through the crook in his elbow. He squeezed the arm with his arm, and then bashfully took the hand in his and held it. He couldn't tell why he was bashful about it. It had been long since Dorgan had been bashful about taking a woman's hand, but to-day he was. He had taken women's hands in every port of the world, it seemed to him, thinking back now, but never a hand like this. Most women's hands were soft and warm. This one was warm but rather rough.

"What's your name?" he asked after a time. She answered him straightly.

"It's a pretty name," he said thoughtfully, and then pronounced the syllables of it carefully and slowly, as if his tongue had never framed it before: "Ma-ry."

Mary sighed delightedly, but just then the hoarse squeal of a siren rose from somewhere down below and rolled and gamboled in an echo of doleful sound from side to side of the horseshoe hollow in the hills which held the tiny bay. Dorgan's whole attention was instantly shifted across to where a riotous patch of zebra-striped shapes were clustered about an anchoring buoy. About the rigging of one of these hung the cloud of whitish vapor which a moment before was the steam that had agitated the siren.

"Recall signal's flying!" Dorgan announced after a moment, reaching for his flat hat and rising so abruptly as to unlock Mary's arm rudely from his.

"What does that mean?" inquired Mary.

"It means hell's broke loose somewhere in this old Atlantic and our ship's called on to go and batten down the hatches."

"But there are so many other ships. Why do they send yours?"

"That's easy," exclaimed Dorgan, who was still gazing intently and somewhat excitedly. "Because ours is the best blamed ship in the fleet. It's the only one the boss can absolutely depend on."

The gunner's mate had already taken a step toward the brow of the hill.

"So long, kiddo," he called out.

"But—is it leaving me, ye are?" This was piped tremulously.

"Got to do it, kiddo!"

"Couldn't they go without you—just once?"

"Without me?" Dorgan looked back at Mary as if she had suddenly gone insane. "I'm the man that drops the ash cans."

"Ash cans?" Clearly Mary was puzzled.

"Depth charges—barrels full of TNT. You run over the track of the submarine and drop 'em on him. They explode like volcanoes way down under, and they bust the little tin fish wide open if they happen to hit anywhere near 'em."

"But—we're just getting acquainted. Somebody else could drop ——"

The little woman was going to be autocratic.

"Nobody else will drop 'em, if trouble comes in my watch! See?"

"Oh!"

The little lady's lip quivered, and in the presence of such unbending devotion to duty she resolved not to be autocratic.

Dorgan was poised for the plunge down the hill, but a little gasp brought him back, and with no preliminaries he put his arms about Mary and kissed her, just one hearty sailor smack, and was off down the hill, in long seven-league strides.

"What's doin'?" Dorgan demanded breathlessly of the coxswain the minute the liberty party was in and the craft had shoved off.

"Don't know—no more than ever," declared the coxswain, spitting sagely into the sea; "but as usual everybody else knows. Only, also as usual, they don't none of 'em know the same thing. 'Convoy' some says; 'Fleet of subs in the channel' some says; 'Patrolin' the coast' others has got it."

"Stands to reason it's something out of the ordinary, don't it now, when we haven't been in port longer'n enough to get oil in tanks again—don't it?" argued Gunner's Mate Dorgan.

"Yep," admitted Coxswain Charlie White; "and if it's subs, why, my eyes are peeled for 'em, and I'm the best blamed lookout on the ship."

"You always was modest, Charlie!"

"Yep," admitted the coxswain; "I don't say no more of my two eyes'n what the admiral himself'd say if he knew 'em like I do."

"Gosh!"

This was not gasped out admiration for the conceit of Charlie White. Gunner's Mate Dorgan had happened to think that Mary might have followed him downward to the dock. Once on the deck he snatched up a pair of glasses and turned them on the quay. Yes, there was a figure in colorless gray that almost lost itself amid the snubbing posts on the dock, and yet was quite distinguishable from them, with a speck of white for the face.

"Some girl, what!" he murmured contentedly. "Ain't she the trustin' kind, though? Besides, who's said anything for her to trust; or me to trust?" reflected Dorgan. "Hasn't nothing been said on either side."

The gunner's mate put down the glasses, gave a hitch to his trousers and cast a calculating eye about him. The launch with dripping bottom was coming upon the falls and being swung into her cradle, where she would be lashed as if grown to the spot. The snore of anchor chains was heard in the forward hawse pipes. Through all the ship ran the fever of preparation for instant departure.

The screw began to turn and a quiver as of animal life shot from end to end of the pliant creature, and again the simile was of a living thing as she began to nose her way into the channel. And the ship went out unaccompanied.

"Alone, by heck!" announced Dorgan as turning sternward he surveyed the entire harbor, and though half a score of thoroughbreds champed at their bridles in as many stalls not one of them was stirring. This deepened the mystery of her departure—it argued some unique and probably extrahazardous mission; for usually they went out in bevies of four, six, or even ten. Dorgan cast an eye upward to the bridge, where Captain Bradshaw had his lair. No conservative battleship-bred captain, he, but a typical cowboy of the sea, a man of dash, a man of daring, who daily and hourly did the impossible with his ship; and for his skill in handling both craft and crew was all but worshiped by his men.

It struck Dorgan that the captain was the reason for this call upon his ship for special and extra duty; for the gunner's mate, with all his pride in her, was rational about it. He knew there were other ships that rated—on paper—as fast and as efficient as she. Only two things she had that other ships positively had not: One was Captain Bradshaw, and the other was Richard Dorgan. But Dorgan would now be modest in his thinking. It was not he, it was the captain. Some job was to be done outside that only Captain Bradshaw could do, so they had called him from his rest and Dorgan from his liberty—but what kind of a job?

And Dorgan was still puzzling his brows over the question when Abner Anderson, chief gunner's mate, came nosing round. Dorgan affected to be busy among his ash cans, for he did not love Abner; but just then some order of Captain Bradshaw's put an extra kink in the engines and the slim ship plunged ahead at a speed instantly recognizable as far in excess of standard.

"He's goin' somewhere," commented Dorgan to his chief, with a nod toward the bridge.

"How in time did you figure that out?" demanded Abner sourly, for Abner could not abide Dorgan simply because the latter, a mere gunner's mate, could outshoot Abner, a chief gunner's mate.

"I just got to thinkin', and the idea come right out," explained Dorgan blandly, with an assumption of simplicity that was meant to tease, and succeeded beautifully.

"Humph!" grunted Abner, and walked away leaving Dorgan to fall puzzling over the mission of the ship and to speculating on how many hours and minutes he would be absent from port.

But if the ship's departure all alone had mystified Dorgan it was meant also to mystify others, and had done so; as witness this message which flew into the office of the admiral of submarines that selfsame night.

"U-74, District 29. Only one destroyer left port to-day, apparently bound east." Upon receipt of this the admiral of submarines smiled blandly, and possibly in smiling erred, not knowing that this single destroyer steamed straight ahead only till complete darkness had fallen, and then reversed her course completely, while another and another of the seahounds riding in the little harbor slipped their leashes and stole darkly out to sea, hotfooting it, each upon a separate course, to a trysting place at a spot in gray waters far afield, where nought but horizons would be in sight.

For days now the flock of great ships with their own home brood of destroyers and with their precious cargoes of khaki had driven steadily and methodically across the ocean, zigzagging this way and that, steaming now faster and now slower, shooting the sun occasionally as the sun offered itself for a target and finding themselves, and making time always toward their destination. On this day the great gray cruiser which, mother-hen fashion, had brooded her charges faithfully from the shores of North America, shook herself like some huge whale that had been asleep on the face of the deep, and after a flourish or two swung a wide circle about the easily riding convoy and pointed her nose backward along the westward trail, followed by the home-guard destroyers so that presently the ships saw nothing but their heels. In twenty minutes they were hull down; in twenty more they were a dim wraith of smoke that quickly lost itself in the sky and was the only sign left to tell whither the ships had gone.

"Destroyer dead ahead, sir," croaked a voice from a roosting place in a bag of canvas high on the foremast of the leading ship.

Passengers on the promenade deck of the one ship that carried civilians heard that terse utterance and strained their eyes, borrowed glasses and strained again.

"Two destroyers two points off port bow, sir," announced the crow's nest again. The passengers, once more with straining optics, began to make these out.

"Three on this side," reported a passenger, crossing over from the starboard, and then all those on the port side had to cross over and see for themselves on that side again.

And so they came, mere tiny black dots, advancing at regular intervals, and spread out over thirty miles as if to comb the sea; but now they shifted courses swiftly and converged on the convoy, steaming at race-horse speed, meeting and surrounding it. As the massed khaki on the ships made out the stars and stripes dancing boldly at every peak a great cheer rose from many thousand throats and was swallowed up by the illimitable space on every side.

Sporting like whales, leaping, signaling, zigzagging, such sportiveness presently became a method, and it was seen that they had embraced the convoy on all sides, front, rear and beam, and each boat, rolling, pitching, all but diving, had dutifully set itself to plow and harrow a particular patch of greasy-looking sea in which it seemed no periscope could live without being seen.

So the great caravan of ships slipped cautiously and erratically across the desert waters, with its outriding Bedouins of the sea, curvetting and caracoling ever near, so undisturbed that it was easy to deem themselves forgotten; but they were not. A whole world was thinking of them anxiously. Back in Washington a Secretary of the Navy, whose responsibility it was to deliver a division for the Secretary of War, was thinking of them; and over in France a general with four stars on his shoulder was thinking of them; while on a hillside in a very green island a girl with a coarse gray shoddy skirt, with blond-red hair and eyes like the blue of an Irish sea, was looking out on a silvery strip of water and wondering when Dorgan would come again.

And of course the Naval Intelligence was thinking of them as he scanned his charts, one eye marking where the precious convoy advanced, now on this leg, now on that one, cunningly, now to one side, now to the other; but always nearer and nearer to a

(Concluded on Page 26)

TO THE business men of the United States we announce the Hupmobile *Industrial Wagon.*

A standardized design, mounted on the sturdy Hupmobile chassis; convertible into various body types, and adaptable to an unlimited number of industrial activities.

Dealers in 100 cities will be ready to show you the practicality of this Hupmobile *Industrial Wagon* on Monday, September 2nd.

War Saving Stamps should be bought regularly and often, and to the full extent of a systematic savings plan

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possible port of debarkation; while with the other eye the Naval Intelligence noted the movement of the little black flags that told where underwater emprise of piracy and murder was cruising.

For two days he had discerned something like a concert in these activities, which of itself was most unusual. According to the precedent of past observation and experience each captain of a submarine worked independently in quest of his kill. Yesterday there was a plain hint of definite convergence in the movements of several of these craft; to-day this was more apparent still. It pointed to objectives and probabilities, and the man before the charts meditated upon his game for a long time in silence, measuring distances and casting up possibilities.

Then with a decisive movement he pushed his charts away from him entirely. A message was written with his own hand, amid engrossing silence that made a loud sound of the scratching of a pen on paper. A button was touched, a messenger came and took the paper, and Naval Intelligence sat empty handed, his eye wandering in spite of him once more toward the charts. The die was cast. The order for the dash to port had been given. The convoy was now and finally upon the lap of the gods.

This order carried with it many corollary orders. One had to do with the mine sweepers, for before the convoy entered a certain narrows that particular narrows would be swept for mines; before it entered another favorite mining field that, too, would be swept; and so on, over a clean and clear ocean floor the convoy should move to its destination. That was as the Intelligence had planned; but there was also this admiral of submarines at Wilhelmshaven to be considered, and his mind was very busy.

The convoy had not been so much alone as it had supposed for yesterday a U-boat had sighted it, though at too great a distance for attack and with the convoy moving at too great a speed to be overhauled. The U-boat had reported, however, location, direction, speed; yet two other submarines ordered to intercept at the estimated point of arrival had reported the ocean empty and tenantless. The quarry had zigzagged again, and no doubt again, and was five hundred miles away perhaps. Yet the very evidence of these zigzaggings told the admiral something; and he too estimated that on this night the dash for port would be made. For aught that he knew it still might be any one of several ports, and he gave orders accordingly.

Within an hour his devil's egg layers were in motion; while at the same time his underwater boats were posting themselves at likely spots along the seaway toward any one of these same possible destination.

And so the dice were falling—the mine layers matched against the mine sweepers, and the destroyers matched against the submarines. But the odds were not even. The submarine could not be seen beneath the water. When he thrust up a finger periscope it was no more than an inch and a half in diameter, of polished nickel that glinted as the glint of a wave itself, and to be seen just about as far in the waters as you might expect to discern the pepper box from your own table sitting on top of the waves. Surely such a periscope must be invisible at more than a few hundred yards, while the destroyer would be visible to the underwater boat at eight thousand yards. It was this that made the contest unfair. It was the knowledge of this factor that made the admiral at Wilhelmshaven rub his hands and gloat.

But the convoy rode on undisturbed. The first half—the night half of its twenty-four-hour dash to port was made successfully. With the coming of the acutely dangerous hours of early morning they crowded on all speed—all that the slowest ships had in them was demanded, and men in their grimy stokeholds, stimulated by bonuses and by patriotism, produced more speed than their engines had ever produced before except under conditions exactly similar; and thereby they brought their ships closer and closer to a port of destination, and closer and closer to the high crest of danger.

The strain upon all grew greater as the day advanced. The men on the escorting destroyers were nervous, morose and irritable. The eyes of the lookouts were red-lidded with constant and anxious watching of each his tiny patch of sea. Above decks gunners, torpedo men and depth-charge hands crabbed at one another; below decks the men of the boilers watched their roaring fire boxes like babies, as if they were some delicate monsters that might choke upon a hair or lie down and die if the draft or the flow of vaporized crude oil failed for an instant. In the engine room the men's nerves were stretched and barbed with waiting. They could not see out, these men at the source of power. Their first warning would be a sound, the clangor of a gong, and their only view the moving of a finger on a dial.

For the hundredth time Chief Machinist Cody looked and felt his engines over, a hand here, a touch there, a glance yonder or a listening ear bent to catch the slightest hint of faulty action in a bearing; while his young machinist's mate, whose station was at the throttle, stood now motionless, now restlessly turning, his hand upon the wheel, his own ear set for the murmur of the gong before it sounded even, and his eyes upon the indicator as in fancy again and again he saw it jump swiftly to full speed ahead.

So tense and taut from stem to stern was his ship—and every other ship of the escorting squadron—when, with afternoon advancing, the port of destination was no more than a few hours distant, but with conditions growing momentarily more unfavorable; for the sea was treacherously calm, with short soapy waves, and from the destroyers' point of view visibility was poor, with low-clinging mists that shrouded the surface of the water but left the bridges and upper works of ships stabbing into clearer light.

"Torpedo on the starboard beam, sir," sang out the voice of Coxswain Charlie, and instantly the ship came to life all over again with a new kind of vitality. The whistle barked in short, sharp yelps, to notify the fleet, a gong sounded, and every man in the ship was rushing to battle station. The helm came over sharply.

"Full speed ahead!" clamored the annunciator on the bridge.

"Full speed ahead!" answered the young machinist's mate from the throttle.

Dorgan's battle station was of course among his respected depth charges, another man working swiftly with him.

A moment later he cupped his hands and called toward the bridge: "Depth charges ready, sir."

The cry was caught up and passed on into the consciousness of Captain Bradshaw, while Dorgan himself turned curiously to where a bright spot was visible in the water, heading for a rivet head somewhere abaft the engine room. As it came nearer it leaped above the surface and then sank out of sight, but immediately to reappear again.

"Torpedo be blowed," laughed Dorgan. "It's a porpoise!"

The pose of the gunner's mate relaxed, but every other man on the ship stood tense and waiting, including Captain Bradshaw, who had the ship turning as swiftly as her construction would allow, and aiming for the junction of an angle some hundreds of yards beyond where the bright spot had first appeared.

"Torpedo, sure as shootin'!" admitted Dorgan, as a moment later the oncoming thing leaped in the air and all caught the gleam of metal along its sides.

"She ain't doin' a knot more than we are now, though," he reflected, his keen eye measuring at once the speed of the oncoming missile and the angle at which the ship was turning.

"Why don't you plug her with your waist gun?" he called out tauntingly to Abner. "You're some chief gunner, you are!"

"Just naturally ain't quick enough," retorted Abner. "Why don't you drop an ash can on her?"

"I'm all set," responded Dorgan, still able to make a pose of smothering his excitement, "but she ain't comin' my way. She's a-goin' to get us, Abner—about under your feet—don't you think? That is, if she don't get to wobblin' sideways the way she's wobblin' up and down."

But Abner had no more breath for repartee, nor could Dorgan have thought of another word to say, and the two men stood fascinated and frozen in their tracks until at the very moment when it seemed she must be struck the ship gracefully whipped her stern out of the way and the torpedo plunged harmlessly by; whereupon Dorgan immediately found his tongue again

"Why in thunder did they give their position away by takin' a shot at us?" he clamored to be informed, but turning involuntarily to watch the wake exclaimed: "Oh, by heck! It was the —— and three thousand soldiers she was aimin' for, and we messed up her shot for her. Our wake is goin' to throw the thing off and make her miss a hundred yards. What luck!"

While the torpedo rushed on to waste itself in leagues of open sea Captain Bradshaw with only one swift glance behind him was giving all his eyes to marking a particular moving line in the water that was like a wake and yet was not one, and making swift calculations of angles and distances. These computations complete another thing made him anxious. He was driving across the probable path of the submarine, but his ship, like all of her kind, swung very wide in turning and every added revolution he was getting out of his engines was throwing her stern with its deadly depth charges farther from the track of the sidling underwater enemy, supposing it were advancing according to his calculations. To offset this the resourceful Bradshaw employed the indicated maneuver. In the very moment of reaching the estimated path he abandoned his turn by ordering the helm reversed sharply. The result was to give the stern of his ship a kick in the opposite direction, right into her face, as it were.

"Stand by!" Captain Bradshaw had said playfully a minute before, and a man stood with his hand on the small lever, at one side of the bridge house, that controlled the release of the depth charges.

"Heave-ho!" directed the captain now; the man lifted the lever sharply, and a barrel containing TNT set to explode at one hundred feet or so rolled from under Dorgan's watchful eye and went splashing downward to its deadly work. It requires an appreciable time for the level of detonation to be reached, and the gunner's mate stood watching expertly.

Out of the water came first a violent crack as if the depths of the ocean were being rent asunder, and then a hundred and fifty yards behind him an area was seen to stretch as tight and flat as a sheet of rubber, every wave smoothing out. A moment later this strange phenomenon of flat surfaces in the midst of sea chop boiled violently in its center; and that was the extent of the surface indication of the hell of explosive forces that had been set off below. But already the captain had released the other depth charge controlled from the bridge, and Dorgan, with eighteen other depth charges beneath his feet, stood on his little iron platform, the controlling lever in his hand, ready to let them go one by one at the sound of the firing gong under the afterbridge.

"Bing!" remarked the gong, and Dorgan kicked off the first of his own particular ash cans.

"Bing!" said the gong again, and Dorgan's side partner, Al Prier, kicked off another.

So alternately as the gong rang and rang the two men fed their high explosives to the sea in a pattern that was carefully ordered by the captain on the bridge, and left the waters behind them alternately flattening and boiling with the contraction and expansion of these mighty explosions, revealing how skillfully a barrage was being planted in the depths of the ocean.

"Look!" gasped Dorgan, only half articulate, as he nudged Al.

The tip of a finger periscope had lurched drunkenly into view in the swirl of tumbling waters where the depth charges were still detonating. The periscope reeled slowly out of sight and reappeared again, staggering drunkenly and leaning back absurdly, while a prowlike structure lifted itself above the water and gradually assumed an almost perpendicular position, where it hung for some seconds, a trembling, dripping promontory of steel in the midst of waters, with a single human figure climbing over it. Suddenly it slipped downward out of sight and left the man struggling in the waters.

The destroyer, swinging as sharply as she could to cross her own wake, was near the grave of the submarine by this time and Dorgan hurled a buoy to the struggling, bawling man. Later he was hauled on board, spouting sea water and gutturals of gratitude.

"Did you know we were coming?" inquired Captain Bradshaw when the man had revived sufficiently to be brought to the bridge.

"*Ja!*" answered the prisoner sullenly.

"How did you know?"

"*Ja!*"

"I'll bust your jaw if you don't stop saying *Ja*," menaced Quartermaster Lewis, who had the prisoner in charge.

"Nutty from the depth charge," announced Captain Bradshaw tersely. "Take him below and see if he doesn't clear up presently. Wait! I'll try him again. Were you operating alone?"

"*Ja!*"

"Resume stations," Captain Bradshaw signaled those of the flotilla who had borne down for a part in the hunt of the U-boat. "U-boat destroyed. Presence of others suspected. Double lookouts."

And thus having merrily stamped out the life of one of the admiral's sneaking vipers the destroyers again moved forward with their convoy, plowing and harrowing the sea as they had not plowed and harrowed it before, anxious still, but with a sense already of victory.

The feeling in the transports was different. The appearance of that one U-boat, the glimpse of that one shining track on the face of the waters sobered and solemnized every passenger who was not sobered and solemnized already. The underwater pirate had been killed, but that seemed only a lucky chance. The feeling of danger increased, a kind of chill of awe and fear had frozen everybody into silence, when abruptly out of the heavy air came a sound like a deep bass hiccup.

Murmurings and questionings ran from lip to lip, and apprehension quaked afresh in every heart.

But anxious looks toward the bridge brought them at first no answer. The men up there drove their ships steadily forward toward the sound of the ominous explosion, their manner watchful, but informed rather than alarmed. There came even an occasional chuckle and the passing of something like a jest.

"That is the mine sweepers. There's been a lot of mines laid and the sweepers are cleaning up the narrows ahead of us and exploding the mines with rifle fire. We're almost in."

And presently, sure enough, the great ships began to slow down and mill round in a circle, bawling like calves for their mothers; but this bawling was only the steam whistles calling for pilots, for just ahead of them swung two lightships marking the entrance to a channel; and the destroyers still plowed about the lowing herd.

As one by one the transports with their cargoes of precious khaki wormed between the lightships a quartermaster left the bridge of each, went downward to the chief engineer and reported: "The captain's compliments, and the ship is in safety, sir."

The convoy had been delivered. The admiral of submarines had been defeated. His coup had somehow missed, and while his lines of undersea boats cruised anxiously to and fro—save one that would never cruise again—his mines exploded harmlessly in celebration of their own defeat, and the lithe American destroyers, their engines pulsing like happy hearts, set off for a joyous dash to the base, their duty done, their warfare o'er for a few short hours at least; and only that brooding mystic Naval Intelligence, watching his charts and perceiving much more to-day of the intent of the admiral of submarines than he had yesterday, knew how great was the victory the little seahounds had won.

The next afternoon liberty parties went ashore in the tiny cove, and Richard Dorgan was restlessly contained in one of them. Mary was waiting at the dock.

"Knew you'd be here!" gurgled Dorgan, leaping up three slippery steps at a time.

"What kind of a voyage?" She hailed him as every man come home from the sea is hailed, and her face was beaming. "What kind of a voyage?"

Dorgan swelling with the consciousness of duty well performed—Dorgan, perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he had dropped the ash can that killed another of the Kaiser's hopes, and more anxious to appear a hero to these blue questioning eyes than before any others in all the world, nevertheless suddenly remembered the tenor of innumerable general orders.

"I forget," he said. "Kind of quiet trip, I guess."

"But you didn't forget me?" she asked, searching his broad honest face anxiously.

"No, by hokey, I didn't! And what's more, little woman, I never am goin' to forget you, neither."

A few minutes later he had climbed with her to the broad flat rock, and taking her hand in his had begun to play again the greatest game in the world.

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You speak of the growth of the automobile as a romance. Words fail to describe the size or swiftness of its increase.

In a generation, it has revolutionized transportation. It has changed national habits. It ranks third in all our industries.

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Equip your car with United States Tires. There is a type exactly suited to your needs.

There is a United States Sales and Service Depot nearby to give you every service.

For passenger cars—'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'.
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Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

United States Tires are Good Tires

CLÊCHE OF SUNRISE BASIN

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SUNRISE Basin lay sunk like a hidden treasure below Sunrise Gap. On every hand rugged, saw-tooth peaks, some of them snow touched, rose into the serene heavens like invincible guardians. Only at the east was this barrier let down, where a sharp cleft in the ridges cut it clean to the level of the stretching plains beyond, a natural gateway, narrow, and for the last hundred feet walled by sheer faces of enduring rock. The floor of this gateway, filling it from wall to wall, was the shallow bed of the snow-water stream that bisected the basin.

Here was the wilderness in all truth, the silent spaces, sun filled, fanned by the little winds that whisper in the solitudes. Grass grew here abundantly. It was a place of peace, of dreams and of appalling loneliness.

And it was an untroubled paradise to a certain band of denizens; for Clêche, the unconquered, had found it three years back—when all the world had gone stale to him—and had preëmpted it as his own. The cups and cañons of its bulwarking hills gave shelter in winter; its thick bunch grass, curing on its roots, was an abundant larder. Here his small band settled and were at peace; and Clêche, painted like an Indian on the warpath, in his pinto coat, stood ever on guard.

Beautiful, fearless, swift as the prairie winds, his full foretop flaring above his eagle eyes, his red mane like a cloud about his arching neck, his red tail flowing to his heels, he was and had been for more years than he knew an itch and an envy to every puncher of every outfit from the border to the line, for he was known afar. In his early youth, when the fires of conquest had first burned in his dauntless heart, he had led a mighty band. For two years he had swept up and down the land, north in summer and south in winter, a king, a monarch, supreme in his prowess and his command. He was a lover and a fighter from the tip of his painted nose to his scornful heels. And his mares followed him in absolute faithfulness; the stallions who opposed him paid acutely. He killed or drove out with ruthlessness, as became a king; and yet the heart that beat beneath his shining sides was gentle and good tempered when he had no need to fight—a royal attribute.

But that was his heyday. When he was five years old a puncher from far down Cahila way, riding a lone trail, came plump upon the band at graze one sweet spring day, and Clêche's freebooting days were done.

The puncher carried the tale of the wondrous horse to the cow camps, and the wild pinto stallion was marked.

Black Bill, from El Oro, famous as a wrangler and catcher of wild horses, heard of him, and in that summer rode trail upon him. For a month the man searched the plains and the foothills. He found several bands, but none led by a monster pinto. But Black Bill had unlimited patience.

He went back to El Oro and bought the swiftest horse he knew, a pack horse and an outfit. Then he rode away again, and word of his enterprise went all about and about among the scattered outfits. But it was autumn when Black Bill came in again, and he rode a sorry little broncho, half-tamed and worn down.

"Where's the pinto stallion, Bill?" the punchers wanted to know with interest; "and where's the whirlwind yuh rode away?"

"The whirlwind's dead," said Black Bill shortly, "an' the pack skate's lost."

And nothing more could they get out of him then or after.

But it started Clêche's fame. The next spring a dozen men went into the sun-washed spaces to get a sight of him; and some of them did. By that fall word of his speed and his courage, his mighty frame and his screaming onslaughts was flying thick and fast. But, mind you, there was nothing criminal against him. He was never known to come within sight of a human of his own accord; never haunted the herds and the cowboys' strings, as so many wild stallions are prone to do, stealing mares and young stock and fighting the rest.

Clêche kept far in the hills' fringes, hunted out the hidden cups and valleys. He was at peace and had no will for strife with these humans who were coming to annoy him with their attentions. So he went far north one summer and was lost entirely; but when he led his band back in the fall more than one bunch was ready for him and more encounters were whispered about. His speed became a byword. Also his fighting ability. And one Jim Dempsey, from the Circle K, did not come back from his trail, so that when a posse went out to look for him they found him—on the bank of the Little Snake; and they buried him where he lay, for he was pounded to pulp by unknown hoofs, razor sharp and fair sized. A broken rope wound round a cottonwood, its end still hitched to the horn of the saddle, that lay with a snapped girth where it fell, told all of the story they were ever to know. Jim's big bright bay mare was gone.

But Clêche wore the other end of that dangling rope for many moons.

That winter he was the center of the talk in many a bunk house.

"That Claitch-y horse, now, he ain't a real horse," said Carry Peters, of the Sleepy Y. "I've heard o' his kind before. He's some sort o' sperret horse—maybe one the Injuns killed over a chief's demise some long time back. I don't b'lieve he's wholesome."

"Spirit or no spirit," said Lambert, the foreman, "he's the greatest piece of horseflesh in these here parts, and I'd give four hundred dollars to the chap that leads him in to me. I've seen him—once—on the El Soro, and the wind was behind him, fannin' his red tail out like a cloud, and his eyes was like stars in his painted face. I've never cared for another horse since; they lack, every darned one of 'em!"

Word of Lambert's offer went round like wildfire and lent a sort of romance to the capture of the wild stallion; and Clêche's life became a nightmare. He was driven and harried. No place was secure, no peace was lasting. Singly and in pairs the cowboys hunted him. The outfits sent their picked wranglers. He knew the days, long agony, when they ran him without ceasing, using relays of fresh horses. He knew the lack of water. He saw most of his mares cut off from him and driven away into the hills.

He fought and had need to fight. He was caught once by the boys of the Double-O, and killed a horse and almost killed its rider before he thrashed himself loose from their toils.

But he was invincible. He outran, outgeneraled, outfought them all; and in one early spring he disappeared from the level stretches, from the folds of the hills themselves. This was when, lean and haggard, wild-eyed and distrustful, followed by a scant handful of his band that he had been able to pick up again, he stumbled upon Sunrise Basin behind its watered gap.

It lay far back in the edge of the rugged, rock-ribbed hills, and it was unknown to the scattered outfits far to the south—a hidden, untamed paradise.

So, in a glorious dawn, with the sunrise shooting its level red bars through the gap where the shallow waters ran, Clêche, the strong-hearted, led his band in between the towering walls—and was at peace.

Round as a tea cup the basin lay, soft and sweet in its young green, untroubled by any winds, girt by its colored cliffs on every side, slaked by its tinkling bright stream, smiling, suave, like a friend holding out loving arms and offering all things, such as protection and abundant luxury.

And thus it was that the famous pinto was lost to the outside world, for he settled down in this sanctuary and almost forgot his cares.

The summers and winters passed. Clêche was a king in his kingdom. He became sleek and shining, a thing of great beauty in his painted coat. And he did not deteriorate from too much peace. Day by day he swept the edges of the basin—a matter of sixteen miles—in the

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He Became Sleek and Shining, a Thing of Great Beauty in His Painted Coat

Libby's

SALAD DRESSING

—a new delight!

RICH with the richness of eggs and pure olive oil—flavored with a dainty blend of rare seasonings—Libby's Salad Dressing is something to smack the lips over again and again!

As with all Libby foods, each ingredient is the choicest to be found—the olive oil is brought from Spain, where the world's best olives grow; certain of the seasonings from far-off India; the mustard in it from the British Isles!

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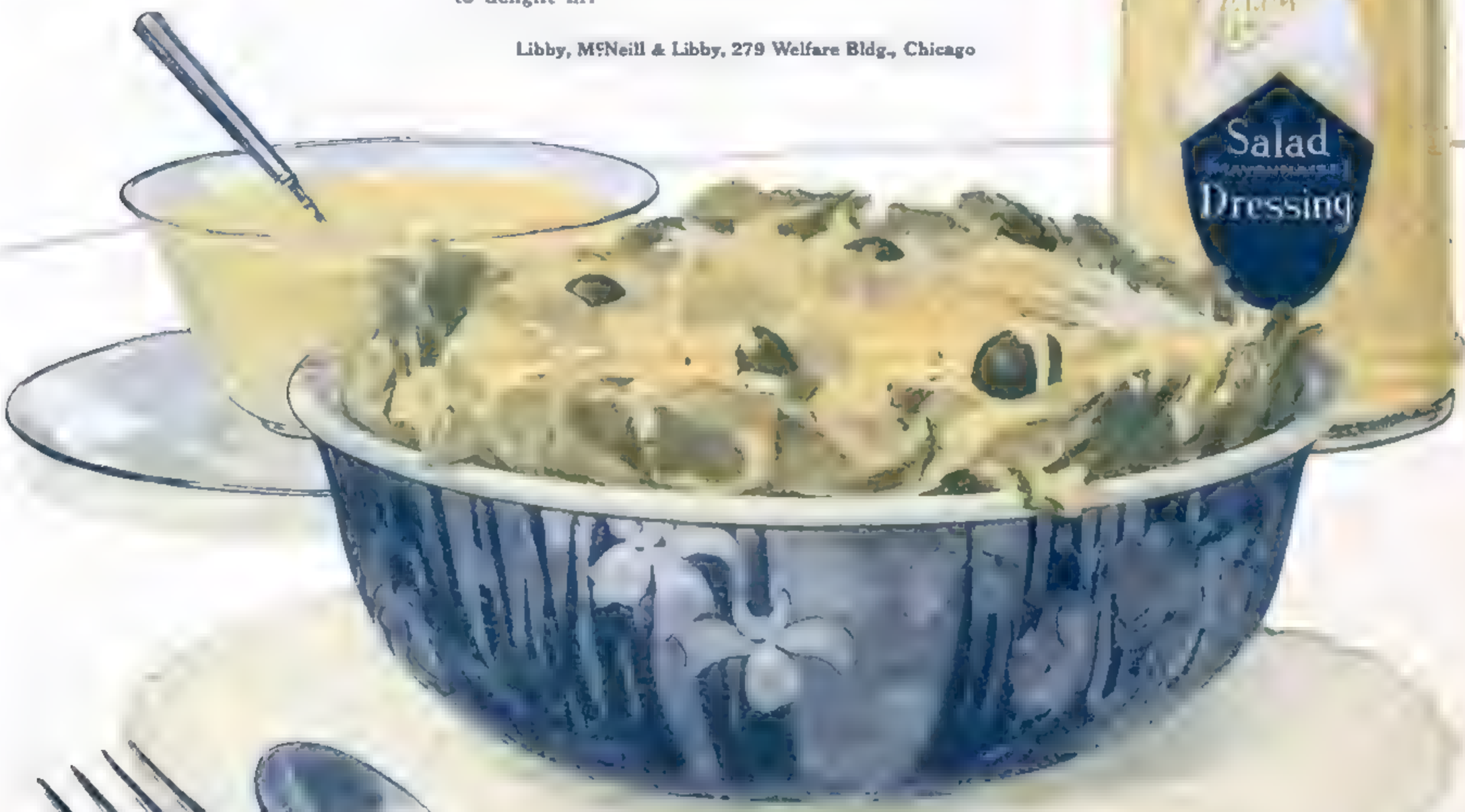

Mustard is not "just mustard"—when you serve Libby's. Not too "bitey"—yet not too mild—it adds a special savoriness you will delight in

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ecstasy of perfect power, the joy of his stretching limbs, the intoxication of speed. He stood on his little hillocks here and there and watched the gap with his eagle eyes for the danger that never came. He stamped a ringing challenge with his polished hoofs to a rival that never appeared.

He was supreme, fit in every inch of his gleaming body, tingling with life and intelligence—a superhorse.

If Lambert could have seen him then he would have doubled his price.

But all things have an end. It is one of the tragedies of this gay good world that change is absolute.

In the forefront of a certain spring, when Clêche had been three years in Sunrise Basin, there came to the gap where the waters ran a sorry outfit—a desperate outfit; else it would not have been trailing so far from the beaten track.

A prairie schooner—rocking on dished wheels whose fellies rattled with dryness, its dingy canvas flapping forlornly with every lurch of the crazy vehicle, and drawn by a pair of scarecrow horses—came out of the painted distances and stopped before the towering gateway, while a man climbed out and reconnoitered. He was a big man, heavy shouldered and slouching, and the face that peered round the edge of the sheer wall into Sunrise Basin was far from prepossessing. It was a grim face, black bearded and dark of eye and hair; and it was keen and secretive.

He splashed through the shallow stream, and where the circling walls spread away he stopped with arms akimbo and surveyed the peaceful scene.

"H'm," he said aloud in a rumbling voice; "the very place."

He whirled on his booted heel and went back to the wagon, climbed to the shackly seat, picked up the lines, and with a yell at the weary team jerked them round and went rattling through the gap.

Directly within he got out, and taking a lariat from the tail box worked for some time to stretch the rope back and forth across the gateway to form a barrier.

"Don't want t' lose the damned ol' crowbaits," he muttered; "an' they'd leave me sure, once they got the chancet."

Then he climbed back into the wagon and drove up across the level floor of Sunrise Basin, picking his spot for camp. At last he settled on a clump of cottonwoods that shook and whispered above the low banks of the little stream. Here he jerked the team to a halt and turned back toward the depths of the wagon.

"Git out!" he said. "Here's where we stop."

A woman appeared. She came out backward, slowly, as if there were no ambition in her. The foot that first reached the ground was laced in a ragged shoe; its mate wore a moccasin. Her body, slim and straight and well formed, was covered by a calico horror known as a wrapper.

There was little about her to please the eye, but when she turned to flash a glance over the surroundings her face would have stopped nine out of ten casual glances. It was a thin face, pale and delicate, and it was of a certain drab seeming with its colorless cheeks and its ashy hair piled abundantly above it, but under the level brows a pair of eyes darted and flashed with an amazing beauty. They were blue as the skies at noon, and they were full of intelligence and a thousand other things, such as weariness and sorrow and a certain furtive fear. Yet they made promise, too, of courage. Beautiful eyes they were, arresting eyes.

With swiftness and comprehension they took in the majestic sweep of Sunrise Basin, the level green floor, the wooded stream, the sheer faces of the inclosing walls; and a sickness of desperation rose in them like a visible tide.

"Lost!" she whispered with a hand fumbling at her throat. "Lost forever! No one will ever ride this way!"

Then she turned back to the wagon and set about unpacking the dingy and travel-worn outfit.

By noon a camp was fixed in the cottonwoods—a tent that faced the stream, a cook place made of stones, a table fashioned of the sideboards of the wagon; and the woman had put her meager things to rights.

The smoke of their fire rose above the trees and they sat down to the scant meal.

And that smoke, drifting over on the languid airs, reached Clêche drowsing in the noonday shade far over at the western edge of the basin.

With the first telltale scent that reached his nostrils he threw up his wild head and stood at attention. He drew a long breath deep into his lungs. Slowly his eagle eyes grew luminous. He knew that smell—man, his enemy! He stamped, and opening his mouth squealed a ringing challenge to the silences.

But a little wind blew the scent away; and though he quested for an hour, trotting here and there with his nose to the earth like a dog, again high in the air, he could get no more of it. So he drowsed in the shade again, one hip dropped in equine comfort, his long tail lazily brushing away the tiny flies that annoyed him.

So the gorgeous spring day dreamed away and an early moon rose in the skies that were yet awash with golden light. At the new camp in the cottonwoods the woman started another fire. A little fresh wind was rushing in through the gap from the outside plains and it caught the blue spiral and whirled it away to the west.

This time there was no mistaking. Clêche the pinto knew for a fact that the peace of Sunrise Basin was done for; knew that man the despoiler had found him out at last. And who shall say what was in his heart—what memories of pain and thirst and fear?

At any rate he stood on his hillock like a horse of bronze for a tense space—still, stiff, his great mane rearing above him in the wind and the fan of his red tail flaring. Then he called his herd to his heels and launched away in flight straight down the level floor, and all the walled-in basin resounded to the thunder of their going.

At that sound, coming at first faintly from the western wall and growing in intensity, the black-bearded man rose from the ground where he lay stretched in idleness, and the blood slowly drained from his face.

He walked swiftly to the wagon and took out a rifle, clicked it, looked to it, held it ready. The woman put down her battered old pans and waited in silence. For so many weary months she had waited at every sound!

And then the wild band came into sight, sweeping down the stretches, beautiful, free—natural denizens of the wilderness.

They saw the camp in the cottonwoods, caught the pungent scent of the humans, and swung away in a huge arc, circling back straight for Sunrise Gap.

With unerring instinct the stallion was ready to forsake his paradise, to strike away again into the barren hills behind the ramparts. He knew what man could do to him and his.

At the sight of the running horses the man lowered his gun.

"By ——!" he said aloud; "wild hosses! An' 'less I'm much mistook, that thar leader's Clêche the pinto. I've heard a lot about him."

His small eyes narrowed and glinted shrewdly.

But the woman, standing where she had dropped her pans, presented a wonderful change. Her lips had fallen apart, one hand had flown to her throat, and over her thin, dispirited face there flowed and pulsed a veritable light. It was as if somewhere within her spring tides broke through bonds of ice and snow. Faint pink flushed into her cheeks, and her eyes were like stars.

She did not stoop for the pans until the last sight and sound of the band had dwindled into the distance and the silence.

Then she sighed, but a soft smile hung furtively in the corners of her lips, a tender smile that was afraid to come out frankly.

"Makin' fer the gap," said the man with a chuckle; "but I reckon that lariat will hold. I reckon so."

And he was right. When Clêche, stretching away for freedom, came thundering down to the gateway he found the hand of man already there.

He screamed with rage and tried to breast his way through, but the black-bearded man had done a thorough job with driven saplings on either side and stakes looped upright in the stretched strands of the rope to form a sort of gate, and the barrier held. It was too high to jump from the bed of the running stream, too low and taut to crawl under.

So darkness saw the leader circling the rim walls of the basin to reach that point of his domain which should be farthest from that menacing camp in the cottonwoods.

As the stars came out the man, rolled in his blankets on the earth, called to the woman beside him.

"Ruth," he said, "ye awake?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I want that hoss," he said; "he's a humdinger. I got t' have him. An' there ain't no one livin' can handle hosses like you, I'll say that much fer ye, no matter what a long face yuh pull round a man's camp. Yuh think it over an' get busy after him."

And Ruth did think it over—with clenched hands and blue eyes staring into the darkness. She loved horseflesh, had always loved it from the time when, a wee crawling child, she had made for the horse corral on all fours whenever she could elude the bedraggled mother she could just remember. As she grew into unkempt girlhood she had loved it more.

There had been little else to love, for she had never known a home, since her dad had been that most irresponsible of created beings, a wandering trader. A covered wagon was her natural habitat, the prairie trails her roads of destiny. But those days while her father lived had been heaven compared to what had followed his sudden death in the edge of Montana. He had literally given her to the black-bearded man who had followed them for many a day because of her, and who had rushed her to the justice of the peace in a clapboard cow town, and married her out of hand.

That had been four years ago, and Ruth was already a weary, bitter-hearted woman, when she should have been still in a carefree girlhood. She had found out early in the game that her husband rested nowhere, that he watched the back track and that he was afraid of strangers, suspicious of everyone.

And now he had hidden himself—and her—in Sunrise Basin; and it was as if the world had withdrawn, leaving them stranded forever in this wilderness. Tears came miserably into the brilliant blue eyes and she wept without sound in the starlight that filtered through the trembling branches of the cottonwoods. There was nothing for her in the long stretch of a normal life—nothing but fear and loneliness and the servitude that she hated. And presently, the hopelessness and the loneliness having spent themselves, she thought suddenly of Clêche—Clêche stretching magnificently away down the basin's floor, running low and level, his long tail streaming, his shining hoofs a blur beneath him.

He, too, was destined to come under the man's hard rule, was he? And by her hand! A hot rebellion rose in her at the thought. She had never yet betrayed a dumb brute. Loving them passionately, she was, as the man had said, a wizard in the handling of them. Many a wild thing had she tamed—a young bobcat in the Canadian Bottoms; a doe and two fawns in the fringes of the Willasannas; and horses since she could remember.

But she knew the man and what he could do to the helpless ones. Her heart ached for the team that drew the crazy wagon. They had been good horses not so very long ago. Now they were worn to shadows and they dodged and jumped every time he came near. They had good reason too.

Now he wanted that free thing racing in the twilight—wanted to break it to his will. She had seen him break them before, and she shut her hands beside her into fists and set her teeth together.

No! Not on his life! The courage that flickered sometimes in her eyes shone for a moment steadily, and she turned on her side and went to sleep.

Morning came into the basin like the first day on a new-made world, too beautiful for description. Ruth was up betimes and made the fire and breakfast.

"Well," said the man as he sat down on the stool and forked his tin plate full of ash bread and fried pork, "ye better start t'-day. I done got an awful hanker after that thar hoss. Ye can have one o' the skates to foller him with. Git out right away."

Ruth put her hands on her corsetless hips and raised her head. Her eyes were still bright with the courage of last night.

"Jim," she said evenly, "I'm not going to catch that horse for you. I'm not going to do everything you tell me to any more. I'm done. If you want him catch him yourself."

The man laid down the knife in his hand and stared at her, his jaw fallen. A slow red flush rose in his high cheeks and his ugly eyes narrowed.

"I don't take no sich talk as that," he said. "We'll see!"

And he strode round the bare table.

She had seen him twist weaklings. Now he came for her. Ten minutes later he flung her on the pallet, half-fainting, her nether lip bitten through and her left arm dangling. There was a purpling bruise on her cheek but her eyes flashed up at him with the raging hate of a trapped wildcat's. "You beast!" she said pantingly. "You didn't make me yell. You'll never make me! You've lost your grip on me."

Then she rolled over and lay where she fell until high noon, in blissful unconsciousness.

The man was gone all afternoon and she lay on her pallet and wondered dully what would be the outcome. But the courage in her eyes still burned. The arm that he had twisted hurt cruelly.

It was while she lay, face up, on the pallet beneath the shaking green leaves of the cottonwoods that a thought came suddenly to her which made her sit up promptly, which sent a swift red flood into her pale cheeks and set a light of prairie fires in darkness in the depths of her eyes.

When the man came in at sunset she met him with a smile.

"Jim," she said, "I've changed my mind. I'll catch that Clêche horse for you."

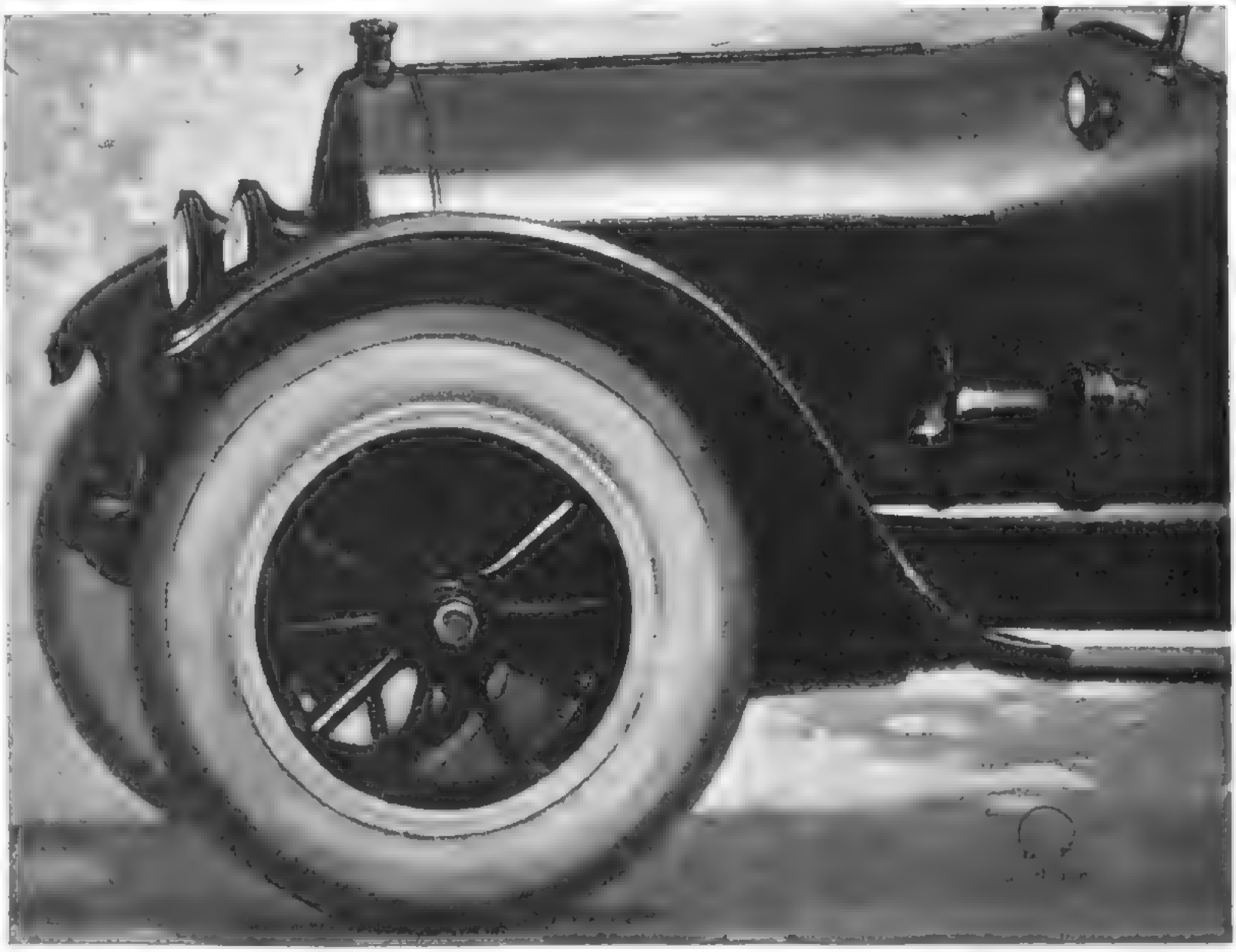
The man laughed—a great roaring burst of sound.

"So?" he said. "I thought ye would! Hain't nothin' like dee-cip-line, either fer dogs, hosses or women."

The very next day Ruth went out along the basin's floor on one of the sorry nags. She rode like an Indian, bareback and astride, and she used a hackamore in place of a bridle. There was no heart or life left in the poor scarecrow beneath her and she was slow and easy upon it. She did no more than jog to the western wall of the basin and set the wild band flying by the sight of her, but she went back to the camp at noon, changed for the other horse and repeated the performance.

For a week she kept this up. At first her appearance was a signal for headlong flight on the part of Clêche and his band. They broke and fled with the first far sight of her coming along the basin's floor, and three times the leader tried desperately to force a way through the barrier at the gap. But the man had been there again and reënforced his

(Continued on Page 33)



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Needless variety in styles and lasts.

Freaks and novelties to tempt the unwise purchaser.

Costly production by ordinary manufacturing methods, instead of modern, efficient standardization.

Too big a selling overhead—pretentious location, exclusive store "atmosphere."

Too much dead stock. Not a quick enough turnover in the average shoe store.

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Here is a Regal Shoe typical of the best values to be had this coming Fall. It is a street shoe. It can meet your every-day need for style and service. Made of the best Havana Brown Kid we could buy in America. Price $11.75.

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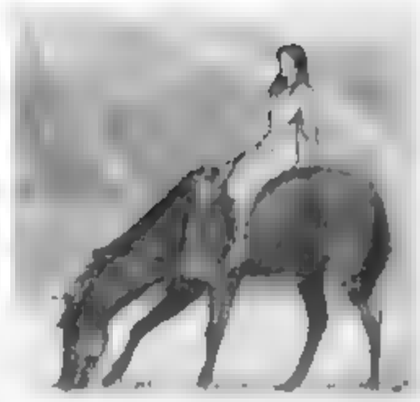

No matter where he went, there the walls rose up and turned him back—and there was the silent figure, waiting

(Continued from Page 30)

gate, fixing a fastening at the side between two upright saplings, and it was impassable.

So the horse circled back along his hindering walls, and who shall say what desperation was in his heart, what regret for the open plains, what fear of the humans who had him trapped in his paradise!

But steadily, day by day, the woman on the scarecrow rode trail upon him. She followed him with slow persistence, silent, apparently harmless, not harrying or forcing him in any way—just being there, somewhere in sight, for a great part of every day. She had a sweet, clear voice that carried far and she sang for hours, swinging songs of the cow camps mostly, while she sat on her grazing horse and watched Clêche the pinto from afar.

Before long the stallion came to realize that he played a pointless game. No matter where he went, there the walls rose up and turned him back—and there was the silent figure, waiting. Many a time he stamped his shining hoofs and squealed a challenge to the thing that menaced him, offering fight. But the old horse grazed in peace, and the human atop whirled no snakelike, circling rope.

This was new in his experience. What could it want, this ancient enemy? Why was it always there, yet offered him no harm?

And after a while Ruth took to leading the other horse along, to turning it loose to graze beside her. Familiarity breeds contempt. Gradually the pinto lost his fear of them. As the spring ripened into splendid summer he came to graze again in peace, accepting these aliens perforce.

And Ruth was another woman. The long golden hours spent in the open away from the man were working a miracle of hope in her heart. Dreams played in her brilliant eyes, set the tender smile about her lips.

Always she watched Clêche with admiring looks. She knew his every line, his every graceful motion. She knew that he was innately gentle, that his temper was good. She knew that he could run like the wind in fall, that his endurance was high. She measured his broad chest with a practiced eye; his legs, long above the knee and slender, his withers and his hips. She knew that, once she had won him, he would be a priceless possession and a friend.

Day by day she edged nearer and nearer. It wasn't long until the scarecrow grazed in the very outskirts of the small herd, unchallenged. Then she took to circling carelessly near the stallion himself, time after time, day after day, with infinite patience and persistence. When the leader sprang away she paid no heed, did not follow. But two hours later she was there again, somewhere near, singing her swinging melodies.

And then she hit upon a piece of luck. She fed him salt. There was no salt lick in the basin. Out round the rampart there was a stretch of whitish earth where the band was wont to go once in a month or so to lick and nibble at the crust about its edges, but this had been denied them since the man had fenced the gap. Therefore when Ruth, lying for hours in the grass beside her horse, left, square in the center of the flattened spot that bore her scent, a lump of coarse white salt, she made a long stride forward.

The hungry horses found it, pushed and scrambled for it, licked it into the earth and searched the place for more. And Clêche was in the front of the mêlée. After that he perked his pointed ears at her, snorted, stamped and tossed his head—and trotted to the place where she had been when she departed, sniffing eagerly all about.

But the woman was wise with horseflesh. She did not cheapen her bribe. She withheld it like a miser—that is, with Clêche himself.

She used it to win his colts first, then his mares. After a while she could go among the band on foot and they did not run. Only Clêche was aloof, cool, watchful, no longer startled by her presence, but not to be caught napping. But the despairing fear in him was subsiding. There was no rope, no shouting, no one riding him down from every quarter.

"How you comin'?" asked the black-bearded man, and Ruth smiled dreamily at the sunset high on the rim rock at the west.

"Fine," she said. "I'll have him soon, I think."

"Better speed up a bit. The stockade's done."

And indeed it was—a shining white corral, built of saplings and stoutly reënforced, across on the northern bank of the shallow stream.

"Once yuh git him in thar," he said, "I'll break him; an' he'll bring a pretty price ef we ever hit a town agin."

The smile slipped off Ruth's face. She knew the cow towns—and the men that made them. She knew also what Clêche would be in a few years. And once again that light of courage flamed for a moment in her blue eyes; but the man did not see it, for she dropped them to her hands folded in her lap.

It was not long after that that the painted horse came to her hand of his own accord. She had sat for three hours, cross-legged in the grass, singing her swinging melodies and playing with a pan of salt.

For two of those three hours Clêche circled about her, raised his head and watched her, stamped, snorted, sniffed, stretched his neck and sniffed again. With every circle he came nearer.

At last he stood five yards from her and tossed his handsome head in eagerness. He came closer, a step at a time. Then he leaned far over and drew the smell into his distended nostrils, bobbed his muzzle and reached an upper lip, velvet soft and pink as a flower, to Ruth's extended palm. He got one nibble, felt the flesh of her hand and fled. But the girl promptly rose and left, taking the salt with her. Her heart was throbbing painfully.

"It will be soon, now!" she told the man at the camp. And to save her life she could not keep the exultation out of her voice.

And it was soon. By the end of another week the stallion licked the coarse salt from her palm, explored between her slender fingers with his pink tongue for the last luscious taste, followed her slow and aimless steps about.

From that it was but a step to fondling him a bit, to rubbing gently under his iron jaws, to threading her hands through the huge billows of his waving mane. That was something that Clêche liked. He came at last, after days of starts and prancings, of blowings and snortings, to stretch his neck that she might the better reach his crest to perform the delicious scratching. With his foretop and ears he was a deal more ticklish, tossing his head and fleeing like the wind when she attempted to touch them. But at heart Clêche was gentle. He liked this human with the tender hands, the crooning voice and the offerings of salt. He came to watch for her at last, to stamp and whistle when she appeared, to accept her love-making and to allow her to loll along his painted shoulders, to hang across his back.

And Ruth was alight—like a candle glowing in the dark. Hope was in her, and dreams of the future and freedom.

She meant to tame the pinto—indeed, to win him to her, to make him bridle-wise and saddle-broke—and then on some glorious, golden day to ride him down the basin, through the gate at Sunrise Gap and out to the open world!

She meant to leave the man who watched the back track so tirelessly, to take her chance in the open. It was a desperate game for a woman alone, but she was desperate. Mounted on Clêche, armed with the rifle she meant to steal, and which she could use expertly, she had a chance that she knew, and she intended to take it.

So as the drowsy days went by in silence and beauty Ruth began a systematic plan of preparation. Bit by bit she stole from the scant provisions such food as she could pack—a little flour, bacon, filched a slice at a time; and some of the precious salt—and hid them far down by the gap beneath a piece of oilcloth covered with lifted sods.

She made a light and soft hackamore from old bits of rope and played a long game to get it on Clêche's head. Once on she left it that he might become accustomed to it. That cost her three days' distrust and coldness, but she won him back again, and the point was made. She could lead him by the hackamore.

"Doin' pretty fine," said the man admiringly. "I b'en watchin' yuh from the trees' edge, an' 'twon't be long till yuh can turn him over to me. You better git him in the stockade's soon's ye can."

"No," said Ruth bravely. "I'm going to ride him first myself. I'm entitled to that much."

And she did. From hanging on his shoulders and sliding all along his back it was no far cry to wriggling up to sit astride the stallion.

Clêche did not mind. The old fears were stilled, half-forgotten.

And Ruth, her heart bursting with hope and daring, laid her face in the crest of his mane and cried that day.

After that she spent every hour with him on his back. She rode in the midst of the running band when they went to water, adrift in a sea of flying manes, shouting with joy above the thunder of their hoofs.

"When yuh goin' to run him in?" the man demanded. "Yer wastin' time."

"Soon," promised Ruth, and her heart tightened.

But she lied. She was never going to run him into that stockade. She had everything she wanted in that hidden cache except the gun and a blanket; which same she must have without a doubt. But the man was watching her closely. He took to appearing at unlooked-for times, to searching every spot she visited. And he carried the rifle constantly.

Then came the pitiful day when tragedy stalked in the basin; for he found the cache beside the gap with its poor and scanty store of stolen food.

He came back to camp and beat her senseless that morning, and when the drowsy green world came back to her dulled sight there was no answering fire of courage in the blue eyes.

Ruth was done for, her spirit broken at last.

The man stood over her, grinning and mad.

"Now," he said with a contemptuous toe against her ribs, "now—when will ye run that pinto in? I'm onto yer game all right, an' you'll pay good an' plenty fer tryin' to double-cross me."

"Now," gasped Ruth; "any time."

Then she rolled over and wept in hopeless misery—not for herself, but for Clêche of the undaunted spirit, the gentle heart.

In the days that followed it was another Ruth who dragged her listless body to the game that had been so free and heady, so full of fire and hope and intoxicating joy. And Clêche, who watched for her now in eagerness, who went a stately way to meet her and who permitted all her will upon him, was dimly conscious of the change. He nudged her with his nose, rubbed his satin shoulder against her yielding body, coaxed her to the old play with a hundred little mannerisms.

The heart was gone from her and she wept against the billowing cloud of his red mane in an utter abandonment of grief.

"I am the betrayer!" she told herself bitterly. "I have won him to believe me and to follow me—to what? To Jim and the breaking pen! To the devilish punishment of his methods, to the system that uses a horse for all there is in it, and flings away the result; that gives it to a Mexican or turns it adrift in the desert to die!"

But the man was urging her with threats to get the horse into the pen, and she had to pull herself together.

So, in a purple and rose-red twilight, after several weeks of trial the woman led the stallion in through the gate of the

corral, and the trick was done. But she sat all night inside with him to still the fear that rose in him when he found himself confined. As it was, he trotted here and there and sniffed the walls suspiciously hour after hour. But always she was there beside him, her voice, low and soothing, in his ears.

She would have tried that night for the dash to freedom, but the man had the rifle and she dared not go without it.

To-morrow—she shuddered and hid her face. It would be a different creature that stood in the corral to-morrow night, something broken and bleeding and afraid. She had seen these things before. She knew.

The sun came up in majesty. It shot its level fires in through Sunrise Gap and gilded the dew-bright, emerald floor. It struck against the walls at the west and painted them in a million tones of palest rose and gold. It brought the man awake in his blankets and sent Ruth out of the stockade to cook his breakfast for him. She was pale and heavy-eyed, and a dragging dullness characterized her every action.

The man went to the corral and grinned exultantly at Clêche, who stiffened against the farther wall and snorted in quick excitement. For three months he had seen this human at a distance and had little fear of him, but he did not like him. There was some telltale thing about him that betrayed him, something hard and dominant.

"I left the long quirt hangin' on a limb upstream t'other day when I rode up to see about that spring," said the man. "I'll get it whilst ye cook the grub."

When he was gone Ruth ran to the gate to bid farewell to her friend. Tears were on her cheeks.

The pinto came and blew into the unkempt mass of her fair hair, and nibbled at her ear.

And then, at the supreme moment of her renunciation, there came that which changed the face of the wild world on the instant—the shrill neigh of a horse, and a strange horse.

Ruth whirled from the gate and shot a glance down along the basin's floor. There, picked out clear in the golden light, three men came riding up from the distant gap. They rode easily, as if they had been long on trail and were in no hurry, and there was a certain fatal grimness about them, even so far away. Ruth's lips fell open and one hand went instinctively to her throat.

At that moment the man came round the stockade, his gun in one hand, the heavy loaded quirt in the other. He stopped in his tracks and the cheeks above the ragged black beard went waxy yellow.

"By ——" he said savagely. "John Emmers, sure as hell!"

He dropped the quirt and leaped for the gate. With one hand he tore it open, with the other he flung the girl aside as if she had been a straw.

She went backward, falling awkwardly among the scant brush on the stream's edge, but was up like a cat.

The man leaped into the corral and shot across it toward Clêche, who had sprung back in quick alarm.

Ordinarily there would have been a certain proceeding between him and the horse, the incidents of breaking in ordered sequence. Now there was time for nothing. That man riding up from Sunrise Gap wore a sheriff's star on his vest lapel, and he was well and favorably known throughout a certain locality as one who seldom failed.

With one great leap the black-bearded man caught his free hand in the stallion's mane. With another, even while the horse whirled and rose on his hind feet, he rose too and clamped his legs across the shining back. As Clêche, screaming with fear and rage, came down he raised the gun in his hand and brought it down upon the painted side like a flail.

At that sight, the sound of the metal on the flesh, Ruth, bending at the gate's edge, shut her teeth with a click.

And then Clêche went by her like a wind, maddened in every atom of his half-wild body and spirit. As he passed, the girl's slim body leaped up from the ground like a lance, her clutching fingers spread. They closed on the rifle in a deadly grip and she swung in one high, wide arc before her weight wrenched the weapon away from the man. She fell face down in the grass, but was up without a wasted motion. Straight out toward the north went Clêche, level as the plain beneath him, his neck outstretched, his head low, his mane like a red cloud above him, his long tail flowing. On his back the man clung low, another Mazeppa in very truth.

Ruth shook the hair out of her eyes and got horse and rider in focus.

She saw the man reach out a hand and beat the stallion savagely on the side of the head to turn him east. He would swing in a circle and make for the gap! Already he was abreast, far out, of the three strangers. At that moment the strangers too got his intention.

One of them snatched a gun from his pommel and raised it, but another stopped him.

"Look!" he cried. "Look at the woman!"

At the stockade's gate Ruth stood tall in her rags and raised the rifle to her shoulder. She sighted carefully along the long brown barrel. Her hands did not tremble. Once again the spirit and the courage flamed in her eyes.

"Help me, Lord!" she prayed, and shot.

Like a bird stopped in its grandest flight Clêche went to the earth. His head went down in a graceful arc and he crumpled up, turning a complete somersault. The man, flung forward as from a catapult, sailed far out ahead.

The sheriff and his men dashed headlong for the spot, and from the west a woman came running.

"Creased him! Creased him!" she cried. "Tell me I creased him! I didn't kill him! I didn't!"

One of the strangers went up to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

The others came up presently, with the black-bearded man, pale and sullen, between them.

"Madam," said the sheriff gravely, "that was a pretty shot, and I think I understand."

Ruth took her hands from her face and looked at them.

"I hope you give him his just deserts!" she said, "though I doubt if any court in the world could do that. Take him and welcome. I had to catch him for you, though it was an awful chance to take!"

And she fell to fondling the head of the prostrate animal.

"He'll be good as new in a day or two," she said at last; "and all I ask of you gentlemen is to stay here with me until he is able to go, for I'm going to start life all over again, and all I have in this round world is my friend here, Clêche of Sunrise Basin."

"Hell!" gritted the black-bearded man; "you highfalutin' hussy!"

But Ruth did not hear, for she felt in Clêche's frame the premonitory quiver of returning life, and all the good green world was gay with the glory of the sunrise.

COMMON CAUSE

(Continued from Page 8)

Walking home that evening, after his fortnight's absence, was an experience in the editor's life. Men he had never known stopped him to congratulate him on the stand taken by the Guardian; some almost furtively, as he noted with mental commentary that fear of the pro-Germans had taken deep hold. Others whom he had known for years cut him dead—Borst, and Engel, the grocer, did this; while still others studiously failed to see him as he passed within a yard of them.

Not so Blasius, the little German-born hatter who on the occasion of the quarrel over the Crown Prince's message had withdrawn his thrice-a-week announcement from the Guardian. Meeting Jem face to face before the post office, Blasius squared his shoulder to a Prussian stiffness, set his lips and all but goose-stepped up to the editor.

"I wish to say a word to you," he announced precisely.

"Say it."

"Those Deutscher Clubbers; they are after you—not?"

"They are. Are you?"

"Mr. Robson," said the hatter gravely, "while we are at peace I think of my good people in Germany and I hope we remain at peace. When we are at war once, I think of myself, a citizen of this United States; and I am at war too—as you are," he added. "And I want my advertisement back in your paper, double space."

"I'll be mighty glad to have it there, Mr. Blasius," answered Jem heartily.

"I thank you. This that I have told you I say to the Deutscher Club at their meeting. And what do they do? They fire me out! That is, I think, strainch!" reflected the loyal little hatter.

To Jem it did not seem "strainch." It merely epitomized the bitterness he daily encountered. Rather to his surprise, no further overt action against him or the Guardian had been taken by Governor Embree. Warily keeping himself in the background of the movement, that astute statesman had organized, through his lieutenants, a plausible Defenders of Our Land League, the purpose of which was to keep the American forces at home, and so out of the war, its slogan being American Blood for American Soil! Open pacifists, covert pro-Germans and political straddlers made up its membership. In a full-page editorial the Guardian set the German flag above the platform of the organization, and below it the conjoined portraits of Governor Embree and Kaiser Wilhelm, wreathed in the olive.

Further organizing work called Jem away on the day when this appeared. Upon his return he went direct to the desk of his office superintendent, Max Verrall, to inquire about a delayed consignment of ink, all supplies being handled in this department. Verrall was not there. Andy Galpin sat at the desk. He looked up and, without replying to his employer's greeting, asked abruptly: "Verrall was a sort of little house-pet of Smiling Mart Embree's when you got him, wasn't he?"

"Yes; Embree sent him to me."

"He's quit."

"No great loss; he's been lying down on the job lately."

"He's been doing worse than that. He's been tying us up in a double bowknot. Boss, did he have authority to make print-paper contracts?"

"Yes; all supplies."

"Then God help the Guardian!"

"What's wrong?"

"He's contracted for our next year's paper at four cents and a quarter."

"Four and a quarter! That's a full half cent above market price. They can't make that stick. What concern did he buy of?"

"Oak Lodge Pulp Company."

"Magnus Laurens is back of that. They're after us, Andy."

"They've got us this time."

"Not without a fight! The market price for that grade of paper ——"

"Which grade? There's the kink. Verrall's tied us up on a special quality."

The owner of the Guardian sat down and figured

"Well, we can do it, Andy," he said at length. "It'll suck the yolk right out of our surplus; but we can pull through if we hold our advertising."

Galpin looked down on his employer with sorrowful eyes. He cleared his throat, scratched his head, spat upon the floor, and was apologetic about it; hummed, hawed and glowered. Jem regarded these maneuvers with surprise.

"Baby got a pin stickin' into ums?" he inquired solicitously.

"Oh, hell, boss!" broke out the other. "I hate to tell you. Verrall's gone to the new paper to be business manager."

"New paper? What new paper?"

"The Fair Dealer. Morning Amalgamated Wire franchise. Scheduled to start next month."

"Who's back of it?"

"Can't you tell from the sniveling, canting, hypocritical name? Smiling Mart Embree—damn his soul!"

"Of course! He has to have a paper here for his senatorial campaign," said Jem slowly. "Incidentally he gets us."

"Is it so bad as that, boss?"

"Pretty bad, Andy. There isn't room for three papers in Fenchester. Somebody's going to get bumped."

"Maybe it'll be the Fair Dealer."

"All the Germans and the antiwar crowd will get in back of it. I shouldn't be surprised if Montrose Clark and his gang were financing it—to kill us off. If we can pull through this next year —— But there's that print-paper contract pinching us. Any details about the new paper?"

"Verrall claims it'll start with twenty-five thousand circulation all over the state. He was in here this morning to see me about—well, about something else; and to give us the news of the new paper. I told him we'd print it; wouldn't give him the satisfaction of thinking we were afraid to. It's on the street now."

"Right! If we've got to die we'll die game."

"It makes me sick!" growled Galpin. "Oh, I ain't kicking, boss! Only it'll be a tough game if, after all our scrapping, right and wrong—and we haven't always been a hundred per cent right, you know—we get ours from a bunch of half-breeds and double-facers, like the governor and his crowd, because we wouldn't straddle a hyphen."

There followed a thoughtful silence between the two. Then the owner spoke:

"Did Verrall make you an offer, Andy?"

"Kind of hinted round."

"How much did he hint? In dollars?"

"Oh, a little raise. Nothing much."

"I can't honestly say"—Jem spoke with an effort—"but what the new paper's a better prospect than this, as things stand. I think you ought to consider it carefully."

"That's your best advice, is it?"

"I guess it is, Andy."

Galpin wandered about the room, arriving by a devious and irresolute route at the door. He opened it, shut it, opened it again, stood swinging it with a smudged hand. "Boss," he said insinuatingly.

"Well?"

"Speaking as man to man, and not as employee to employer ——"

"Don't bleat like a goat, Andy."

"—— you can take your advice and go to hell with it. I stick!"

V

FROM the day of the new daily's preliminary announcement the Guardian began to feel a redoubtable competition. Simple mathematics proved, to Robson's and Galpin's complete dissatisfaction, that a store's advertising appropriation of twelve hundred dollars yearly, say, divided between two papers would give to each six hundred dollars revenue; whereas divided among three papers it would afford only four hundred dollars apiece. Therefore, the Guardian might expect a loss of thirty-three and a third per cent of the income from such advertisers as the department stores, which would naturally use all local mediums.

But in this case the purity of mathematics was corrupted by complicating human elements.

The earliest manifestation came from Adolph Ahrens, junior partner and advertising manager of the Great Northwestern Stores. Hearing that he contemplated a change in policy, Jem Robson went personally to see him, and was received with malicious satisfaction.

"Half of last year's contract; not a line more," announced Ahrens.

"That's less than the Guardian's fair share."

"Surprisin', ain't it?" jeered the other.

"Yes, it is. Unless on the theory that you expect a decrease in your trade."

Ahrens flushed.

"Not in our trade," he asserted; "in yours. The Guardian's a losing proposition."

"You know why it's losing—temporarily," replied Jem, keeping his temper.

"It's losing because it steps on too many folks' toes. From now on we don't need but half as much Guardian in our business; and maybe not that if the new paper pans out good."

"I see! This is our punishment, this half-space allowance."

"You can call it that if you like."

"Then, just to make it even, I'll throw out the other half."

"Wha-at?" gasped the thunderstruck merchant.

"You understand me, Ahrens. You're out—every line of you."

"But—say—wait a minute! Look-a-here, Mr. Rob——" He was talking to a firmly shut door.

Arndt & Niebuhr, the largest furniture concern in town, were more direct. They simply announced that after June fifteenth their entire account would be transferred to the Fair Dealer. As both partners were members in good standing of the Deutscher Club, this failed to surprise Jem.

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Needless Labor Is Waste

—and to waste now is un-American. We've got to win the war—your war and our war. If we don't win it—well, nothing matters.

The destiny of the Nation—yes, the destiny of all civilization—depends upon your help, your time and your patriotic co-operation.

As loyal Americans we must relinquish all non-essential activities for the more important work of winning the war.

In the homes we must conserve throughout. Needless labor must be cut and domestic help released to supplant and support the millions of men who are facing the fire of the Hun to provide for us a haven of hope and happiness.

The duties of the household must be curtailed and drudgery eliminated by adopting modern time and labor saving methods. The National need of economy has brought the home-keeping proposition down to a basis of work without waste.

In thousands upon thousands of homes today the exacting nature of the times has emphasized the economic necessity of handling the family washing by machine.

And today the Maytag is developing a new standard of laundering quite unknown in ordinary washing machines.

The Maytag has made its reputation—wedged itself into its present dominant position—by meeting a need more thoroughly than it had ever been met before.

It's a real war-time economy. Saves clothes; saves laundering expense; saves help; saves time. Simple, safe and trouble-free. The Multi-Motor for the farm and rural home; the Electric for the city.

You will value a copy of the Maytag Laundry Manual. It's full of hints that help. Write for your copy today.

Address Dept. 259

The Maytag Company
Newton-Iowa

Canadian Offices: Winnipeg, Man.; Collingwood, Ont.

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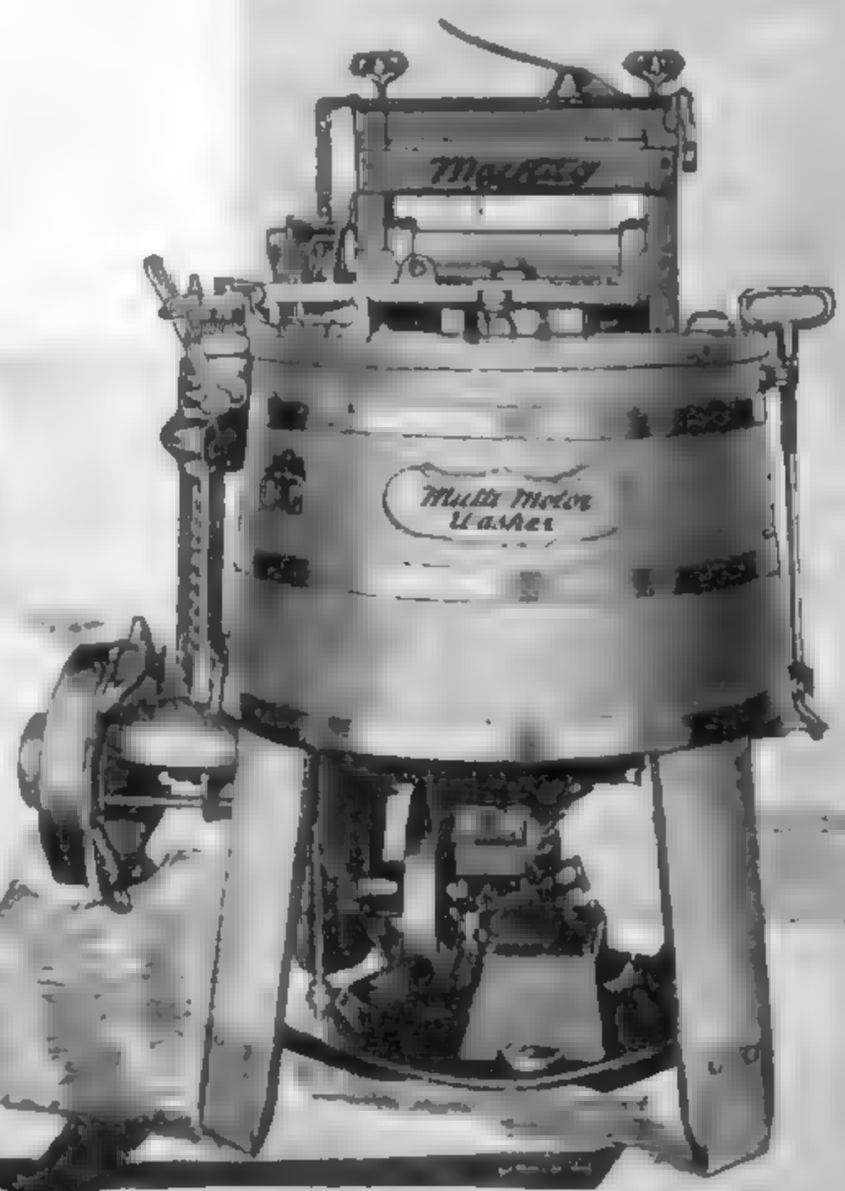

Fine Linens Require A Fine Soap

Perfect cleansing and added years of useful service are the natural result of using

Peet's Crystal White

Truly the *Perfect Family Soap* and an economic need in every household. Your choicest lingerie, embroideries, delicate laces, bed spreads and linens—everything you value and delight in keeping fresh and new, should never be washed with ordinary soaps.

Crystal White is pure and mild, yet brimful of energy—a marvel of efficiency for every household cleansing task.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY :: :: :: SAN FRANCISCO

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No such explanation was adducible in the case of Matthew Ellison, president of the Big Shop, for he was of old American stock and without close Teutonic associations. He came to the editorial office one day in a state of obvious trepidation and stammered out some disjointed sentences about the uncertainty of the business outlook and the necessity of retrenchment. Adjured to get down to details, he painfully brought himself to the point of announcing that the Big Shop felt it best to drop out of the Guardian's columns.

"Just temporary, Mr. Robson, you understand," he said in a tone which assured Jem that it was nothing of the sort. "We hope to resume soon."

"But, Mr. Ellison," said Jem in dismay, "there must be some reason for this. Is it our editorial course that you object to?"

The visitor began to babble unhappily.

"No, no, Mr. Robson! You mustn't think that. I—I quite approve of your editorial course. Quite! Personally, I mean to say. . . . As a merchant —— Well, of course, you have been a little hard on our German fellow citizens. Haven't you, now? You must admit that, yourself. . . . Oh, it's all right, of course! Very praiseworthy, and all that. Loyalty; yes, indeed; loyalty above everything. . . . But for a business man —— We can't afford ——"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Ellison. How many of your German customers have given notice to quit you unless you quit the Guardian?"

"Oh, none, Mr. Robson," disclaimed the tremulous Ellison. "None—not in those terms."

"I understand, Mr. Ellison. And I'm rather sorry for you. Who are the boycotters?"

"Oh, really, Mr. Robson, I couldn't ——"

"Never mind. I can guess."

Ellison departed, begging that he be not dragged into it, and protesting his sympathy for the Guardian's policies. Jem was left with a feeling of nausea. It persisted until relieved by a tonic in the form of a call from Aaron Levy, of the Fashion. Jem braced himself grimly for another shock; for Levy was a dogged, hard-bitted, driving Jew, with no love for the Guardian, since it had reflected strongly upon a certain fire sale some years before.

"Mr. Robson," said Levy, "I carry a three-times-a-week card in your paper."

"Well?" said Jem shortly.

"It ain't that I want to; but it brings trade. It's small; but it'd have been smaller if I could afford to make it. You know why."

"I do."

"Now I hear there's a new paper coming in. I gotta go into that. That's business."

"Certainly."

"But I'm going to stay with you. That's business too. And I'm going to double my space and go in daily. That ain't business; but—but you know why?"

"I do not."

"Mr. Robson, I'm a Jew. I was raised on kicks and crusts in Mitteldorf. I came here a boy and got a living chance. I'm worth fifty thousand dollars to-day. I can't fight, myself; but I'll help any man who fights the Germans, at home or over there. You have, maybe, all the fight you can handle, and more. Yes? Well, that's my help. No; you don't have to thank me, Mr. Robson. It ain't for you. I don't like you or your paper any more after the war is over."

He stumped out, leaving in Jem's mind a vivid contrast in practical patriotism between an Ellison, seven generations in the United States, and a Levy, German-born and American-hearted.

For every patriot who came to the aid of the sorely beset Guardian with financial support there were ten who were swayed adversely by resentment or fear. Only one of the larger stores maintained its full space in his pages. Many of the small merchants were quietly bulldozed out of the paper by the underground boycott of the Deutscher Club, which was also gradually cutting down his circulation. On the other hand, representatives of the club did not hesitate to approach the Guardian with more or less thinly veiled attempts at propaganda.

The inutility of this procedure had been finally borne in upon them by the experience of Henry Vogt, Fenchester's leading florist and a heavy user of the Guardian's advertising space, who, on the strength of the pull supposititiously accruing to him on the latter account, had sought to prevail upon the editor in regard to certain Teutonic-pacifist projects, with discouraging results. Profoundly rasped in temper, Jem decided, after several days' consideration, to serve notice upon the propagandists, and was in the midst of a rather testily conceived editorial, entitled Local *Dummkopfheit*, when the telephone interrupted him and the voice of Mr. Montrose Clark's hand-perfected secretary, unheard for five long years, afflicted his ear.

"Mr. Montrose Clark wishes to see you," was the message.

One sweetly silent thought in Jem's mind was forthwith transmitted into one briefly pregnant speech, which shocked the secretary clean off the wire. Jem returned to his work. His next interruption, to his incredulous astonishment, took the form and presence of Mr. Montrose Clark himself.

At Jem's invitation, Mr. Clark disposed his neat and pursy form upon the far edge of a chair importantly yet reservedly, as one disdaining to concede anything to comfort. His voice was as stiff as his posture; and he punctuated his remarks with a carefully timed vocal explosion, calculated to lend to them an impressiveness impossible to represent fairly by its nearest phonetic embodiment, which is "ca-huff!"

"I had—ca-huff!—my private secretary telephone you, Mr. Robson."

"I got your message."

"And I your reply, which, as transmitted to me—ca-huff!—was that I might go to the devil!"

"I think I mentioned the place, not the proprietor."

"It does not signify. Ca-huff! I am here"—there was no glimmer of light on the round red countenance to suggest an ulterior meaning—"I am here—ca-huff!—on a matter of business, in my capacity as acting president of the Drovers' Bank. As such, I have to inform you that—ca-huff!—we stand ready to make you a loan on favorable terms upon the security of the Guardian."

"Wh-wh-why?" stammered Jem, taken wholly aback. "Do you consider the paper a sound risk now?"

"Sufficiently sound."

"Up to what amount?"

"Any amount you need."

Jem stared at him, unbelieving.

"No security I can furnish now is as good as that which you rejected before."

"That may very well be true."

"Yet your offer is still open?"

"It is."

"Ah, yes!" said Jem slowly. "You're assuming that, with the change in the local political situation, the Guardian is going to shift its principles. Well, Mr. Clark, if you expect that we're going back one inch from the stand we've taken on public utilities, and the P-U Corporation in particular, you're badly fooled. We stick! We're just as much against you as if we were still for Governor Embree."

"I have—ca-huff!—proposed no bargain," stated the magnate aridly. "I make an offer. No conditions are attached."

"Then I've got to tell you frankly that we're not doing very well."

"So I am informed. Ca-huff! What appears to be the trouble? Will the new paper cut into your circulation to an extent ——"

"Newspapers do not live by circulation alone, Mr. Clark, but chiefly by advertising."

"Certainly; certainly. Ca-huff! Local merchants appear to be pretty well represented in your pages."

"At reduced space—or worse. Take the case of Vogt, the florist, who has always been good for a hundred dollars a month with us."

The visitor ran through the paper Jem handed him.

"I fail to find—ca-huff!—Mr. Vogt's advertisement."

"He's out."

"Why?"

"Because the Guardian has been 'corrupted by British gold.'"

"Indeed! Did he—ca-huff!—express that theory to you personally?"

"He did. He also instructed me as to running my paper, and gave me the outlines of an editorial demanding that none of our soldiers be sent abroad to help in the war. When I said that I wasn't interested in pro-German strategy he said something else, in German which unfortunately I understand rather well; and then 'Police!'"

"Police?" repeated Mr. Clark, forgetting to ca-huff in his hopeful interest. "Why did he say that?"

"I suppose he thought I was going to throw him downstairs. I wasn't. I left him carefully on the top step."

Signs of perturbation appeared upon the visage of the little magnate. He rose. His projective eyes appeared no longer to feel at home in his face. They roved high and low.

"Police!" he murmured, and added "Ah!" in a curious relishing tone. Suddenly he thrust out a pudgy hand, clawed at Jem's unready fingers, murmured "Count on us, Mr. Robson—for anything we can do!"—and ca-huffed himself out.

"Now how do you account for him?" inquired Jem, referring the matter to Galpin, who had come in to announce another withdrawal.

"Oh, him!" Galpin turned the public utilitarian over in his mind, considering him on all sides. "Wants to use us to club the governor, I reckon. Now that we've quit Smiling Mart, there'll be plenty of our old enemies willing to play with us on the theory that there'll be a change in policy."

"There won't! We stand just where we've always stood."

"I guess you're right, boss," sighed the other. "Even if we did borrow, it'd only be postponing the finish. Things won't get any better for us while the war is on. And when the showdown comes where'll the Guardian be?"

"In the hands of the Drovers' Bank."

"There or thereabouts. Well, I can't just see us being editorial copy boys for President Puff. Can you?"

"Not exactly! Yet, you know, Andy, he gave me almost the impression of being really for us."

"Well, it's possible, boss; it's just possible"—the other's shrewd face was puckered in conjecture—"that he might consider this war thing more important than his own little interests. A man who thinks different from us on every other blooming subject under the sun might be every bit as real an American when it comes to the pinch. Ever think of that, boss?"

"Not just that way."

"Time enough to find out. Where the lion jumps, the jackal follows. See if Old Slippery Dana doesn't come round in the next few days."

Come round Judge Dana did. That candid honesty of expression and demeanor which had aided him in pulling off some of his most dubious tricks was never more markedly in evidence than when he shook hands with Jem.

"There's that little matter of the Turnbull libel suit against the Guardian," he began. "I have advised my client to withdraw it."

"Have you?" said the editor warily. "Why?"

"Because I foresee that the Guardian is going to have plenty of troubles of its own without our adding to them."

"You haven't always been so solicitous as to the Guardian's welfare."

"Meaning that you would like to understand the reason for my present solicitude?"

"'*Timeo Danaos*,'" quoted Jem. "I fear the Danas bearing unexplained gifts."

The lawyer smiled his appreciation.

"I've given you the best reason I know."

"Did Montrose Clark send you here?"

"You don't like Mr. Clark much, do you?"

"Not particularly."

"Nor me, either, perhaps?"

"I blush to say that I rather do."

"But you don't trust me."

"Oh, come, Dana! What would you expect!"

"Just for relaxation of the mind, my young friend, what do you think of me?"

"Straight?"

"Straight."

"I think you're a slippery old legal crook," returned Jem without hesitation.

"And I think you're a flitter-witted young fool—ninety-nine times out of a hundred!"

"And the hundredth?"

"That's what I'm looking at now. By God, you're an American, anyway! Here, Jem," he leaned across the table, extending a bony and argumentative forefinger; "if you and I were in the trenches, fighting shoulder to shoulder, it wouldn't make a pickle's worth of difference whether you were a sapheaded loon or not, or whether I was a crook or a thief or a murderer, or not. All we'd have to ask of each other would be that we were fighting in the same cause, and with the last drop of our blood, and to the finish! Am I right?"

"I guess you're right."

"Well then! What's this we're up against right here in Fenchester? Are we fighting? Or playing tiddledywinks?"

"There's very little tiddledywinks in it, so far as the Guardian is concerned," confessed Jem with a wry face.

"So far as any of us are concerned. It's a case of get together and stick together for us Americans. Seen Magnus Laurens since the governor's little soirée?"

"No," answered Jem, flushing.

"He's been away organizing the council, and in Washington. Laurens thought you were in on Embree's deal. Why don't you put him right?"

"He can put himself right," returned the editor shortly.

"Hardly that; but he can be put right. There are a lot of things that ought to be put right for you, my boy. Things that have been wrong for a long time."

Everything that the cunning lawyer had said up to this time had been conceived in a spirit of honest and patriotic helpfulness. He wished to be of aid to Jem and the Guardian, because the Guardian stood for the cause to which his queer and crooked old heart was just as passionately committed as if it were the straightest, cleanest heart in all America. But—he meant to get his price, too, if he could. That was Judge Dana. It wasn't in him to pass a possible trick. Now he leaned to Jem again, his long face alight with an eager and innocent candor.

"Jem, there's no use fighting your friends. The people that can help you, the people that are the real Americans of your kind, you've always opposed. Come in with us now. There's nothing that won't be done for you and the Guardian. I'm going to talk plain talk. Isn't it about time you made up your mind to be good?"

"How be good? What's on the carpet now?"

"Why, this fight against the pacifists and pro-Germans."

"You don't have to tell me to be good for that. Something else is up." He eyed the lawyer with a bitter grin. "I might have known you had something up your sleeve. What is it, the Blanket Franchise Bill again?"

"That's a perfectly fair bill," defended the visitor. "But for the Guardian, it would have gone through before. Now——"

"Now we'll kill it again if it shows its crooked head. Tell Montrose Clark that from me. And tell him that I won't need any loan from the Drovers' Bank to do it."

"Very well," sighed the lawyer. "No hard feelings, my boy. Business is business."

Reporting to his chief, Dana stated:

"He won't dicker."

"As I told you," replied Montrose Clark in pompous self-appreciation of his own prophecy.

"Well, no harm in trying. . . . We can pass the Blanket Franchise Bill after the Guardian is dead."

"How long can Robson last?"

"Not six months, according to what I can gather."

The president of the Fenchester Public Utilities Corporation began to puff up and grow red in the face and squirm in his seat. Finally it came out explosively:

"Dana, I don't want to pass the damned bill—at that price."

"Neither do I."

"You know, I—ca-huff!—I almost like that young fool."

"So do I."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"Pull him through whether he wants our help or not. We can fight him for the franchise bill after the war."

"Go to it!" returned the president of the Fenchester Public Utilities Company with unwonted energy and slang.

As the first fruits of that confabulation between two of Jem Robson's oldest enemies the Guardian received on the following day a contract from the P-U for advertising space amounting to sixteen hundred dollars a year. As a secondary result there arrived several days later from Magnus Laurens a brief and characteristic note, the pith of which was in these sentences:

"I hope you will accept my sincere apologies. Inclosed find contract with the Oak Lodge Pulp Company, which, I have reason to believe, was made under a misapprehension as to quality of paper. Kindly make out new contract at three cents and three-quarters if acceptable."

Andy Galpin's philosophical estimate—"Every bit as real an American, when

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Better Paper

SEATTLE
SPOKANE
MINNEAPOLIS
MILWAUKEE
DENVER
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
LOS ANGELES
DALLAS

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

NORTH, South, East, and West, makers of good books are using Warren Standard Printing Papers.

This picture is from a photograph of commercial books printed on Warren Papers, grouped around the cities where they were published.

Be it soap or clothing, roller bearings or printing paper, when an article is accepted as standard by the entire country, you *know* it is worthy.

Write for the Warren Suggestion Book

It shows sheets of every Warren Standard Paper, in different weights and tints, printed with almost every conceivable kind of subject, and tells how, why, and when each paper should be used. Sent only to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY
200 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
"Constant Excellence of Product"

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it comes to the pinch"—reverted to Jem's mind. A sudden humility entered into his spirit. He felt that the Guardian was a pretty big thing and he a pretty small one. Well, he would fight now with a new vigor and for a broader ideal. But in his heart there was no self-deception as to the inevitable outcome.

VI

LONG before the date set for its first issue it became evident that the Fair Dealer's claim of twenty-five thousand initial circulation would be not far from the truth. Throughout the state pro-Germans and pacifists had been made ready to accept it as their official mouthpiece. Ostensibly it was to be loyal—An American Newspaper for Americans! being its fake trademark of patriotism. Actually it was to launch Martin Embree's campaign for the United States senatorship on an antiwar platform, with American Blood for American Soil! and A Rich Man's War! as its slogans. As the governor leaned more and more to the side of pro-Germanism, newspaper after newspaper among his old adherents had fallen away from him. A strong organ with a state-wide circulation was essential to his campaign. He had committed his senatorial hopes to the Fair Dealer.

As the prospects of the new paper went up, those of the two occupants of the Fenchester field went down. The Record, backed by a millionaire family, could stand it; but with the Guardian the case was different. Its surplus was already enlisted in the fight. Jem Robson's small personal fortune was compromised. Even Andy Galpin, against his chief's protest, had scraped up some two thousand dollars, which he insisted on putting in, as he blithely observed, "just for the hell of it." That, as Jem discouragingly remarked, was about all he might expect to get out of it.

A fortnight before the Fair Dealer's projected day of publication spacious announcements covered the city's hoardings, confirming the date and the nature of the new daily's principles and purposes. Thereupon, as at a signal, the bottom proceeded to fall out of the Guardian's advertising. Not only did the local situation develop a more disastrous decrease than had been looked for, but some two thousand dollars' worth of products, manufactured in other parts of the state by German or pacifist concerns, unexpectedly decided that a morning paper was better suited to their needs than an evening.

"There's been a special German drive against our circulation, too, in the last week," pointed out Jem. "The Deutscher Club crowd are doing a good job."

"They?" said his manager contemptuously. "They haven't got the brains. Smiling Mart is running the club."

"Well, it's borrow or bust for us. And borrowing, as you said, is only putting off the evil day."

"How long can we last?"

"Not six months at the present rate. It'd be only three if Magnus Laurens hadn't let us off."

"You wouldn't want to go to him," began Galpin hesitantly; "for ——"

"Not to him or to anybody."

"Then what's left?"

Jem's puckered face melted into a cherubic smile.

"The last trench; and a good fight in it," he said softly.

And how well worth fighting for to the last gasp was the battered, gallant old Guardian! Jem thought of the paper as a captain might think of his ship staggering through the onset of her last storm, thought of her with that sort of devotion, of passion. And the precious freight of hope and faith and belief that she carried!

After all the defections there still remained to the paper the inarticulate, unformulated, loyal support of some thousands of unimportant people, to whom the institution built up by the two young enthusiasts had become a necessity of daily life; at once a guide and a mouthpiece voicing their beliefs, upholding them with wise and friendly counsel. They could not comprehend its problems; nor could they aid materially in its crisis. Yet it was by virtue of them that it lived. And, because of the paper's loyalty to them, it would stand out until the last dollar should go to the making of the last issue.

Strange and unexpected accessions had come to that number, none stronger than the stubborn and violent jeweler, Bernard Stockmuller, who had abused Jem on the street after the first trouble with the Deutscher Club.

On the morning after the Constantia was sunk, with the first American naval victims, an event upon which Jem had poured out the hot fervency of his patriotism, his door was thrust open and the powerful form of the German burst in. His face was a dull, deep red. His eyes protruded. He was gasping.

Believing, at the sight, that he had to do with a man crazed by fury, Jem jumped to his feet and set himself. The expected rush followed, but ended in a stagger, a gulp, and a burst of unashamed tears.

"Dot bee-ewtiful tribude!" sobbed the emotional German. "Dot bee-ewtiful tribude dot you haf printed in your paper to our boys. To my boy!"

"Your boy? Why, Stockmuller, I didn't know ——"

"All de boy I got. My nephew, Henry. Him I brought up and put through the cooniversity. He iss dead. He hass gone down in the Constantia. I am glad he iss dead so splendid! I am proud when I read what you have written. Und—und, Mr. Robson, I wand you should—I wand you should ——"

"Go on, Stockmuller," said Jem gently, as the other stopped with a pleading look. "Of course I'll do it—whatever it is you want."

"I wand you should take my ad back," said Stockmuller as simply as a child.

"You bet I'll take it back!"

"Mind! I dink you wass wrong, first off," said the honest and obstinate German. "I dink Inkland made dis war. But my Henry, all de boy I got, if he iss only a nephew, iss dead for dis country. And now dis iss my country and my war!"

"All right, Stockmuller. Glad to have you with us," was all that Jem, pretty well shaken by the other's emotion, found to say. The visitor produced a large and ornate handkerchief, wherewith he openly wiped his swollen eyes.

"Also, dere is someding else," he stated, lowering his voice. The editor looked his inquiry. "Monkey business with your printermen."

"Yes; I know something about that."

"Do you know when they strike?"

"No. When?"

"The day before the new paper comes out."

Jem whistled softly.

"Of course! That's when they would, assuming that it's a put-up job from outside. Where do you get your information?—if it's a fair question."

Stockmuller turned a painful red.

"I was on der Deutscher Club committee," he said. "The segret committee. No more!"

"Who are the men in our pressroom they're working through?"

The visitor shook his head.

"Don't know," he murmured.

"Never mind; I know! I'll start something for 'em before they're ready."

Cause for action was not lacking. Since the defection of the advertisers had begun there had been an abnormal percentage of error in the setting up and printing of the local advertisements. The mistakes were suspiciously specialized. All of them were in the announcements of those merchants who had remained loyal to the Guardian; Blasius, Aaron Levy, Barclay & Bull, and the like. And most of them had to do with prices, the simplest errors to make, the most difficult to detect, and the most disastrous in result. Half a dozen times the paper had been obliged to make good to the advertiser.

Ordinarily such errors are easily traceable to their source; but these cases had been baffling. Two printers had been discharged without reaching the cause. The only tangible effect of this action had been to increase the discontent and unrest in the pressroom. Meantime advertisers were becoming genuinely distrustful of the Guardian. Two foreign and one local account had been recently lost through this cause, at a time when every loss appreciably shortened the brief fighting life of the paper. Any of four or five men upstairs might have been responsible.

Jem fixed upon Wilcoxen, the white-haired vehement Socialist. He no longer suspected Wilcoxen of being in the underground employ of Montrose Clark and Dana. He believed him to be the agent of Borst and the Deutscher Club committee. He sent for the man and discharged him. Wilcoxen took his discharge, at first, in a spirit of incredulity

"Me?" he said. "What have you got it in for me for?"

"You're a trouble maker. That's enough."

"Because I'm a Socialist? Look-a-here, Mr. Robson ——"

"There's no use in arguing, Wilcoxen. I won't have you round."

"Give me a week," said the other. "I can tell you some ——"

"Not a day! Get your pay this noon."

The man hesitated; then with a quick, sardonic but not unfriendly grin he bade his employer good day.

"Now for the strike!" said Jem to Andy Galpin.

But the strike did not come. Evidently the manipulators in the background would bide their own time. On a Saturday, two days after the Fair Dealer's poster announcement, Judge Selden Dana telephoned that he wanted to see Robson, and followed the message in person.

"Got another dicker to suggest, judge?" Jem greeted him, with indulgent raillery.

"No," returned the caller slowly; "no dicker. This is serious business, young man. How long are you going to be able to hold out?"

"Don't you worry about us," said Jem, who hadn't the smallest intention of betraying the paper's status to the wily lawyer. "There's a lot of fight left in the old hulk yet."

"What about this strike?"

"So you've heard about that?"

"I've seen Wilcoxen."

"Wilcoxen is fired."

"So he told me."

"How came you to be on such close terms with a rank Socialist?" taunted the editor.

"I'll be on terms with a rattlesnake if he'll play my game," replied the lawyer with one of those bursts of frankness wherewith he occasionally favored Jem. "Never mind Wilcoxen now. Can you beat out this strike if it comes?"

Suddenly Jem looked tired and old.

"I don't know," he said lifelessly.

"Is there any danger of the Guardian having to give up in the next month?"

"It's getting harder sledding all the time," confessed Jem.

"Publication date of the Fair Dealer is postponed two weeks," observed the lawyer.

"No! What's caused that?"

"How should I know? They say part of the machinery has been lost in transit. It was shipped via the Lake Belt Line, for which I happen to be counsel. But I can't imagine"—he paused, and Jem saw a distinct, enlightening flicker of his left eyelid—"I cannot imagine what has caused the unfortunate delay! I should think there might be danger of their losing some of their promised advertising."

"Oh, their contracts are all made. Trust Verrall for that."

"Doubtless. But will they hold? I understand they specified an issue of June seventeenth."

"What of it?" said Jem wearily. "The advertisers will make new contracts. You couldn't pry 'em away from that twenty-five thousand circulation at the low rate given."

"Who knows what the morrow may bring forth?" said the lawyer oracularly. "'I could a tale unfold' ——" He stopped, with a large gesture.

"There's always a cloven hoof that goes with your kind of tail," retorted Jem. "But if you've really got anything cheery up your sleeve, spring it. I could do with a little cheering up right now. That postponement of publication is a good start. What's next?"

"My son, the less you know just now, the better. But I'll tell you this: Some of us who are—well—interested in the Guardian, for—ca-huff!" Jem laughed in spite of himself—"reasons of our own, are skating on the thin edge of conspiracy, treason, stratagem and crime, as it is. Do you want in? You do not want in! You stay out and keep a stiff upper lip. Can't use any of our spare cash? No! Well, if your neck was a little stiffer it'd break! Good-by, and hang on!"

All of which Jem promptly retailed to the faithful Galpin.

"Somethin's certainly up," was that wise young man's opinion. "But how much is for us, and how much for Clark, Dana & Company, I don't know. I don't get that bunch yet."

"Nor I."

"Somebody's pushing on the reins upstairs. If the strike don't bust this week I'm a goat! I caught Wilcoxen hanging round yesterday and chased him out. Gave him the police talk."

"Dana knew all about Wilcoxen and the strike. Had it from Wilcoxen himself."

"Wheels and wheels and wheels!" commented Andy, making expansive and elegantly rounded gestures. "Wheels within wheels; wheels without wheels; wheels going in opposite directions and at different speeds. They make me dizzy!"

Much machinery was being set in motion by those various wheels. Not yet did it move very effectively, for smoothness and speed were sacrificed to a necessary quality of silence; but it was already grinding out a grist at the Guardian office of which the newspaper's proprietor knew nothing until the crisis was over.

On an afternoon Jem had locked himself into his inner office with his troubles and a prickly editorial on Labor and the War. Several times he had spoken his mind on the topic, thereby furnishing ammunition for the strike party upstairs; for, radical though he was, the editor held himself as free to criticize labor as capital. He came out of his fog of thought into a sensation of something wrong, something lacking. The presses had stopped. Surely it wasn't time for the run to be over! No; his watch marked four-twenty-five.

From above sounded the scuffling of feet; a door opened and a furious hard-breathing voice shouted an oath. Now there was a hubbub of voices, dull in the distance, and the floor shook lightly under some impact. Jem got to his feet, shaking and sweating. To such a condition of nerves had the overwork and overstrain of the last few weeks reduced him. He forced himself toward the door—when, with a roar and a clack, the presses took up their rhythm again, making sweet music for the relief of his beleaguered mind.

He returned to his editorial. But the savor of the work had gone. He was too deeply preoccupied with what had happened upstairs. That was Galpin's department; he made it a practice not to interfere. Yet, until the last run was off the presses and the machinery was silenced, he sat, intent and speculating.

The clang of a gong sounded outside. From his window he caught a glimpse of a departing ambulance. Was there some connection between that and the turmoil above? The men had not come down, though it was past time. He decided to go to the pressroom and investigate.

On the top step he stopped short. Somebody was making a speech. Surely that was Wilcoxen's voice. Wilcoxen, who had been threatened with arrest if he returned! Wilcoxen's voice and Wilcoxen's propaganda, for he was saying:

"Some day we'll own this stick-in-the-mud old plant, all of us together. We'll own it and run it for the common good and the common profit. Some day we'll own all production, and run it for the common good and the common profit! That'll come. But that ain't our job now, comrades. We've got something else on hand, first."

The editor and owner of the plant, thus cavalierly committed to common control, laid his hand on the knob of the door, but paused as the speaker's next words came to him:

"Now about this strike: I'm for the strike. I'm for any strike—at the right time. But this ain't the time. Lemme give you a little parable, comrades."

Jem sat upon the top step and listened to the parable of Wilcoxen, the Socialist. When it was over he tiptoed quietly down the stairs and into his own office. There he lay in wait until he heard the meeting break up and the tramp of descending feet. Standing sentry, he intercepted the speaker and called him into the sanctum.

"Will you come back to the job?" said Jem.

"Sure!" returned the other; he was spent and haggard, but his eyes were alight with triumph. "I was never off it."

"I heard your speech—part of it—enough so I knew I had you wrong."

"It did the business. The strike's spoiled."

"Off?"

"Might as well be. There'll be six or seven Germans quit. But they can't do much without Girdner. He's the one that's been playing merry hell with the whole show."

"Where's Girdner?"

"Hospital."

"What happened to him?"

(Concluded on Page 44)

Strongly reinforced with extra threads wherever wear is essential
Strong lisle threads are woven into toe, sole and heel. These reinforcements protect against extra wear at points where ordinary hosiery gives way in a short time
Black Cat Hosiery
MEN'S THREAD SILK
DOZ
COLOR
Spring Needle

Quality Unchanged

Reinforced Refinement

Hosiery that you pick for appearance on the counter and find surprisingly low in price—hosiery that you wear for its looks to find unexpectedly durable—that's

Black Cat
Reinforced Silk Hosiery

Ankles of smooth, clinging silk are combined with toe, sole and heel reinforced to resist wear. This long-lasting hosiery comes only out of the red box with the Black Cat label on the end. And it always has the Black Cat trademark on the toe. Examine it at your dealer's.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY

Makers also of Cooper's-Bennington Underwear for Men

Home Office: Kenosha, Wis.

Factories at:
Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

We also make Cooper's-Bennington—the standardized underwear value for men

Actual photograph of dual equipment of Goodyear S-V solid tires in service on a four-ton unit of the Ames Transfer Company, New York.

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

AKRON

3,186,952 Miles of Proof

In the course of our regular testing operations in New York City, under conditions of normal service, eighty-two Goodyear S-V solid truck tires recently totaled a record of 3,186,952 miles—an average of 38,865 each.

We cite this information not so much as an example of unusual performance, as to indicate the extreme care exercised to assure our product's quality before and during its sale.

We cite it also as illustrating the consistent character of Goodyear S-V performance, a performance uniformly remarkable for efficiency and thrift.

The returns in these tests are well in keeping with those delivered by S-V tires in actual service, where mileages up to 20,000 on country routes and 40,000 in city usage are not uncommon.

The tests to which our truck tires are subjected bear an important relation to S-V quality, and to the fine service these tires are everywhere delivering. They are a source of that process of manufacture which assures S-V users all three essentials of truck tire merit: long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

They underlie in large measure the efficient design of S-V tires, which affords extra mileage, constant power-saving traction and the utmost solid-tire resilience underwheel.

They are part of that elaborate endeavor of invention, experiment and betterment out of which Goodyear has contributed so generously to all truck tire manufacture.

Tests of this nature have proved of universal benefit, in the development of such important Goodyear features as the steel base as well as the pressed-on type of tire, now in common use.

For the Goodyear truck tire user they have yet another value, as a permanent assurance of the goodness of the tire that he buys.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

(Concluded from Page 40)

"He fell downstairs," said Wilcoxen casually but happily.

"Oh! Unassisted?"

"He threw me out of the meeting. Easy picking for him. You'd be surprised to see how quick he hustled me through the door," said the other regretfully. "He might have hurt me bad; I wouldn't be surprised. He was real rough with me. Then, just as we got to the top of the stairs, one of my arms took to flopping round kind of general, and he got hit on the jaw. Queer how things come back to you!" observed the white-haired Socialist, with surpassing innocence. "It never came into my mind till then that I once spent two years in a fighters' stable."

"I see," said Jem thoughtfully. "No—I don't know. I thought you Socialists ——"

"I thought you capitalists ——" interrupted the other with instant retort.

Jem laughed.

"I guess you were an American before you were a Socialist."

"When I can't be both I'll quit being either," answered the other fiercely.

"I do see!" said the other. "You're in that same trench with Judge Dana, where it makes no difference who or what a man is so long as he fights on the level and to a finish."

"I guess I am—comrade!" said Wilcoxen, the Socialist.

VII

SOMETHING queer happened to young Mr. Jeremy Robson on the night of June fifteenth. He had gone to bed feeling thoroughly fagged out, but not more so than had been habitual to him for weeks. He woke up with a bitter taste in his soul. It grew and spread; and presently, as he lay miserably wondering at it, it developed into a gall-and-wormwood loathing of everything in the world, but particularly of his work, the purposeless, futile, inexorable work of the Guardian, doomed to swift and helpless failure.

He sat up, and things began to revolve in his head—wheels; Andy Galpin's wheels, whirling in imbecile smoothness, weaving into crazy-quilt patterns the warp and woof of his all-embracing hatred.

"Bosh!" said Jem Robson; and he stood up and promptly fell down.

"Too much pressure," pronounced old Doctor Summerfield, arriving at speed. "You stop, young man, or you'll be stopped."

"Give me something to steady me up," begged Jem. "I've got to go to the office to-day!"

"Have you?" returned the physician grimly. "Drink this."

Sleep descended powerfully upon Jem, blotting out hatreds and worries and all other considerations for the time. It held him in its toils until the following Monday, when, finding that the wheels had ceased to revolve inside his head, he deemed himself well enough to disobey orders; and at noon he went to the office.

At first he felt a qualm of nausea as he entered his den. This passed, to be succeeded by a dull languor. He fought off the languor and decided that he was fit for work. Hardly had he begun when Andy Galpin rushed in.

"Where's the ——" he began, and broke off. "What are you doing here? I thought you were in bed."

The general manager was red, perspiring and disheveled, and there was a wild, incomprehensible gleam in his eye.

"I'm all right," said Jem. "What's wrong with you?"

"Me? Nothing's wrong with me! I'm sane—that's all! And it makes me feel lonely. Where's that file of special contracts?"

"You don't look it; and you don't talk it. Try in that cabinet."

Galpin found the documents and turned upon his chief.

"Boss, this man's town has gone crazy. Plumb! Hopelessly! It's gone nuts over the Guardian."

"What's got you, Andy?" asked the editor anxiously. "Come down to earth."

"Can't! I'm a balloon. Watch me soar!" The usually stolid manager performed a bacchanalian fling. "Contracts!" he panted. "Reams of 'em! Money! Gobs of it! Circulation! Going uh-uh-up! Whee!"

"Andy, I'm not feeling very husky; but in a moment I shall throw you down and sit on your neck."

"Can't be done! I could lick the Kaiser and all his botches single-handed. Boss, the luck has broke! The town is coming our way."

"How? Why? What's happened?"

"I'd like to tell you, but I haven't got time. They're waiting for me downstairs."

"Who?"

"Advertisers. Waiting to get into the Guardian. They're lined up in the hallways. I'll have to issue rain checks."

"Stop talking like a lunatic, Andy, and explain."

The demented manager perched upon the corner of the editorial table, with an effect of being poised for instant flight.

"Don't ask me to explain, because I can't. I tell you the advertisers of this town have suddenly got a mania—and we're the mania. It began this morning before I got to the office. They waylaid me on the way down. I don't know who began it. I think it was Stormont, of Stormont & Lehn. He fell out of a doorway on me, and when I got loose there was a thousand-dollar advertising contract stuck down my collar. Then old Pussyfoot Ellison came sobbing up the street ——"

"What the devil ——"

"Don't interrupt me or I'll bust! And never mind my metaphors. It comes easier that way. Well, he blubbered out his sweet message of intending to double his space in the paper instead of cutting us out; and before I'd got his tears fairly brushed off my shoulder Vogt, the botch, rushed in, threw his arms round my neck and tried to kiss me, and handed me an eight-hundred-dollar-space order in lieu of damages; and asked whether we wouldn't like flowers sent round mornings, gratis! Boss, I can just see you writing an editorial with one of Vogt's tea roses behind your ear ——"

"Never mind my editorials. Go on!"

"How can I remember who mobbed me! I do recall that Niebuhr, of the furniture shop, knocked me down and dragged me into an alley; and when I came to there was a signed agreement to restore all the space they lifted from us, and twenty-five per cent over and above. And, by the way, I saw the governor hiking into Borst's office and looking about as cheerful as a banshee with a bellyache. Oh, there's big doings of some kind, you bet! All the morning the phone has been buzzing and —— Who's that having hysterics in the hall?"

He threw open the door, and Mr. Adolph Ahrens, of the Great Northwestern Stores, bounded in, uttering a wild low wail, the burden of which seemed to be something about a "misunderstanding." He also mentioned the word "blackmail," and hastily retracted it. He had always, he asserted passionately, been friendly to the Guardian. He admired it for its lofty courage, its unfailing fair-mindedness, its patriotism; and as an advertising medium he considered it without parallel or equal.

In token of which he had brought his copy for a full page in that day's issue. And would Mr. Robson kindly note that he had taken a box for the Loyalty Rally on Saturday, being as good an American as anybody, even if he did bear a German name? And so, exit Mr. Ahrens, stringing out deprecatory statements about a misunderstanding as he went.

"For heaven's sake, Andy, what does it all mean?"

The general manager shook his disheveled head.

"Search me!" he said gravely. "Except for this: It means that the Guardian wins."

"Have you reckoned it up?"

"Don't need to. Outside a few of the Old Prussian Guard in the Deutscher Club we've got everything back that we lost, and a heap on top of it. Looks to me, boss, as if there'd been some expert and ree-fined blackmail going on in our behalf."

"Judge Dana!" exclaimed Jem, struck with a thought.

"Well, I've been sort of thinking of him too. By the way, he's after you. Asked me to phone him when you came in. I'll do it now."

Within an hour the lawyer was seated opposite Jem Robson, smiling enigmatically at his feverish request for information as to how it came about.

"Simplest thing in the world!" he said. "We got up a War Reading Club."

"Reading Club? Oh, yes; of course!" murmured Jem. "Perfectly simple, as you say." And he privately added: "Doc Summerfield was right. It is my head!"

"Yes. They meet every morning to have the papers read to them. One reads while the others do knitting or other war work. The active members are mostly women. Here's the list of names."

"A very good notion," returned Jem, weary but polite. "Shall I have something about it put in the paper?"

"My Lord, no!" almost shouted Dana.

Jem leaped in his chair.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," he protested.

"You do look pretty jumpy, for a fact," observed the lawyer, eying him. "Well, I'll explain in words of one syllable. But first look over the membership."

All the leading women in Fenchester, with the exception of the irreconcilable Teutonic element, were represented. Many of the names were of those whose attitude toward the Guardian had been that they "wouldn't have the sensational rag in the house!"

"How much purchasing power a year in the local stores do you suppose they represent?" asked Dana.

"Oh, a big lot! Quarter of a million, maybe."

"Nearer twice that. Now these women all sign a membership agreement to do one hour's war work a day while the local papers are read to them. There's a Selection Committee, of which I'm chairman, to pick the reading matter, both news and advertisements. We pay a good deal of heed to advertisements.

"For instance, there is presented at each meeting a White List of loyal advertisers. Our members deal only with merchants whose loyalty is above suspicion. What would you think of the loyalty of an advertiser who quit the Guardian to go into the Fair Dealer?"

"Don't ask me. I'm prejudiced."

"So is the War Reading Club. It's my committee's business to keep 'em prejudiced—against any merchant who advertises in the wrong place. Suppose you run over with me now to our special meeting to pledge new members and hear reports, and you can see how it works."

In Assembly Hall were gathered some two hundred active and auxiliary members of Judge Dana's peculiar organization. The newcomers entered at the rear of the platform, unnoticed. Scattered through the company, Jem noted a few of the Guardian's old and staunch supporters; but mostly the gathering was made up of those he had opposed for years in one cause or another. Montrose Clark was in the chair.

As Jem settled down, half concealed behind a protecting wing, a plump and elegantly dressed woman at the rear of the hall rose and said austerely:

"I disapprove the Guardian's local policy. I consider it unfair and prejudiced against—er—ah—against our kind of people. But while we are at war I will agree to support it loyally and to deal only with those who support it."

"Are my eyes playing tricks?" whispered Jem in Dana's ear. "Or is that Mrs. Ambrose Galsworth, who had me blackballed at the Country Club?"

"Wait! There's worse to come," chuckled the lawyer.

A little, lean, brisk, waspish old maid projected herself out of her seat with a jumping-jack effect.

"I never expected to live to see the day I'd speak for the Guardian after they printed that libel about me, and then lied out of it," she declared. "But the country first! Put down Celia Jenney on your list. And"—her black bright eyes snapped out sparks—"if there's a store in town that don't want my trade while this war is on, all it has to do is to take its advertising out of the Guardian and put it into the Fair Dealer—if that's its silly name."

"She spends only about fifteen thousand a year in this town," observed Dana aside to Jem.

"No wonder the advertisers have been falling over themselves to get back into the paper!" murmured the editor.

After further informal pledges the chairman called for visitors' reports. Up rose Alderman Crobin—Crooked Crobin, as the Guardian had dubbed him for years.

"T'ree of my constitchoonts assured me this mahrnin'—voluntarily, ye ondherstand; quite voluntarily—that they are cancelin' their contrac's wid th' noo paper."

A tall pale young woman rose in the center of the house, and as she moistened her nervous lips a murmur and a rustle swept over the audience; for this was Mrs. Dennis Robbins, Governor Embree's sister.

"I bring five pledges of advertisers to stand by the Guardian—and America," she said in a low voice; and a quick ripple of sympathetic applause answered her.

Before it had died old Madam Taylor rustled silkily to her feet. Jem had frequently and with justice held her up in print as the leading local exponent of the agile art of tax dodging.

"Four stores that I trade with," she cackled, "cut down their advertising in the Guardian, so I cut down my trade with them. I cut it down to nothing. Now I understand they feel different about the paper," she concluded grimly.

Following her, the Reverend Doctor Merserole reared himself athletically into sight. He was the high-church rector who a year before had denounced the Guardian as a conscienceless and dangerous fomenter of class hatreds. But now ——

"Eighteen members of my church," he announced, "have signed an agreement to advertise in no local morning paper during the war."

"But that's boycott and against the law, isn't it?" queried some cautious member.

Dana jumped to his feet.

"Let 'em take it up!" he cried, his face lighted by a sort of joyous snarl. "Just let us get 'em into court on it!"

A shout answered him. There was no mistaking the temper of that crowd. Friends or enemies of the Guardian's lesser policies, they were shoulder to shoulder now in the common cause. A conservative old judge was just resuming his seat, after reporting, when the door was jerked open and there burst into the aisle Andrew Galpin, livid with the excitement of great tidings.

"They've quit!" he shouted. Then, recalling himself to the proprieties, he added: "I beg pardon, Mr. Chairman. But they've quit!"

"Mr. Andrew Galpin," announced Montrose Clark. "Mr. Galpin will kindly—ca-huff!—enlighten the meeting as to who has—ca-huff!—quit."

"The botches! They've got out from under the Fair Dealer. Couldn't stand the gaff you folks put to 'em. Smiling Mart Embree is out too. Publication day is indefinitely postponed." His wild and roving glance fell upon Jem Robson and the last vestige of parliamentary decorum departed from him. "Do you get that, boss?" he bellowed. "We win!"

Even before the bewildered editor had time to think, Dana and Montrose Clark had him, each by an arm, and hustled him to the front of the platform. The house rose to him in a burst of acclaim. He looked out, with nerves aquiver, across that waiting audience of one-time enemies—opponents bitter and implacable, bitterly and implacably fought in many an unforgotten campaign; now his allies, rallying to a service greater than all past hatreds, higher than all past loyalties.

Judge Dana's words echoed back to him: "In the same cause—with the last drop of blood—to the finish!" What terms could he find wherein to speak to these, his enemies of old, looking up at him with such befriending eyes?

Montrose Clark had ca-huffed himself through a brief introduction, and now Jem stood, with shaking knees, gazing down at them. Opportunely and suddenly the parable of Wilcoxen came into his mind.

"My friends," he said unsteadily, "I can't make you a speech. There aren't thanks made for this sort of thing. But I can tell you the parable of Wilcoxen. You know Wilcoxen, the Socialist—one of us. He was talking to a bunch that were ripe for a strike, arguing against it because it would hinder one little corner of our war. This is what he told them: 'All my life,' he said, 'I've been fighting Wall Street and the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. I'm against everything they represent. I expect to go on fighting them the rest of my life. But if I were walking down the street with Mr. Morgan and we met a mad wolf in the road I'd say to him: "Pierpont, let's get together and kill that wolf. Our little scrap can wait."'

"That's what Wilcoxen told them, my friends. That's all I can say to you now. We've had our differences—you and I. We'll have them again. They seemed big and bitter at the time. How little they seem now! For now we're facing the mad wolf of Germany right here in Centralia. He's in the heart of our state. Let's get him out! Our little scrap can wait!"

They rose to him again.

"But, God bless your dear hearts," cried young Jem Robson with shining eyes and outstretched hands, "how can we ever fight each other after this!"

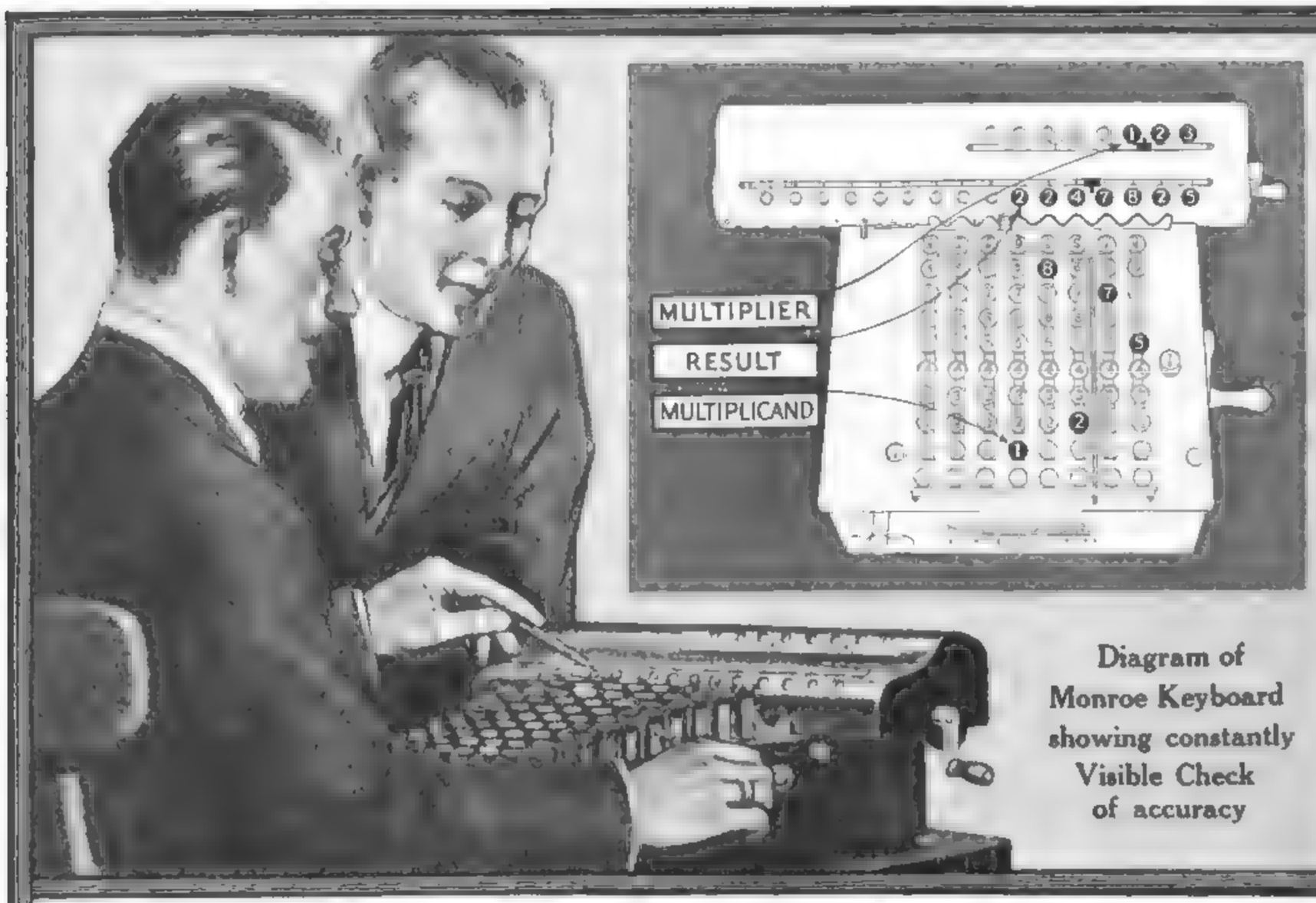

Diagram of Monroe Keyboard showing constantly Visible Check of accuracy

"This is the Machine that Tells Me Just When I Make a Mistake"

Thousands of office executives, engineers and accountants are relieved of costly mistakes and the necessity of back-checking by the automatic visible Self-Check, a distinctive feature of the Monroe Calculating Machine.

Note how simple it is. Take for example the every-day problem of finding out the cost of 182¾ pounds at $1.23 per pound—though larger, more complex operations can be handled just as readily.

All you do is to set the first number on the Keyboard, as with any standard adding machine; give the lever a few quick turns and the multiplier and result at once appear on the dials, as shown above.

Observe that all the factors of the problem remain in full sight as proof of correctness. Through this constantly visible check you maintain, without effort, a continuous check on your work *as you go along*. In this simple way the

MONROE

Calculating-Adding Machine

The Monroe is a portable desk machine occupying less than a square foot of space

Reduces All Figure Work to an Easy, Mechanical Process That Gives Absolute Accuracy Without Back-Checking

Anyone can use the Monroe, and after a few minutes' practice do fast, perfect work. No trained expert is necessary. Every operation is DIRECT –you use the numbers themselves without having to confuse with reciprocals or complements.

The Monroe not only Adds, but Subtracts, Divides and Multiplies as easily as other machines Add

It is the greatest saver of time, money, mistakes and energy on *all kinds* of figure work in any office or factory. Thousands of users speak of its savings. We have quoted a few of them here.

Every office executive—every man or woman who works with figures—should get the facts about the Monroe.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY You do not obligate yourself in any way by a request for information or by having a practical demonstration in your own office.

Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Woolworth Bldg., New York

Sales and Service Offices in all Principal Cities

What a Few Monroe Users Say

Selected from many hundreds of equally forceful statements

ATCH., TOPEKA & SANTA FE R. R., Chicago

"One or two Monroe Calculating-Adding Machines in the Division Superintendent's offices saved three clerks, which means $2,500 a year in each of six offices, after the savings had paid for the machines in about five weeks."

Frank Appleton, *Chief Clerk, Office of the Vice President in charge of Operation*

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY, So. Bethlehem, Pa.

"The services we are receiving from the Monroe are all that can be desired It has so expedited the handling of our work that we now feel we cannot do without it."

E. S. Knisely, *General Sales Agent*

STANDARD OIL CO. of New York ATLAS WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y.

"We have had considerable experience with calculating machines and none of them have proven as satisfactory as the Monroe."

H. P. Chamberlain, *General Manager*

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LTD., Montreal, Que.

"For original work, we know of no speedier machine, and, owing to its special features and safeguards, errors have been entirely eliminated from our calculating."

Frank H. Skelton, *Works Accountant*

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO., Providence, R. I.

"Previous to the installation of the Monroe we had used practically every calculating machine on the market, but the fact that yours gave us an absolute visible proof, supplying the Multiplier, Multiplicand and Product of a computation, convinced us that this was the machine we required."

W. M. Trafton, *General Auditor*

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

"Since installing the Monroe machines in this office, on invoices alone we have saved at least 33⅓%, of the time formerly required."

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Swanton, Vt.

"In our opinion this machine is now absolutely indispensable, and is about the best piece of time-saving equipment we have in the office."

W. A. Crane, *Local Purchasing Agent*

JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., St. Louis, Mo

"The Monroe not only gives us faith in our statistical reports, but it saves a great deal of time in making them up This particular make of machine, on account of the wide range of operations and use to which we are putting it, is, in our opinion, superior to other calculating machines on the market."

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, Dilworth, Minn.

"With our Monroes the time consumed in figuring the average rates in the time books is reduced 75%; in necessary figuring in connection with distributing maintenance time books, 25%; and in figuring maintenance estimates, 25%."

F. C. Huntington, *Division Supt.*

LEHIGH VALLEY R. R., Sayre, Pa.

"I estimate that the Monroe saves at least the time of two men On our work the percentage of time saved is never less than 50 , and in nearly all cases is around 75 ."

C. T. Bates, *Division Accountant*

THE CLEVELAND CLIFFS IRON CO. Cleveland, O.

"We are now using about ten Monroe machines, and are adding them to our equipment as fast as our business grows."

C. D. Mason, *Auditor*

The "SHOW ME" Coupon—Mail it Today.

To Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Woolworth Building, New York.

Without cost or obligation, please give us

☐ Further information concerning the Monroe Calculating Machine and how it will save time in the figure work of our business.

☐ A demonstration in our own office.

Firm Name

Individual's Name

Address

SEP. 7

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HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y. M. C. A. to come.

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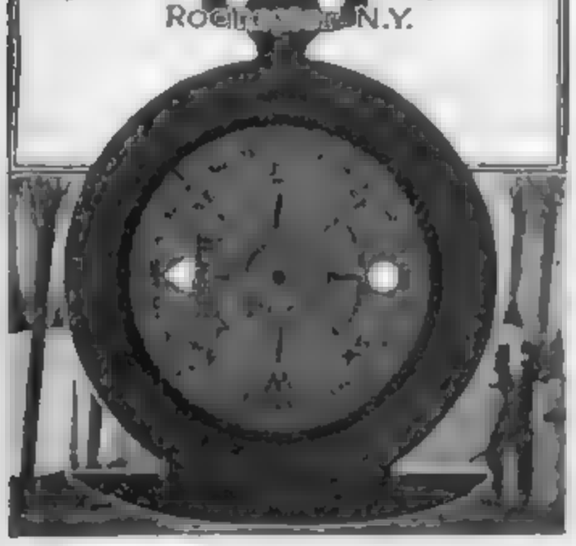

OLD GLORY AND VERDUN

(Continued from Page 4)

"Well, that depends on the battalion. In my battalion the commander was strong for drills. We had them morning, noon and night, and in the middle of the night. Seemed as if the old man had gone crazy on gas discipline. But when the big gas attack came we had only a four per cent casualty list, and the battalion alongside, which had been going easy on drills, caught it something fierce. Our battalion got recommended to G. H. Q. I caught my gas in a dugout the next day."

"And you are still keen to get back into all that?"

"Am I?" he repeated, his eyes hardening. "I'll tell you how I feel: When I first came over I had a kind of sneaking notion that Heinie wasn't so dusky as he was painted. But I lost that notion pretty quick when I got up front and saw my lieutenant shot in the back by a boche prisoner who had thrown up his hands. Now I want to lick the Huns till they holler, and then keep on licking them for a year after that for the good of their souls."

Inside of the hospital were grimmer cases. In one of the wards we came on a Texan with the bright, clear-gazing eyes that one sometimes finds in old sailors. They had taken his leg off. When we asked how he was making it he turned on us those straight deep eyes, and there was trouble in them.

"There's just one thing I'm sorry for," said he.

"What is that?"

"That I didn't have more time."

Time for what, I wondered. And then looking down on that wrecked body, with the covers lifted high over apparatus so as not to touch the tormented nerves, I thought I understood. He was sorry he didn't have more time to get out of the way. That was it. It was what anybody would wish for—two, three, five seconds of grace to have gotten out of the way. Lying here through the long hours empty of everything but pain, he had doubtless worked out the problem to the finest precision, and he knew to the last tick just how much more time it would have taken to have dropped to the ground, to have eluded that exploding shell. Now all his life long he was going to regret the lack of those few precious seconds.

A Man Who Will Stick

"Yes," he repeated slowly, laboriously, the trouble still in his eyes, "I'd like to have had more time. Don't seem right somehow. 'Tain't fitting to be lying here with the show just begun. I'd like to have done more damage. But," he brightened, "I've figured there's still some jobs a peg-legged man can do over here. And I tell you one thing: I'm not going home till we've licked the Huns or the Huns have licked us."

He laughed at the latter impossibility, and the laughter shook his body and turned him pale. And still he laughed on. I thought when he wished for more time that he was thinking in terms of self and personal safety, and all the time he had been thinking in the biggest terms of service to mankind.

It was not until the fifth day of our trip that Verdun loomed on the horizon as a rosy possibility. We were dining in Nancy at Voltaire's with M. Martin, the *sous-préfet* of the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle. M. Martin, it appeared, had never been in Verdun. Since we had business at a French hospital fifteen kilometers from the citadel he thought it possible, probable—of course, nothing was sure; absolutely no Verdun passes had been issued for ten days—still, one never could tell; and if we would like him to try—he paused to beam and smile—if we would give him our papers he would send them in to the Grand Quartier General, together with his own, and then—well, in short we would await the turn of events.

"Whether we shall be accorded permission at this crucial moment is doubtful," he concluded. "But at any rate we may hope."

So we turned in our papers and we hoped. To see Verdun at this crisis, when to the north millions of men were crashing together in terrific combat, with an appalling sanguinary back tide of wounded and dead, lent the occasion a deep significance, for Verdun to the whole world has become a symbol of confidence, a kind of ark of the covenant to battling mankind. I did not conceal from myself that what gave Verdun its specific interest to me was the news that our own troops round Montdidier and Amiens were now engaged in the present titanic struggle. That fact took the famous fortress out of the list of mere great monuments of history; it made it in short our own, part and parcel of America, its glories our glories, its defense our defense, its high challenge our challenge, its victory our victory. But there was something more than that in the back of my mind. Verdun was behind the French, so to speak, finished history. Our Verduns were still of to-morrow, a promise, a prophecy. The actors were those humorous-eyed khaki-clad soldiers standing at lonely crossroads who had given us the smart little salute with the friendly aftergrin. Thus it was with the feeling of reading ahead of time a page of history not yet evoked but inevitable that I prepared to go to Verdun.

On the Road to Verdun

The past week had been of a piece with the raw spring weather, lowering, foggy or sluicing water by the liquid ton out of a somber sky. With one accord we prayed for sunshine in order to view the surrounding heights, Côte 304, Saint Mihiel, Douaumont, Veau and Mort Homme. But the day that dawned was brother to the rest—bleak, dark, with a clinging fog, which muffled the landscape and grew ever thicker as the hours passed. Our passes had arrived from French Headquarters, but the final visé, the permission to enter Verdun itself, must be obtained at V——, fifteen kilometers from the citadel, and if there was heavy shelling either of the fort or of the surrounding roads we should certainly be refused.

It was six o'clock in the morning when as guests of the French Government and of M. Martin in particular we clambered into a military automobile, one of those lean, powerful drab monsters that go cycloning along the highways behind the lines at a stupefying rate of speed. We had estimated that, including necessary stops at French hospitals containing American wounded, we should arrive at Verdun about noon. Therefore we had taken the precaution to bring our luncheon, with the intention of picnicking among the ruins and perhaps obtaining some coffee from the poilus' mess. The *chefs d'œuvres* of the provisions were two tiny cold fowl de luxe weighing about a pound apiece, which had cost eight round silver dollars.

The next four hours on my part were given to the task of keeping my hair and my ears on. For the wind as it swooped by tried to rive us bodily from the car; the cold congealed us in cramped positions and the fog chilled us to the bone. We could not discern the road twenty yards ahead. The car roared forward into a barrage of thick mist which shredded on the hillcrests only to sag more heavily in the valleys. This, M. Martin assured us, was typical Picardy weather. At crossroads where we were stopped by the police M. Martin presented his card of identity, signed in Joffre's own hand, and we were waved onward with honorable presentations of arms. As we neared our destination we diverged from the straight highroad, making a detour, for some routes are reserved for ingoing and some for outgoing traffic, and these routes are constantly altered in order to safeguard materials and confound the Hun.

Arrived at V—— we drew up in a long rank of machines in front of Headquarters and M. Martin vanished to make his felicitations to the commandant and to telephone in to Verdun. Our fate still hung in the balance. The minutes slipped by. Generals—French, American, British—dashed up in their automobiles, descended, saluted and vanished or stood talking in earnest groups. Americans, recognizing compatriots, saluted us from streets and doorways and strolled over to ask of home and how the Statue of Liberty fared. She was a pretty fine old girl, *quoi?*—as the French say.

An hour passed. And still M. Martin tarried. At the end of twenty minutes more he reappeared down the end of a street, his civilian black standing out in

(Continued on Page 49)

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You'll like a Lastlong Union Suit better because it doesn't hold perspiration.

You'll like the fine-gauge, feather weight knitted fabric, with its smooth, flat, non-irritating finish.

A Lastlong athletic style weighs but six ounces. Coo. enough for you?

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GEM KANT-LEAK $1.UP
LEVER SELF FILLER
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THE ROAD TO BERLIN BEGINS IN AMERICA

AS a truck manufacturer, in nation-wide contact with all phases of motor truck transportation, this company sees a grave menace to the American public through the lack of well-constructed roads.

With the industrial machinery of America harnessed for war and depending upon motor trucks for a constant flow of materials, the failure to maintain existing roads, or to build them of lasting construction, delaying the movement of war supplies, is a national peril equivalent to giving aid to the enemy.

War's ramifications reach every city and hamlet. The "peace road" of today may become a "war road" tomorrow. After the war it again becomes a "peace road" whose strength must be equal to a tremendous highway traffic. It is imperative, therefore, that we build permanent roads capable of standing heavy traffic and they must be built from state line to state line to connect all centers of production and population.

Railroads Cannot Carry the Load

War has added enormously to peace traffic. Highways must relieve the railroads and highways *cannot* unless they are built to endure heavy trucking.

Last winter, more factories would have shut down for lack of coal, large cities would have suffered from food famine, and war exports would have been retarded, if motor trucks had not been able to operate from country to city, from inland to seaboard. But, *all* of this assistance was *limited* by the scarcity of good roads.

No Use to Produce Unless You Can Transport

The transport arteries of the nation *must* be kept open. That is a war essential. The 400,000 motor trucks in this country will not suffice unless each renders the utmost service. Trucks must run faster; carry heavier loads and, wherever possible, return loads. They must consume less fuel; they must use fewer men; *they must keep going*—performances which are *limited* by road conditions.

"Work or Fight"

This applies to machinery even more than it does to men, because machinery multiplies men. A wide expansion of truck service on our highways would release armies of men who could be better employed.

Permanent Roads, not temporary repairs, are needed. We have two million miles of road and only one percent of them are permanently improved. Think of it!

As far as money, men and material can be had, road construction should proceed at top speed. What is done this summer will help to feed our people next winter and *keep industry going*.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

No Broken Porcelain

to put Splitdorf Plugs on the junk heap

YOU know the endless trouble cracked and broken inferior porcelains have given you, both in replacements and scored cylinders. Put a stop to these annoying, costly plug troubles.

Equip your engine with a plug that cannot break, that will not leak—SPLITDORF.

The MICA wound core is the vital feature of this plug. It gives to SPLITDORF long life and an efficiency that cannot be hoped for from inferior porcelain-cored plugs.

The ruby mica of SPLITDORF Plugs is wound lengthwise around the electrode and, fitted with its bushing under tremendous pressure, it becomes compression proof.

SPLITDORF Plugs may cost more than the plugs you are now using, but one set will last the life of your engine—and think of all the annoyance they will save you!

There is a type of SPLITDORF Plug best suited for every engine. Get them from your jobbers and dealers.

We have been manufacturing SPLITDORF Spark Plugs, and other ignition devices, magnetos, etc., for seventeen years, and if you are having trouble with plugs of any make, the advice of our skilled engineers, with their many years of all-round ignition experience, is free for the asking

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos and Plugoscillators

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

"The Pipe That is Able to Walk"

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have smoked all the famous brands of pipe tobacco, from the kinds that are Gentlemen's Delights to the brands that are smoked "by the elite of the world" and the more I smoke them the more I am convinced of the general superiority of the old standby Edgeworth.

Some months ago I was on the Mexican Border, where that class of tobacco is never heard of, and so I sent all the way back to my home in old Indiana for my "smokin'". I could not get any satisfaction out of any other brand.

For general pipe satisfaction you can't beat Edgeworth. There is no heartburn, no groggy feeling, no dark-brown taste, *no pipe that is able to walk*, nor any other come-back when you smoke Edgeworth—and I mean when you smoke to excess. To be exact there is no such thing as smoking to excess when your pipe is packed with Edgeworth.

Believe me your sincere good wisher,

(signed) ——— ——— ———

Is *your* pipe able to walk? Does it ever suddenly become temperamentally inclined—not as truly sweet tonight as last night? If you are a pipe lover, is there anything more annoying than to find your favorite pipe out of tune—not tasting good—strong enough to walk—on the very evening you have settled down beside a good open fire, with a good lamp, a comfortable chair and that book you have been wanting to finish for the last eight days? Or the pipe you have taken on your fishing trip—it suddenly tastes strong enough to chase the wary big ones to their deepest holes or out into the open sea. And the boys at the front—the place of all places and the time of all times when they are entitled to the best in "smokes"—suddenly your boy's pipe goes rank. Gloom—deep gloom.

When your pipe is strong enough to walk—often it's not the pipe's fault. Here is a sure receipt to put everlasting sweetness in the old briar. First, clean it out thoroughly—take out all the old stuff that's in it. With your knife scrape out about half the cake in the bowl—but be sure to leave some of the old cake. Next—put the pipe in good, strong sunlight and fresh air for a day. Keep it there over night. The next day, get some Edgeworth Tobacco (Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug) fill up and go to it. It's like breaking a fresh deck of cards in a game where luck has been running against you. Your old pipe, tried and true, at once sweetens up and you have that balmy satisfaction of knowing the truth that "best tunes are played on old fiddles" and there's no pipe like a good old sweet pipe—*if* you have found the right tobacco—*your* tobacco. Try the above receipt we have never heard of its failing.

To men whose pipes have become "able to walk" we will send a free sample of Edgeworth—enough for two generous pipefuls. If you want to find out if you will like Edgeworth as well as we believe you will like it, write Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and ask for free sample.

The chances are Edgeworth will please you mightily and you can thenceforth buy it regularly at any tobacco store—15 cents for a pocket-size tin. Other sizes, 30 cents and 65 cents. 16-ounce humidor $1.25; 16-ounce glass jar $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber

(Continued from Page 46)

striking relief against the motley of khaki and horizon-blue uniforms and gold braid.

"*En avant!*" he exclaimed gayly, climbing into the car. "They got the commanding officer of the citadel on the wire. He expects us and asked us to mess with his officers in the citadel, but I refused, as it will be long past one by the time we arrive. This fog after all has served us well. They are not bombarding the fortress to-day."

I do not recall the last fifteen kilometers of that journey, save that we sped like the wind, straining our eyes through the mist for the first glimpse of the famous stronghold. Presently "There! There!" broke simultaneously from our lips, and a few minutes later we were rolling under a noble stone archway, green and mossy with age, which looked as if it had been reared in the days of Uther Pendragon, and were being greeted by the commanding officer of the citadel of Verdun. We were to take everything out of the car, said he, and come right in. Lunch was waiting. In vain M. Martin protested. The colonel waved his protests aside with a smile. He led us into the fortress, down a long underground tunnel, which rang hollowly beneath our feet, to a set of guests' dressing rooms, where we repaired the ravages of the long ride. A few minutes later he returned, conducted us through another series of corridors, through an enormous mess hall, where the men as he entered sprang clattering to their feet, and ushered us into the officers' mess room.

It was small, that dining room situated forty feet underground in the stone heart of the citadel, seating scarce a dozen persons, and simple, lofty-ceiled, severe. And yet it was a veritable jewel, flashing with rich strong colors, magnificent with its brilliant sheaths of battle flags, and glittering with the steel and silver and gold of its souvenirs of valor—armor and medals and trophies which gleamed from cabinet and wall. Here had collected at one time and another all the great chiefs of the Allies; and here the presumptuous Crown Prince had sworn to eat his triumphal banquet.

Over the mantelpiece hung the pennants of all the Entente Powers, a bright formidable array, topped with the watchword of the impregnable fortress, "*On ne passe pas*," a phrase descending from the days of the Little Corporal. The opposite wall bore medals of honor—the Croix de Guerre, the Medaille Militaire and the Legion d'Honneur bestowed by a grateful nation upon the citadel itself, as if it possessed a glorious soul. Here and there hung heavy-studded shields surrounded by rayons of ancient swords and battle-axes.

What we ate or whether we ate I cannot recall. The colonel had left us, bidding us genially to make haste, as there was much to see, much to recount, and we sat drinking in the spell of that wondrous little room, steeped in the atmosphere of valor, hearkening to the voice of the past, rejoicing in the brave prophecy of the future, and trying to realize that even as we sat French and American troops were rushing north to stem the furious onslaught of the Hun.

The Fight for the Citadel

"Well, now," said the colonel, opening the door, "if you are refreshed we will begin. We shall take first the view of the heights, then I shall show you the fortress, and after that the ruins of Verdun."

We had asked M. Martin to recount the history of the great offensive, and he had turned over the appeal to the commanding officer of the citadel, who had promised to describe the climax of the decisive battle on the exact spot where the Germans made their final stubborn stand and were beaten back with stupendous loss.

Outside, the weather had settled to a continuous drizzle. We wound round the hill by a serpentine road and presently attained its crest. Here we abandoned the car and stumbled over a torn and wrenched terrain, pitted with shell holes fifty feet across and partially filled with black filthy water. Filled also with old dismantled cannon, unexploded cartridges, rusted bayonets, twisted iron fragments of great shells, and an occasional sodden képi. Between these craters the hummocks were dotted with graves marked with a cross and the simple French *cocarde*. Standing under that bleak sky and gazing out across that sinister smitten landscape with its gaunt shot-off trees and its deep gashes of trenches marked by blood-red earth was like looking upon some huge monster frozen in a horrible death agony. It had been foully murdered, that hill, and it lay like a mutilated corpse, stiffly outflung, uncovered, indecent, its hideous wounds gaping up to the sky.

The colonel came to a halt. "Here we are," he began. "Here is the farthest point that the enemy penetrated. Here he was beaten back—just at your feet, mademoiselle." He pointed with his cane, and I stared down, expecting to see I scarce know what, some visible sign, some chalk mark or whitewashed tennis-court line, to identify that tremendous check. But there was nothing. My feet were pressing down a clump of fresh blue violets, wet-eyed from the rain. I stepped off them hastily.

The colonel continued his narrative. The wind blew back the heavy skirts of his greatcoat; his sturdy compact figure, firmly planted as a statue, defied the elements; his leonine white head, which reminded one of Joffre's, glistened with rain drops; his voice, gentle, level, dispassionate, filled one with utter conviction. We knew what he said was true. Here came the enemy from that direction—he pointed—and from there, and there, all converging on this one point. And when they were very near, advancing shoulder to shoulder in dense mass formation, two concealed French batteries, one from either side, opened on their serried columns a terrible enfilading fire. It was close-range slaughter—such as was going on even now in the north. Their first ranks lay in windrows. Their dead covered this hill like a carpet. And still their thinning numbers were filled with rushing hosts from behind and they pressed on and on, wave upon wave, the farthest of which had broken just at the point where we stood. There it was pushed back by a spirited counter thrust by the French *fantassins*.

The Colonel's Story

"And your own troops, *mon colonel*, I suppose they gave a good account of themselves?" queried M. Martin.

"You have said it," replied the colonel with proud simplicity. "My brave men in that attack covered and recovered themselves with glory."

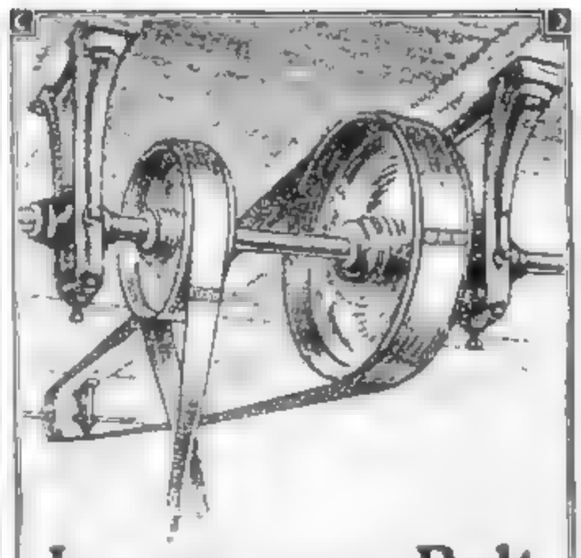
In the meantime, he continued, down below—he would show us presently—another strong enemy force had tried to force an entrance to the fortress at one of the tunnel exits. This exit, leading by a series of passages on different levels to the very innermost heart of the citadel, gave on the outside upon a contracted open space between two ridges, and was protected first by a deep surrounding fosse filled with a maze of barbed wire, and second by a fifteen-foot stone wall which formed part of the outer fortifications. Down this wall the Germans had leaped like a tumbling cataract. The first wave fell into the fosse and was followed by another and another, until the ancient moat was heaped level with a writhing human bridge across which the hostile troops rushed and gained the narrow space before the mouth of the tunnel.

"And were there no French machine guns playing upon them from the entrance?"

"Oh, yes—there were two seventy-fives," said the colonel quietly, "less than a hundred yards away." We could perhaps imagine, he continued, what carnage they wrought in that confined space. Germans had dropped down from that height like overripe fruit trained against a wall. The French gunners obliterated the first, the second, the third and the fourth waves, and the fifth broke right on the flaming snouts of their guns. The sixth gained the tunnel entrance. Here the garrison counter-attacked, and the enemy turned tail and ran. But not far. The wall was before them and the guns were behind. That particular hostile force was wiped out to a man.

The colonel's calm voice flowed on and on, describing the desperate details of that epic attack, and now and again he pointed with his stick into the fog, locating great enemy batteries which had poured a deadly hail of shells upon this hill. Altogether, he said, the French had lost in killed during that six months' offensive one hundred and ten thousand; the Germans more than half a million. And most of them had fallen on and round this height on which we stood. I looked about that somber, brooding, ghost-haunted hill, where half a million souls slain violently in battle had flown upward in a thick mist and as I looked it seemed that the fog had a ruddy undertinge as if a subtle crimson reek exuded from the blood-drenched ground.

(Continued on Page 61)



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Crescent Belt Fasteners give full belting strength and endurance at the joint—produce a joint that renders a *service equal to the life of the belt*. Crescents are designed in accordance with the most modern engineering practice and are the accepted standard of belt joining.

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—distribute the strain evenly across the entire width of the belt.

—form a permanent joint for the life of the belt, permitting easy, quick adjustment for take-up of stretch.

—do not injure belt fibre, require no punching—"hold without holes."

—they are the time-proven, belt joining device, the standard by which all methods are judged.

—adapted to all kinds and makes of belting of every length, width and thickness.

◆

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

Branches and distributors throughout the world

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

"for Continuous Production"

Wilson's Certified Brand Canned Red Raspberries

Another tempting treat for lovers of good things

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Brand Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee

Sweet Corn
Green Peas
Tomatoes
String Beans
Beets
Pork and Beans
Pumpkin
Asparagus Tips
California Peaches
Hawaiian Pineapple
Cherries
Blueberries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Jellies
Jams
Preserves
Peanut Butter
Mince Meat
Olives
Sardines
Salmon
Corned Beef Hash
Ox Tongue
Lunch Tongue
Veal Loaf

OPEN a can of our Certified Brand red raspberries. See the fine, whole berries surrounded by the rich juice. Enjoy the tempting scent—the delicate, alluring perfume which the summer sunshine puts into the splendid berry. You *know* how good they will taste.

It takes skill and care and ability to put up red raspberries in this perfect manner. They must be cooked and canned when fresh-gathered. That is why our Certified Brand red raspberries give such delicious results, however you use them.

All our Certified Brand fruits and vegetables are put up fresh and fine, where they grow at their best. That is one reason why the Wilson Certified Brand Label means so much to the housewife when she buys for her home.

Our "money back" guarantee—part of the Certified Brand Label—tells you that these canned foods and table specialties are selected, handled and prepared with the care and *respect* which governs the production of Majestic Ham and Bacon and all the other Wilson food products. Ask your dealer for them.

OUR GUARANTEE
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE
WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO ILL. U.S.A.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

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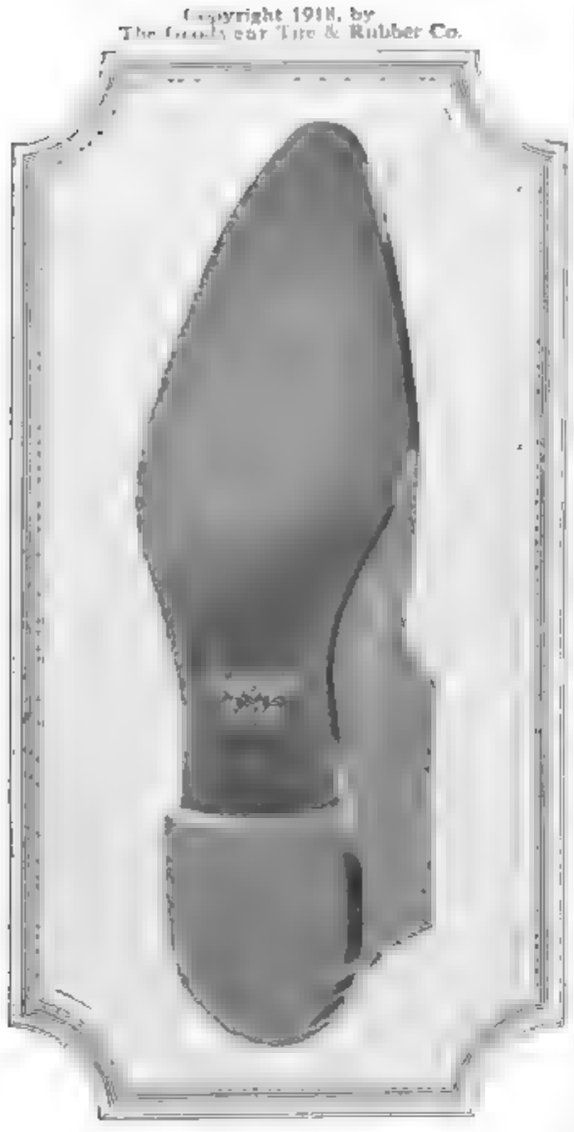

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The use of Neōlin Soles is not limited to any kind of shoe. They add comfort, durability, waterproofness to all kinds of shoes—for everybody.

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Soles

Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

(Continued from Page 49)

As the colonel continued his narrative I tried in fancy to reconstruct the vision of the battlefield. Of German prisoners I had seen a-plenty with their close-cropped, bullet-shaped heads and furtive yet arrogant eyes. The French poilus also—those gay, stout-hearted little men, some of the greatest fighters and the greatest phrase-makers on earth—were familiar figures in my mind. So that all the ingredients of the picture were at hand. Nevertheless, all unconsciously I kept making a curious mental error. The intensity of the combat still raging to the north somehow drew the picture out of focus, causing it to appear, not past history but something which was still actually going on. I knew it was past, and still it fused in my mind with the unfinished present.

Added to that, my brain was so saturated with images of our American troops as I had seen them the past week, and those images were so vivid, powerful and real that I could visualize nothing else. Thus, when the colonel said "*nos soldats*," my mind unconsciously translated "our soldiers"; and I saw, not the horizon blue of the poilus but the clean, lithe khaki-clad Americans with their fresh faces and good-humored eyes. And when he said "Our brave troops charged here—and here—and here," my mind saw "our brave troops charging here—and here—and here." I tried to rid my mind of that delusion—for it was too painful on that dusky death-smitten hill, with the knowledge that even at that very moment our own brave troops were indeed charging to the north upon some other hill. But the past week had etched the images too deeply on my mind; and I could not wipe them out.

M. Martin interrogated the colonel concerning their losses.

"Yes," replied the colonel soberly, "one hundred and ten thousand of our men fell."

"One hundred and ten thousand of our men fell!" reiterated my heart with a pang. Never before had that figure seemed so monstrous. Why, that was one, two, three, four, five whole divisions! Our first division, that I had seen, our second, all those fine Rainbow fellows—pshaw! It was incredible!

"One hundred and ten thousand are a great many men to die!" I remarked aloud.

And even as I spoke, my mind, righting itself, said within itself: "But of course those one hundred and ten thousand men were Frenchmen! Not Americans. Our men have only just gone north. Don't you remember, you saw the ——th Division on the move?" Thus mentally I righted myself. Nevertheless, one hundred and ten thousand were indeed a great many men to die, and I repeated my remark.

The Underground Citadel

"*Pas trop!*"—not too many!—replied the colonel simply. And those two words, soberly spoken, were the epitome of the Verdun spirit.

Later he pointed out a cemetery on a distant hillside containing five thousand fallen heroes. "In that one cemetery," said he, "lie thirty of my own officers."

"And you, you have been wounded, my colonel?" inquired M. Martin.

"Three times only," replied the colonel with a shrug. "Once seriously. But I would not leave the citadel. I do not like hospitals—those white places. They are not for me. If I die I die here where I belong, with my men."

The rain still continued, a steady drenching downpour. "But you may be thankful," remarked the colonel, wiping his streaming face, "as otherwise this hill would be impossible. To-day the cannon are giving us a rest."

He led the way to the nearest tunnel entrance to the citadel. With the others I followed, eagerly listening to his explanations. But my mind was still in a whirl. That dark and desolate blood-soaked hill, the staunch old colonel, with the dewdrops in his white hair, recounting the valorous deeds of his fallen heroes, those acres on acres of graves, the ascending hosts of souls—were not some of them perhaps still lingering in this lonely spot, dazed by their violent severance from the flesh, ignorant that they had passed across? Would they not cry out at night for aid, for news of the battle front: "Why are we abandoned thus? Who wins? *Vaterland? La Patrie?*"—the Americans, who had not engaged in this struggle, to be sure, but were now fighting in an even mightier struggle—all these things mingled confusedly in my mind like the unmatched parts of a puzzle.

Thanks to my classical education, I had no proper conception of what constitutes a modern fortress. I had vaguely imagined it as a city ringed round with a very substantial stone wall, crenelated and turreted, with dozens of peepholes for the doughty gunners to take pot shots at the enemy established outside. In the very heart of the city would be the citadel, which figured in my mind as a big, round, impregnable stone tower bristling with teethlike rows of cannon, its foundations naturally extending scores of feet underneath. Accordingly when we set out to traverse the long series of dimly lit reverberating subterranean passages, descended flights of slimy stone stairs to lower and danker levels, stopped in gun and ammunition rooms, electric-plant rooms, kitchens, mess rooms, infirmaries, chapels, musées, cinema and rest rooms, dormitories, cavernous abodes, twenty, thirty and forty feet below ground, I began to wonder when we were going upstairs.

A Blanched City

"But there is no upstairs," responded M. Martin, laughing in answer to my query—"not in this citadel. Here it all is, just as you see, underground. You observed those big iron mushroom affairs six inches or so aboveground when we were up on the hill?"

"But I thought they were the observation posts of hidden guns—like that of the Big Bertha."

"So they are—they are our own Big Berthas. Nevertheless, those observation posts are all the upstairs there is to this citadel. What do you suppose would happen to the superstructure of a fort if it were hit by a shell which made a crater as large as the one we saw on the hill—fifty feet across and twenty feet deep? Not much upstairs left, eh?"

So much for a classical education!

"And all the French troops eat and sleep and pray and drill down here? There are none billeted in Verdun?"

"There's nobody in Verdun."

"No old men and old women who still cling to their ruined firesides and creep out into the morning sunshine after a night's bombardment?"

"Not a single soul. It's a blanched city of the dead."

By this time it was well upon six o'clock and we stopped for a moment to view a mess hall where, seated at long refectory tables, about four hundred poilus were taking sustenance from great steaming casseroles of ragout placed in the centers of the tables. Here indeed were the veritable heroes of Verdun! The indomitables! I looked for halos, but found none but the fragrant encircling wreaths of the smoking ragout, which the heroes were bolting down like one o'clock. These men, however, were no callow youths, but tough-muscled, tanned and bearded veterans—or if they were youths they were veteran youths with lines in their faces and gray in their hair. As the commanding officer loomed in the doorway they sprang to their feet as one man. The colonel waved them back to their stew, explaining that here were some of their allies—American friends. What a cheer it was that rose! Some of the Americans frankly wiped their eyes. The colonel beamed round upon us all with a kind of indulgent fatherly grace. His blue eyes caressed his troops with affectionate regard.

And as we departed he commented: "You will please to note one thing: I did not order that cheer. It sprang spontaneously from the hearts of my men."

He continued to speak of America, of the deep fraternal tenderness existing in the hearts of the French for the splendid young army from overseas; of the fine morale America was exhibiting in the business of food conservation; of the hope they had in American aviation. Simple, brave, friendly words from a brave, friendly soul.

We tramped on through vast resounding twilight caverns, slippery underfoot with mud and exuding large clammy dewdrops from the overarching walls. Sometimes it was pitch dark and a pocket torch or the outstretched hand of the colonel guided our course. Once we climbed by a kind of vertical ship's ladder fastened against the solid wall up into the platform of a monstrous subterranean gun which hurled annihilation miles away. For months the

(Concluded on Page 53)

Women's National Honor Medal

For the
Mothers, Wives, and Sisters of the men in war service

who are giving up their loved ones to make the world safe for democracy, deserve to wear some distinctive insignia, such as the Women's National Honor Medal, setting upon them the seal of service in recognition of their supreme sacrifice. It was for this purpose that this medal was conceived and designed. "They also serve," not in waiting but in action, they are preserving our homes, they are assuming heavy burdens, they are doing unaccustomed work. That all the world may know the brave effort they are putting forth, and show them the homage they have earned, they should wear this insignia.

For a gift from the departing soldier or a token from a friend, what could be more appropriate? It will be proudly worn and be a treasured heirloom to pass on to future generations.

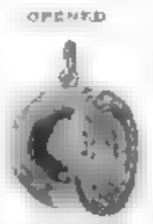
Description of Women's National Honor Medal

The medal will not be reproduced in cheap form, as this would be inconsistent with the high ideals for which it stands. The modeling workmanship and finish are of the finest that American mediums can produce and each medal and locket is guaranteed perfect.

On the face of the medal is one large Red Star representing the one great Sacrifice of American Women; surrounding this Star and completing the Red, White and Blue effect is the inscription "In Recognition of the Sacrifices of American Womanhood." On the reverse side is engraved the picture of the boy bidding his Mother, Wife and Sister "Good-bye." Encircling this reproduction is the following quotation from an address by President Woodrow Wilson: "The world must be made safe for democracy." It would be difficult to design a more fitting and appropriate medal recognizing the sacrifices of the Women of America.

MEDAL

Sterling Silver	$5 00
Gold Filled	8 00
Solid Gold	15.00



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LOCKET

Sterling Silver	$7 00
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Each medal or locket is set in a handsome case.

If you are not pleased with medal or locket, you can return same within five days after receipt and we will refund money.

To secure the Women's National Honor Medal or Locket, it is necessary to state the name and address of the wearer, with the name of the son, husband or brother and branch of service.

We reserve the right to refuse shipment and return money to any person not entitled to wear the Women's National Honor Medal and will appreciate a notification of the name and address of any one wearing or securing one under false pretense.

Enclosed find ——— for which send Women's National Honor Medal or Locket to

Name

Address

I send particulars in accompanying letter, as specified above

Signed

National Medal Co., 920-922 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa

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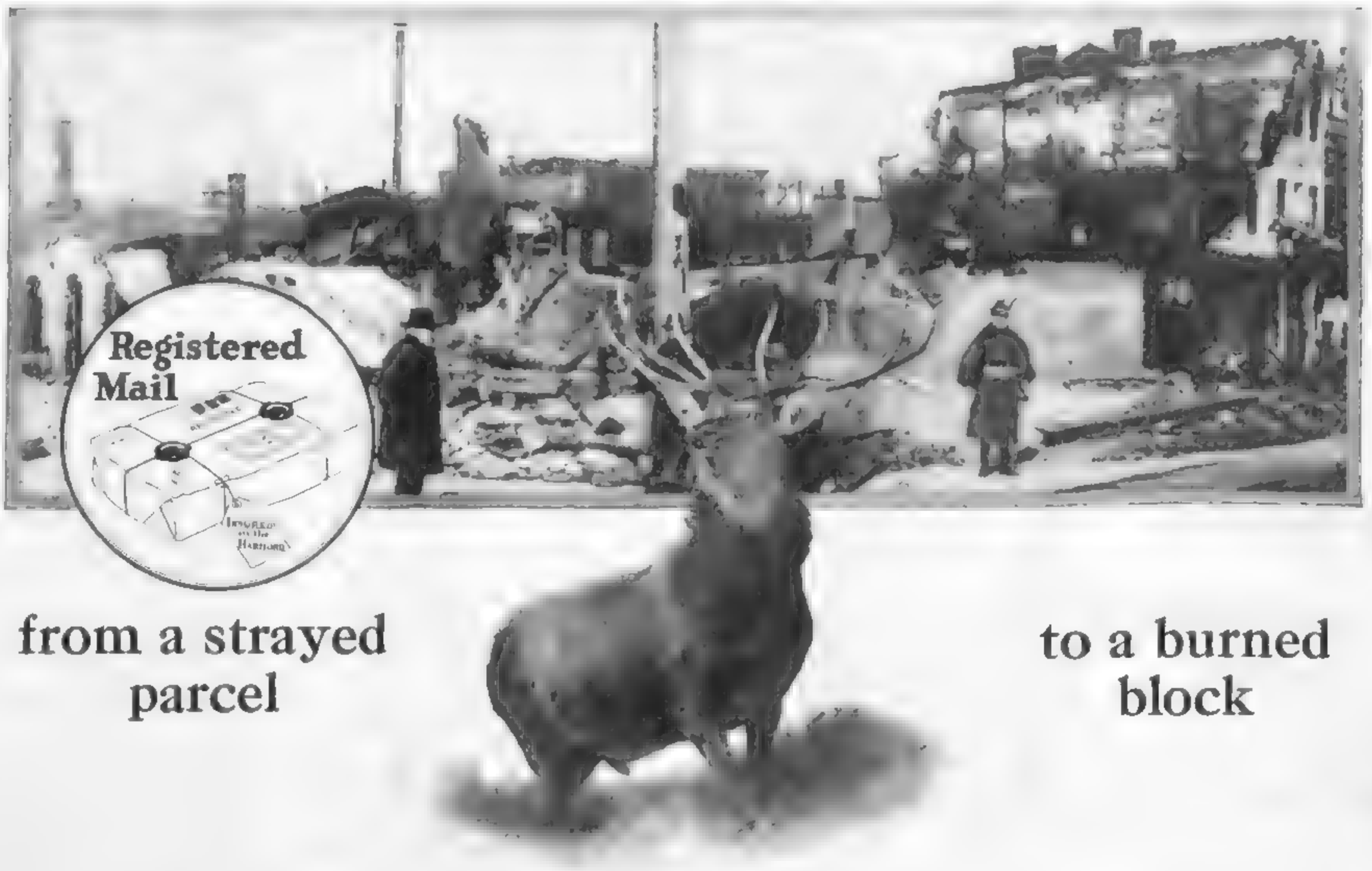

from a strayed parcel

to a burned block

THE wonderful thing about Hartford insurance service is its scope. It provides against catastrophes you never think of until they happen to you. You will never know that you could have been saved from the consequences of them unless you talk with a Hartford agent. Every loss of property can be measured in money. The loss may be caused by fire, accident, sickness, theft, storm, carelessness, circumstances. All these have been foreseen and provided for by some form of Hartford policy.

Fire comes first as causing the greatest losses, but is first for that reason alone. Some other form of fatality might be far worse for you than a fire. Do not learn these things after they happen. Whatever your circumstances, occupation or possessions, you are vulnerable to the blind god Chance. The Two Hartfords outwit chance, because they cover all sides. They surround you with an interlocking coat of mail, leaving no vulnerable spot, no unprotected point.

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For over one hundred years the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has paid losses with unfailing promptness. The same responsibility is behind the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Send for free booklet "The Heel of Achilles" and learn about complete protection. Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy.

(Concluded from Page 51)

Germans had been assiduously trying to locate that gun.

It was the colonel who suggested the idea of Verdun as a Mecca for tourist parties after the war.

"Here they will come," he chuckled, "by train and ship loads from all over the civilized world to view this historic spot. They will passionately collect every old piece of shrapnel or cap or exploded cartridge, every stick, every brick, every stone. And when all of the veritable souvenirs have been snatched up doubtless our ingenious guardians of the citadel will resow the sacred ground with another artificial crop from a huge factory established hard by. 'Twill be an industry. They will charge—let me see—three francs admission." And the colonel laughed heartily over his prophecy.

"But they will not have the commanding officer of the citadel for their guide!" interjected M. Martin slyly.

"If they have the commanding officer of the citadel for their guide it will be five francs," said the colonel firmly. "Three francs for an ordinary tour; five francs with the commanding officer for guide. That is not too dear!"

They elaborated the idea with gayety. Instead of great rough soldiers with clattering bayonets and clumping boots, the hollow corridors would reverberate to soft, pretty laughter and the click-clack of ladies' high-heeled boots. And downy college lads and pig-tailed misses, with bespectacled tutors bearing Baedekers—no, *mon Dieu*, not Baedekers; doubtless American histories!—and peaceful and portly papas and mammas who vaguely remembered the great war in their extreme youth would stroll through these echoing passages pensively, hand in hand. For it would then be a public musée, this impregnable citadel, and its tragic battles a troubled dream of yesterday.

"But in the meantime," warned the colonel, laughing, "I am going to charge five francs!"

The Colonel's Souvenirs

After the citadel he proceeded to show us the town, demolished beyond hope of reconstruction. Fine ancient façades with filigree stonework delicate as thread lace; matchless old cathedral closes of the fourteenth century designed and wrought in solid granite by a master mason who was also a master builder; fortification walls dating back to the days of the Cæsars; medieval turrets beneath which troubadour soldier lovers sang; glorious architecture of the Louis the Fourteenth period—ineffable masterpieces of structural art never to be reproduced on earth, they lay in smashed and huddled fragments on the ground.

We entered a church, its roof caved in, massive columns rent, holy statues razed, empty as an eggshell—the result of a single cannon shot.

"*Un coup de canon*—and there you are!" the colonel commented grimly.

We sped past the Big Canal and the Little Canal, tranquil stretches of twilight water, colored like gorgeous rose windows by a liberated gleam of the westering sun; reminiscent of Venice, with their overhanging houses, now glooming ruins whose window holes stared like sightless sockets of men blinded in battle; past the business and the residence sections of the city, dead and desolate as the tombs of the Pharaohs; and finally wound up to the summit of a hill whence, the colonel explained, we could obtain a comprehensive view of the havoc the Huns had wrought. And when we had gazed our fill on that tragic exhibition of arrogance and hate, the colonel, like the fine artist he was, led us into a lovely quiet garden close whose darkening air was sweet with the scent of hyacinths, violets, crocuses and spring roses. And kneeling down on the damp turf and getting out his clasp-knife he proceeded to gather us each a nosegay in honor of the event.

"For," he observed sagely, "flowers are better souvenirs than bits of iron shells."

When we wondered how he came to be possessed of a garden on this deserted hilltop among the crumbling ruins he explained it was his favorite point of observation. Knowing his love for the spot his men had secretly made this garden for him and tended it carefully and kept it in fresh bloom.

American Spirit

Returning to the citadel we dined once more in the famous mess room, this time with the colonel and all his officers. It was nine o'clock when we finally took leave of him, standing bareheaded in the rain to assure us of the warm pleasure we had given him! It had been an amazing day, crowded with images, emotions, events; and not least amazing was this French colonel, commanding officer of the citadel of Verdun, bubbling over with gayety and humor, filled with profound tenderness and knowledge of life, a savant, learned in history and languages, a distinguished warrior who had been tried in the fiery furnace of battle, and yet simple-hearted as a child or one of his beloved poilus.

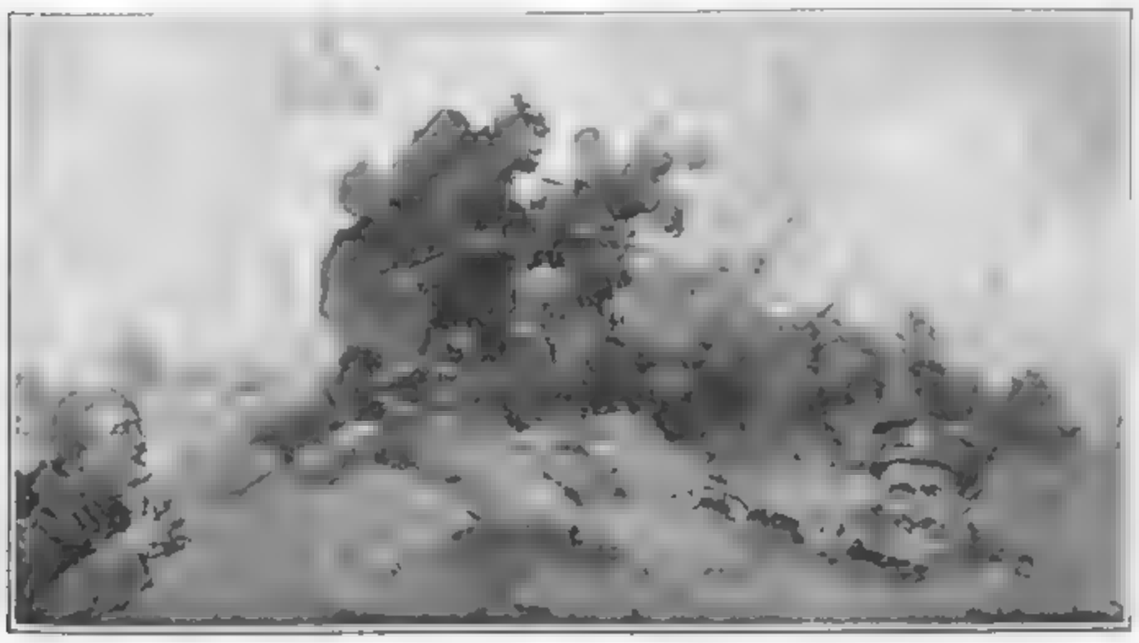
It was long after midnight when we arrived in Nancy. Those two tiny fowls de luxe which cost eight dollars we had fallen on and devoured in the night. The following day, on our return to Paris, we learned that the battle to the north was still raging. But the Germans had been checked. Our troops, the ones we had seen moving north, were in the great struggle too. They were being heavily gassed and shelled.

"Worse than Verdun!" said my informant, an American who had just returned from the British Front. "I saw several hundred of our fellows who had been mustard-gassed, lying in a field hospital. They lay on cots, their smarting eyes bandaged with soothing lotions, and they talked to each other in low broken whispers. It gave one a choke in the throat to see all those stalwarts lying flat, eyes bandaged, whispering to the comrades they could not see. I tell you, it made me feel mighty ugly toward the Hun! I wished some of our peace propagandists at home might see that sight, hear those low, choking whispers!"

"What were they talking about? Home? Mother? Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

The officer gave a grim laugh. "Not by a jolly jugful! They were trying to fix the exact hour of the gas attack in order to reckon how soon they'd be back in the trenches to tackle the Hun!"

Thus, then, was the spirit of the Americans who had entered the great fight. It was the spirit of the poilus before Verdun. It was the spirit of that indomitable colonel who had replied that one hundred and ten thousand brave lives were not too many to give for such a cause. Verdun of to-day was the heritage of these men in khaki who lay with bandaged eyes and spoke in choked whispers. And the Verduns of to-morrow would be theirs by the same sign: The conquering force of spirit controlling the conquering force of arms.



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Every day is "Rustless Day" for PARIS GARTER wearers. No matter how warm the weather, how profusely you perspire—the metal parts on PARIS GARTERS will not rust. They're rust-proof, nickeled brass.

A most important consideration when one realizes—as you do—how rust ruins the elastic and how frequently it irreparably soils your garments.

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This is the PARIS trade mark

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Give more power
Save gasoline
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—IMMEDIATELY. You won't have to wait for the customary expensive and time-consuming process of running-in or lapping-in after installing.

Within thirty minutes after you start your engine Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings will seat themselves perfectly. INSTANTLY compression losses are forever ended.

Try them! If they do not fulfill all our promises—if they do not do all that other rings will do AND MORE—return them within thirty days to the dealer from whom you bought them, and he will gladly give you your money back

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

30 minutes after you start motoring like

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Summer travelers appreciate the extra convenience and comforts of the Statler Hotels.

Not only are the big and important things right (every room, whatever its price, has private bath and circulating ice-water); but little things which make for comfort are seen to—down to such details as a pin cushion, with needles, thread, and buttons, on your dresser; and a morning paper slipped noiselessly under your door before you wake.

Stop at a Statler when you're in a Statler city. You can't buy better accommodations or more value; and you will be in a hotel anxious to do its utmost toward making your visit pleasant.

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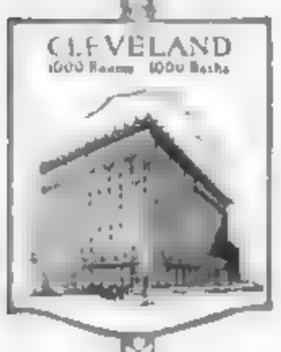
Auto tourists are constantly recommending the Statler Hotels to other auto tourists.



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Gordon covers are sold by all the better dealers. Ask your dealer for booklet with samples of materials and complete information of the new overlap feature, including price for your own car.

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Protect your spare tire from sun and rain — add a neat appearance to your car. Ask your dealer.

The J. P. Gordon Co.
409 North Fourth St., Columbus, O.

Prices from $9.00 Up

UNCLE SAM'S GREAT LEDGER

(Continued from Page 22)

delaying calling upon the draft boards of that particular state until the last week of the month he may save the situation for the farmers and so not only win their everlasting gratitude but also assist in the shortening of the conflict overseas. And finally there is the actual problem of the transportation. Here is where the genius of a trained railroader has another opportunity to assert itself.

There may be epidemics in various states, more or less serious. Stephenson must know of them. Stephenson's common sense and his railroad experience should remind him that it would be extravagant for Uncle Sam—who though he now controls directly his railroads still pays each month many thousands of dollars in carfares upon them—to move a thousand men from Maine to receiving posts in California the first week in July and a thousand California conscripts into Maine the following week. Yet that is the very sort of thing that would be done—if there were not an exact and accurate system in control.

Because of an error so simple that the poorest system seemingly might have corrected it, 500 raw recruits plunged themselves into a New Jersey town one evening last summer and hunted for the army post; and there was not an army post within a dozen miles. A simple telegraphic mistake had caused the entire affair. The confusion that resulted was not the fault of the Provost Marshal General's office or of the Adjutant General's; it merely was the logical result of the fact that there had not been time to get the thing well systematized. It is hardly conceivable that such a mistake could happen to-day. And a system such as Stephenson designed to handle calls for a total of 100,000 men a month has, as you have already heard, handled 373,000 men in 31 days without either the plan or the men who are operating it breaking under the strain.

The standard demand for men that comes into the Provost Marshal General's office is for "run of draft." Such was the historic call for 687,000 men to inaugurate the National Army, which was responsible for the first great registration of June 5, 1917. On its heels came the call for two farriers to go to a Northern army post. And then in fairly rapid succession other calls; the most of them for "run of draft" men to fill gaps or to permit the steady expansion of the Regular Army or other forms of Uncle Sam's military service.

A Rush Order for Chauffeurs

The calls for special service are more complicated—and considerably more interesting. When qualified men are called for service by their local boards their trades are particularly noted. For they may be called by trade rather than in the order numbers. There are more than 300 of these trades or professions which may be available to the service of the Army. And not all of these are in the fighting forces at that. Out of the 215,000 conscripts in the present Class One who because of some slight physical defect are subclassed as limited-service men several thousand workers have already been drafted and sent to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, to aid in getting out the all-important spruce for the aëroplane production. And if the shipyards up to the present time had not been able to secure practically all the workers they could accommodate limited-service men might also have been sent to them. General Crowder's famous work-or-fight order undoubtedly will have a large bearing upon this very phase of the situation. As these paragraphs are being written, however, it has not yet gone into effect.

Limited-service men did I say? At physical disabilities did I hint? I am not a Christian Scientist, but I have always thought that physical disability is very largely a state of mind. I know a sour-faced man who because he has to walk with a cane is a cripple at heart, at least; and a woman who drags herself round forever between two crutches yet regards herself as but slightly lame. A sightless man a teacher in the school for the blind at Overbrook, Pennsylvania came to a local draft board the other day and begged that he be placed for limited service in Class One, to follow the real profession open to him, the profession, if you please, which unfortunately will soon be in demand. And when Enoch Crowder heard of the blind man's acceptance by the local board his heart must have bounded, he must have forgotten about all those semidefectives jostling to get themselves into Class Five, and placed a long, strong mark upon the open page of Uncle Sam's great ledger.

If you would best see the workings of these special-service calls imagine yourself standing behind one of them in all of its workings. Let us suppose that this very night General John J. Pershing cables to Washington for 5000 chauffeurs for the use of the signal corps. The request comes through the office of the Chief Signal Officer, who promptly makes demand on the Adjutant General of the Army for the needed men. The A. G. A. promptly looks about him for idle drivers. He finds 1000 down at Kelly Field, San Antonio; and immediately places them upon his priority schedule for prompt shipment abroad. He then turns to the Provost Marshal General and from him demands the remaining 4000 chauffeurs needed—on rush requisition. The request comes through to Captain Stephenson, as chief of the mobilization section. Stephenson studies his railroad map. He takes a long look at his requisition schedule, constantly being changed under the colored crayons. In sixty seconds he volunteers a suggestion.

Making Up the Quota

"How about Massachusetts?" he ventures.

"No," says the chief of the call section; "Massachusetts came across with a thousand chauffeurs only last month."

The mobilization chief scratches his head.

"We might take a whack at Illinois," he ventures this time.

"No," says the quota chief; "they don't owe any more men this month."

Stephenson takes another look at his little chart of the colored spaces. He grins, then finds an open section opposite one of the states—South Carolina.

In the next moment the chief of the call section discovers that nothing but colored men are available there for the rest of the month; and the requisition specifies white chauffeurs. So it goes. Over the map and down the chart—a group of men from this state and a group from that—until the total reaches 4000. After which nothing remains except to telegraph the adjutant generals' offices of the various states the exact number and types of men that will be required. And these very men a little later will be proceeding at the various assembling points to the trains that will bear them to the nearest army camp.

If there are enough of them there will be special cars to be provided or perhaps special trains, and Stephenson will be conferring with the officer of the American Railway Association detailed to the service of the Provost Marshal General, who in turn will make full arrangements for the movements of the conscripts, cars and trains, even the box lunches to be served to the boys en route. For the P.M.G.'s care and responsibility over these young men do not end until they actually are received within the gates of an army camp, are counted and checked and receipted for.

Three checks are provided in the P.M.G.'s office: First, a telegraphic report from the local board that it has entrained the men; second, a communication from the camp commander that they have arrived. If any are missing they are bulletined as deserters and the Adjutant General of the Army begins a thorough search for them—a search that never ends until the man is found and brought to discipline. The final check is a card receipt—in the form of a duplicate postcard for each man actually inducted into the service. These cards, properly stamped and signed by the adjutant at the post, constitute the individual receipt for each man. One section of the card goes back to the local board, which treasures it carefully as its proof that it has furnished one unit toward its quota; the other half is sent to the Provost Marshal General at Washington, where it goes into the system—from which deft-fingered and agile-witted young women evolve totals and percentages, from which in turn the stern keeper of Uncle Sam's great ledger may deduce most interesting observations as to

(Continued on Page 57)

A Land of Pine-spiced Air and Golden Sunshine

SAWING the turquoise sky far overhead, Colorado's pine-clad Rockies smile down on BROADMOOR. Here, at Colorado Springs, in its beautiful mountain-park of 2,000 acres, nestles America's finest hostelry.

¶Differing from mere "resort" hotels, THE BROADMOOR is open all the year. Here summer days are cool, sunny days that lure one out-of-doors to golf, to ride—to unravel entrancing mountain paths. Autumn brings glorious Indian Summer that flames with vivid color and lingers until January.

¶At THE BROADMOOR, should he choose, one may dine *al fresco* on an open terrace that overlooks a trout-stocked lake, or at one of the stone fireplaces high on Mt. Cheyenne prepare a camper's meal.

¶With the added advantages of indoor swimming, two Turkish bath parlors and a little theatre, THE BROADMOOR offers every distinction of cuisine, service and appointment of the finest metropolitan hotel.

The BROADMOOR

COLORADO SPRINGS

BUILT OF STONE, STEEL AND CONCRETE
NATURALLY IT IS FIREPROOF

Write for illustrated booklet

Wise railroad men take good care of good wheels

Wise motorists take good care of good wheels

Why will motorists neglect their wheels? —the *foundation* of the car

WHEN the crack transcontinental express pulls into the trainshed for its brief stop, grimy men in overalls, with flaming torches and sledges, appear as if by magic and dart along from truck to truck, peering, tapping, testing every wheel to be sure that it is sound and safe. They take no chances with the finest wheels in the world.

Yet many motorists drive on heedlessly season after season with no thought for the wheels that are the very foundation of the car and its safety.

Wood wheels are good wheels. Take care of them.

SPOKTITE

IS NOT A GLUE SWELLS SHRUNKEN WOOD

We firmly believe that wood wheels are the best possible type for an automobile. Years of experience in the scientific treatment of wood have convinced us of their many advantages.

But common sense knows that wheels have to be taken care of just as much as springs or radiators or motors.

Every bump, every rut, every curve, every start and stop, puts strain on the wheels. They are always exposed to mud, rain, wind, sun.

Keep your spokes tight

The best material that Nature produces can't stand forever the punishment you give your wheels, unless it has proper care.

Spokes get loose in dry weather. Sometimes they rattle or squeak. Oftener they are loose without your knowing it. One loose spoke lessens the resistance of the whole wheel to curb jolts and other strains.

Try these simple tests

Look closely at the paint along each spoke. Shrinkage sometimes shows in cracked paint.

Examine the joints at hub and felloes. Sometimes unpainted gaps will show at one end, or both ends of spokes.

If you have a persistent squeak, don't blame it on the spring or the body unless you are sure it isn't a loose spoke.

Easy to cure loose spokes

The remedy is simple. Apply Spoktite. Easy as oiling.

You don't have to take the wheels off. A few squirts into the cracks and the job is done.

In 30 minutes Spoktite expands the wood to its original condition, then *seals the pores to prevent further trouble.* Once done, it's done for good. *Spoktitened* wood never shrinks again.

$1.50 does a $10.00 job

Careful motorists have long made a practice of having spokes tightened by the old mechanical means. But that cost $10 or more, and was only temporary at best.

The auto-size can of Spoktite—enough for four wheels—costs only $1.50 ($2 in Canada). And it is permanent. It's the modern method.

If you have even one loose spoke, don't delay—the cost of *Spoktitening* is too little to justify delay.

At garages, auto supply and hardware stores

Get a can at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, use the coupon at the bottom of this page.

If you do not care to apply Spoktite yourself, any garage or repair shop will do it for a moderate charge of $3.00 to $5.00.

Many other uses

Spoktite is good for all good wood. Body squeaks, wagon wheels, boats, golf clubs, wooden tools, farm implements, doors, floors. No injurious effect on paint or varnish.

$1.50 per can
Treats Four Wheels
$2 in Canada

Distributors:

Asch & Company, 16-24 W. 61st St., New York
Gray-Hearth Company, 1440 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton
Marshall-Wells Co., Winnipeg, Toronto
The Motor Car Supply Co., Calgary, Edmonton
West of the Mississippi, supplied by manufacturers at Modesto, Cal.

Wood-working manufacturers! Important

We are specialists in scientific treatment of wood, and compound preparations for special purposes. Let us help you solve your unusual wood problems. "Woodtite," for application before your products leave the factory, prevents all swelling, shrinking, warping and cracking. Once "Woodtite" has been used, "Spoktite" is never needed.

TIME SAVING COUPON

Woodtite Laboratories, Modesto, California

Gentlemen:—Please send me, charges prepaid_____ (state how many) cans Spoktite, at $1.50 per can ($2.00 in Canada). My dealer has none in stock. Enclosed find remittance for _____

My name_____

Full Address _____

Dealer's name _____

THE WOODTITE LABORATORIES

Formerly "Liquid Wheel Tightener Co."

Modesto, California

(Continued from Page 54)

the workings of his own section of the war machine.

These cards indicate the conscript's special qualifications, if he has any. They indicate which of the 300 army trades he best is fitted for. Some of these trades rank high toward professions. For instance only last week the P.M.G. was called upon for 25 expert statisticians or certified public accountants with engineering experience, who must be college graduates, with at least two years' mercantile experience in addition, white men, not only American born but of native parentage. Moreover they must be limited-service men; trench fighters were neither needed nor wanted. These qualifications were all not merely important but absolutely essential. They were difficult qualifications. Yet the Provost Marshal General inside of 48 hours produced the 25 men, each one of whom complied with every detail of the specifications.

Under a volunteer system of enlistment such an achievement of the human ledger would have been absolutely impossible. It would have been impossible both to ask and to receive not dozens but hundreds of native white American telephone operators qualified in German speech; whole companies of negro lithographers, zincographers and topographical draftsmen for the engineering units of the colored regiments bound overseas. It would have been out of the question to call for 30,239 specialists in a certain line of military science; 42,500 to receive further technical instruction upon the groundwork of the basic study that they already had made. This is system—system directed into practical channels. But the groundwork of this system as applied to the Army has been in scientific conscription. Upon no other ground could it have stood—even for a moment.

Not that there have not been mistakes even after the system was adopted. A squad of scientific experts sent to a Southern cantonment were through a misunderstanding placed in service as cooks. But a quick appeal from one of the men to the Provost Marshal General brought an instant correction of the situation. Mistakes will happen even in the best-regulated families. The War Department does not consider that it is infallible. But it does insist that it is a well-regulated family. And because the Provost Marshal General's office is one of its best-regulated branches it seeks to correct any errors, which are bound to rise from time to time, with the least possible friction and delay.

Elusive Jaw-Breakers

So much for the workings of the big human machine of the great ledger. Now for a moment take a look into its future. I have shown you already the organization into five classes of the eight and one-half million men remaining on December fifteenth out of the preceding nine million and one-half registered on the fifth day of the preceding June; how Class One—the immediate fighting class—then contained 2,428,729 men, qualified and ready for immediate military service. From that total there come still further deductions, the first and most glaring of them the 334,634 delinquents. It must not be assumed, however, that all of these men are unwilling and are trying to dodge actual service. A large part of the reported "delinquencies" are due to the fact that the men of the floating population of our large cities are extremely careless in leaving a forwarding address, as well as to the fact that we have gained in recent years a tremendous number of citizens, many of them of Slavic origin, the spelling of whose names is almost totally beyond the abilities of the Post-Office Department. It is possible that before we are done we may have to secure some sort of national regulation in order to keep our nomenclature fairly understandable. These delinquents are constantly being checked and will no doubt be accounted for within a very short time. To this delinquency exemption are added others: 36,770 men who are excused, temporarily at least, for work in shipyards; 50,268 physically defective but capable of full cure under operation; 166,647 whose classification is not definitely decided as yet; and 215,539 limited-service men. The total of these exemptions reaches 803,858. Subtracted from the entire registration of Class One at the beginning of the year it left 1,624,871 actual and immediate fighting men.

Proportions and Percentages

From this total—Uncle Sam's available cash balance upon his great ledger—have come the men in answer to the calls through the first half of the present year. The calls upon it during the first seven months of 1918—as I write, the July calls are estimated, but estimated with a great deal of accuracy—will come to about 1,347,512 men; which greatly depletes the balance, and leaves on August first but 277,359 men—about 100,000 of them negroes—in the cash box. To this low figure may be added some 400,000 men to be obtained after sifting out the registration on June fifth of the present year of the men who had attained their majority during the past twelvemonth, as well as some 200,000 more to be secured in a more careful rectification of present classifications—making a final total of 877,359 men available from Class One during the remainder of the present year.

A word as to the rectification of the classifications: General Crowder was astonished—to put it rather mildly—when the local boards had finished their classification work, to find that Class Five, which was supposed to be composed chiefly of men absolutely unfit physically for service of any sort, had enrolled nearly 2,000,000 men. It looked as if it hid much material for higher classes—particularly, if you please, for Class One itself. And steady intensive work has revealed that very thing.

As a matter of fact the Provost Marshal General now knows that figured upon a national average Class One should attain 28.7 per cent of the entire registration. The percentage varies widely, however, in different states. For instance, in Wyoming it reached its highest figure—54 per cent—which speaks well for the virility of the manhood of that young-blooded commonwealth. South Dakota is next, with 41 per cent; and close upon its heels Florida and Louisiana, each with 39 per cent. Arizona is the lowest state in Class One rating, with but 18 per cent. And when one wonders about the virility of that great highland of the open he finds that the low percentage really is due to the fact that she had already contributed most generously of her rather slender all to the original draft requisitions.

It all is a matter of ledger account. You have on the one hand certain demands for man power—a great and critical war to be

Please write your name here —then read

Dear Mr. _____

About twice a month, I find in my hotel mail a letter from Mr. Mennen telling me to write another advertisement for Mennen's Shaving Cream.

I call for stationery and ice-water, take off my coat and settle down to work.

Then I get stage fright.

The idea of addressing two million men always scares me. I think of the doctors, lawyers, professors and college men who will read my stuff, and it makes me nervous.

So I have adopted this plan: I just pick out some average chap I know and write my message at him. Your name up at the top of this advertisement gives me confidence, for let me meet almost any man living face to face and I can convince him that he ought to use Mennen's Shaving Cream for the good of his face and temper.

It isn't so much that I know what is in the cream which gives it an almost magic power to soften the toughest beard without rubbing in with fingers—my real faith in Mennen's Shaving Cream rests on the fact that

A million men have tried it and keep on using it

I carry a few of my Demonstrator Tubes in my pocket and when I get hold of a skeptic among my traveling salesmen friends, I hand him a tube and tell him to try it. Next time I see him in a Pullman dressing-room he invariably pulls a full size Mennen tube out of his grip. I suppose he charges it up to entertainment on the expense account.

That's why I am so anxious to have you send me 12 cents for a generous Demonstrator Tube, even though we lose money on it.

When you've *brushed* half an inch of the cream into a creamy lather for three minutes, using three times the usual amount of water—hot or cold, hard or soft—I feel certain that the perfect shave you will enjoy and the fine feeling of your face afterward will make you a loyal Mennen user.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories:
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Jim Henry, House of Mennen,
42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim:
I have a friend who says you are on the level about Mennen's Shaving Cream. Here's 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube.
Name _____
Address _____

FLavo FLour

America's Community Flour

Serving the Nation

FLavo FLour mills (more than 1300 in number), throughout this country, are relieving the railroads of an unnecessary burden of no less than twenty-four trains of thirty-one cars each, daily, by the community milling of home-grown wheat. These mills eliminate needless shipping of wheat to far away mills and the return haulage of flour to the people who grew the grain.

Hundreds of other small local mills, where FLavo FLour is not yet made, are performing a similar national service.

Serving the Community

You, too, can contribute to the war on waste and, at the same time, serve your local community. When you *do* use wheat products, use flour and feed made from wheat grown at home, milled at home and sold at home to home people.

Thus you will help reduce a traffic congestion that hinders the winning of the war. You will comply with the Food Administration's request that you buy home produced goods.

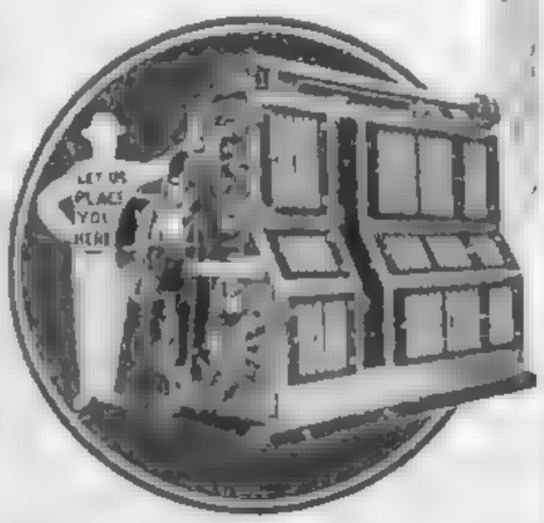
Serving Yourself

The needs of the war require that you use wheat substitutes wherever possible. But in using the necessary wheat flour, be sure you use FLavo FLour.

Made by a new process of milling, it retains the essential oils containing the rich, nut-like flavor of the wheat berry. "FLavo" is more nutritious than other flours. Used with substitutes, its flavor predominates and will please you.

If FLavo FLour cannot be obtained in your community, then ask for the *best* local brand—

"Help Win the War"



The New Milling Process

It is the wonderful American (Midget) Marvel, the self-contained single unit, roller flour mill that is bringing the milling industry back to the communities in which the wheat is grown. It requires no previous milling experience to successfully operate. It will produce more pure white, nutritious flour per bushel of clean wheat than any other process of milling. Guaranteed yield better than the Government's requirements, and sold on 30 days' free trial.

The American (Midget) Marvel Mill requires one-half less power and labor than any other process producing its equivalent in flour and yield.

If FLavo FLour is not yet made in your community, it would be both patriotic and profitable for you to look into this opportunity. This splendid and dignified business, in many communities, awaits the right man. Write for full information.

The Anglo-American Mill Company

150 Trust Building **Owensboro, Kentucky**

won by men, even before food and before ships, intensely valuable as are both of these—and on the other hand the men themselves; aligned, classified, arranged. You can create ships, you can create food, you can create airplanes and motor trucks and guns and powder. But you cannot create men; you can draw only upon the available supply. And in this great crisis the supply must be made available to the supreme demand. That is all there is to it.

And meanwhile there is another debit side to the great ledger, which may reasonably be expected to increase greatly rather than decrease. I am referring to the man loss through death or disease—not merely among the men overseas but even among those over here who are awaiting their turn and call. The loss here is a simple matter, a thing of the tables of life-insurance actuaries. And as for over there, we have so far been most fortunate. Figures compiled a short time ago in the Provost Marshal General's office showed the total casualty toll in France up to that time—men killed in action, dead of disease, wounded and missing—as but 7077. Calculated in terms of percentages we had used but sixty-four thousandths of one per cent of our available man power during a little more than a year of war. In other words one man out of every 1562 available had rendered service in full to his country. As this is being written this casualty total is approaching the 9000 mark, but the ratio is still low; thank God for that.

Our man power is still a vast reservoir, so vast that even we Americans ourselves can hardly appreciate its huge extent. It increases at the rate of a million young men a year, of whom nearly one-half are immediately available for full fighting service. And yet this stupendous statement of our human resources should not lull any American into a comfortable indifference. It is far better that we should remember that in the fourth year of the greatest war known in history the Imperial German Government, with little real help from its allies and with practically the entire world against it, is still on the offensive; still winning offensive battles upon foreign soil.

And with such a statement true how can any American rest upon an easy-going self-assurance that even the huge Army, close to three million men, that Secretary Baker has promised by the beginning of another year will be the ultimate and final effort of our military strength?

The great ledger is not closed—nor will it be closed so long as the enemy rests upon a single foot of French or Belgian or Italian soil. We know now. We are fully awake to the seriousness of the situation. We know that we have men and money and materials; that we must and shall give and give generously of all of these; that we shall continue to give until a military decision has been reached: a military decision of whose certainty and triumph there shall be no doubt in any real American heart.

OLD DOG TRAY

(Continued from Page 11)

brightened the dull eyes and seemed to smooth the gray stubble about the dull-red flesh of the lips.

"Big John Brannon," he mumbled.

"The same; and I been looking for you for two weeks."

The other smiled weakly.

"I—I been away—here."

"Sure!" said Big John. "I heard about it." He held up two meaning fingers at the figure behind the bar. While the man obeyed they sat in silence, eying each other. When both glasses were empty: "I heard about it."

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Tray—for it was he—and eyed his empty glass.

Catching the glance, the big man smiled.

"Let's wait a minute," he suggested; "an' then, after we talk ——"

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Tray lifelessly.

"I heard about it, as I said; an' I knew you, Jimmy. Besides, this is a free country. I needed an' do need a good ready-to-wear buyer for my chain of stores. Now naturally they wanted me to go out an' grab off one of these smart Alecks; but I'm old-fashioned, Jimmy, with a lot of old-fashioned ideas—an' I wanted a man like me. See? You know cloaks an' suits; you sold them for twenty years. They can't fool you about all wool in these days when every loom is so dam' clever it's a crime."

"But," said Mr. Tray, and his eyes said plainly that the fire had been as black as ashes for weeks, "I'm down an' out; I'm a booze fighter—a has-been—turned down by every cloak-and-suit house in the city."

"Hell!" said John Brannon vigorously. "That's just the reason I came after you. I wanted to show some of these smart stiffs I've been buying of for years that they couldn't turn round and leave an' old friend of mine—a friend from the old days—out after twenty years' faithful service an' get away with it! . . . So I came."

The light leaped up.

"You're sure," questioned Mr. Tray—"sure that you want me?"

"Ten thousand dollars' worth a year!"

For a moment Mr. Tray pecked nervously at his shabby, wrinkled sleeve as the other watched. When he looked up, even through the stubble and wrinkles, the old Tray assurance looked out—and found the looking good. He held out his hand.

"I always said," he exclaimed, "they couldn't put a good man down, an' that some day a good old-fashioned house would come along which knew from past experience that a little drink now an' then never hurt anybody."

"Sure!" agreed Big John, and motioned once again across the room.

Heartened by the drink Mr. Tray continued to dilate on the absorbing topic of the dirty old scoundrel and his equally sordid deed. So absorbed and heartened was he that he failed to notice the big hand, with a half-filled glass hid behind the red palm, move quietly to the edge of the table and tip cautiously, to join another damp spot below.

"We'll do it!" he asserted, quite confident now. "None of them could ever say that I didn't know the business; the only thing they could scrape up in all those years was the fact that I liked a little drink now an' then."

"Sure!" soothed the other.

"By the way," continued Mr. Tray, "I haven't seen you in full ten years now—traveling East as I was. Where are you runnin' the most of your stores?"

"Out West," said Big John, and a twinkle crept into his eye. "Out in Kansas mostly."

■

THINGS bred of life move in cycles, and it has been written that every dog has his day. And so it is that the cycle of Old Dog Tray—he of the occasional drink—is completed back in the Madison Avenue loft, in the very same office in which it began two years before. But this time, instead of a dignifiedly hurt Mr. Tray, the chair across the table from Old Adam Listner is occupied by Gorman, the senior

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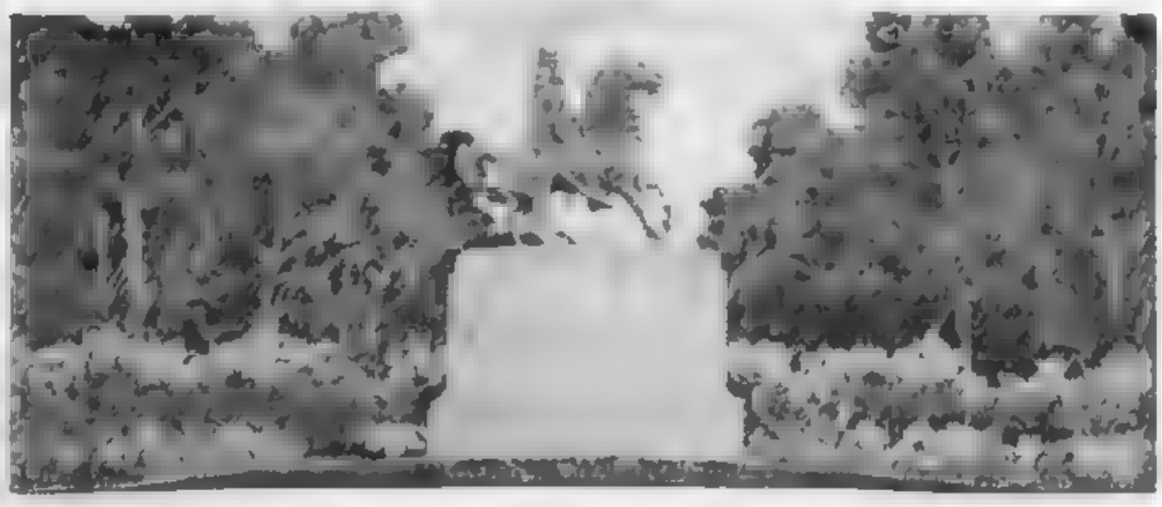


Solving America's Trucking Problem

WITH war demands making high speed a basic necessity, the truck problem of the country becomes a tire problem. For trucks can be speeded up only when tires make it safe and economical.

Firestone Giant Truck Tires, Pneumatic and Solid, have been particularly successful in providing extra speed. They make it possible to

Speed Up, Yet Lengthen the Life of Your Trucks

The broad, grooved tread of live, resilient rubber in the Firestone Giant Solid Tire has long proved that extra speed can be obtained safely. A deeper, thicker, more active tread protects motor, bearings, gears. Your truck survives high speed on pavement or highway. It keeps on the road and out of the repair shop.

The Firestone Giant Pneumatic Truck Tire is built for extremely fast trucking. Its extra protection to the truck means economy, and the mileage rendered is satisfying the most exacting operators.

Do not choose your truck tires carelessly. Let the Firestone man add his counsel and advice. He has in the Firestone line every type of truck tire and can recommend without prejudice the one best suited to your needs.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Firestone
GIANT TRUCK TIRES

U.S. Super-Dreadnaught
· NEW YORK ·
at full speed

OUR new warships—dreadnaughts, cruisers, destroyers, and eaglets—are fitted with ART METAL steel furniture—and in more than 125,000 offices, banks and public buildings, you will find this same ART METAL—the product of the world's largest makers of steel furniture. Investigate at your dealer's or write for booklet.

ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
JAMESTOWN · NEW YORK
Originators of Steel Equipment · Founded 1887

Art Metal

Steel Office Furniture, Safes and Files

(Concluded from Page 58)

member of the firm. Once more the time is June and the day is sunny.

"Well," said the senior member of the firm, and his voice was not pleasant, "it looks like we stand to lose the biggest single order of the year."

"Why?" questioned Old Adam.

"You."

"Me?"

"You fired Old Tray, didn't you? You practically kicked him out, after fifteen years with the house, didn't you?" The senior member's voice grew more accusing: "You told him he was a down-an'-out boozer, didn't you? Naturally he isn't going to let Gorman, Cohn & Listner sign up the Syndicate Stores this year."

Old Adam disregarded the last.

"You agreed to let him go, didn't you?" he questioned.

"Yes," enjoined his partner with the triumphant air of one presenting the clinching answer; "but you did it, didn't you?"

"Sure!" said Old Adam, and stopped suddenly. A moment later a cunning smile crept up his aged face and he snickered aloud: "An' I'll get him to buy all the coats and suits for the Syndicate Stores from us too."

"How?" demanded the other, frankly skeptical.

Old Adam continued to snicker joyously and rub his thin blue fingers until they crackled in alarming fashion.

"By doing just what I discharged him for doing," he pattered—"just exactly! He, he!"

"What?"

"Selling—he, he!—selling a customer across the hotel bar."

"Booze?"

"Exactly!"

"But can you?"

Old Adam continued to snicker.

"Can I?" he inquired. "Can I? Didn't I know Jimmy Tray for fifteen years? Didn't I? Didn't I keep in close touch with him all that time? Oughtn't I to know him? Well, I do—inside out. Jimmy is a confirmed tippler of the old school. Take the customer out and, after buying him all the drinks in town and all the food he can carry, fill his pockets with cigars and put a pen in his hand. Get the point?

"Now that he's a buyer he'll expect it. And that's where we shine. All the rest of the houses will go after him by talking values and deliveries. See? But not us. We won't disappoint him. We'll give him a good old-fashioned time. I'll do it myself. And just as sure as you're a foot high to a grasshopper we'll get the order. But we'll have to wait until the other houses have tried to sell him."

"Why?"

"So he'll be disappointed with them and their methods. 'No buyer buys without a party,' was Jimmy's idea; and when he gets thirsty and all they offer him is five off at ninety days, then—and not till then—will he be our meat."

"It looks good," began Gorman; "but are you sure that ——"

"'You can't teach an old dog new tricks,'" quoted Old Adam, and grinned.

■

HE WAS the James Herbert Tray of old as he passed through the swinging doors under the gentle propulsion of Old Adam; and seemingly the reversion to type had included a generous portion of forgiveness, for Mr. Tray was smiling pleasantly as the doors closed after him.

A white-coated attendant stepped automatically toward the upper end of the bar, occupied by the newcomers. Automatically he wiped the glistening mahogany and, still automatically, said:

"What'll it be, gents?" And then came recognition: "Why, if it ain't Mr. Tray!"

"Hello, Harry!" said Mr. Tray. "Still at the old job?"

"Gosh!" said the Harry person. "But I always said you would do it."

Mr. Tray waved a deprecating hand.

"Here's a gentleman you heard me speak about," he said—"Mr. Listner, of Gorman, Cohn & Listner."

The Harry person grinned wonderingly and said "Gladameetcha!"

Old Adam nodded and tried to do it in the carefree, jovial way of the movie man about town.

"How—how about a little drink?" he invited.

Mr. Tray nodded instant acceptance.

"You see, Harry," he said, "here's Mr. Listner, nearly eighty years old" Old Adam winced at the number—"who is willing to testify that a little drink never hurt anybody. Ain't you, Mr. Listner?"

Old Adam nodded vigorously.

"Let's—let's go!" He waved the command toward the Harry person, who stood, cocktail shaker in hand, face agrin.

"Yes, sir."

"We've got a thirst—aren't we, Tray?"

"You said it," agreed Mr. Tray jovially.

"Shoot!" said the Harry person, and filled the frosted glasses to the brim.

"Here's looking at you!" toasted Old Adam.

"Happy days!" said Mr. Tray, and with his free hand he quickly brushed away some insect that approached the older man.

But the bulging eyes of the Harry person followed Mr. Tray's hand—the other one, which held the glass.

"Let's have another, boy!" ordered Old Adam, and smiled with kindly hospitality.

"Make it two," said Mr. Tray amiably.

"Sure!" said Old Adam.

And this time a knowing smile illuminated the Harry person as he watched the drinks disappear.

An hour later our story ends—where most ready-to-wear stories must and do end—in a restaurant. A little old man was wagging his head wisely over a very tall drink and smiling cunningly.

"Knew we c'd get together," he murmured; "coupla good ol'-fash'ned men, with good ol'-fash'ned idees. Knew you'd rather buy from us—even if there was a little—little trouble."

"Shuresh thing you know!" the large pink man agreed thickly.

"F'rgiven an' f'rgotten?" said the little man.

"S-sure!"

"Then," said the little man, striving suddenly, without success, to shake the thickness from his tongue, "how 'bout little order—jus' to show y'r heart's in right place?"

It seemed to be a signal of some sort for the pleasantly pink man, who laughed loudly and clearly.

"Not for a single suit!" he said, and the thickness seemed to have gone with the laugh.

Maudlin surprise, mingled with injured innocence, characterized the little man.

"Why?" he demanded, and wagged his head in birdlike inquiry.

"Booze," said the pleasant-faced man; "booze an' overhead!"

"'Sall right," said the little man; "it's good ol'-fash'ned way."

"Sure—but it's out of date. Don't you remember you said it yourself an' kicked me out—after fifteen years?

"'If you can't sell merchandise on its merits, either the merchandise or the man is wrong.'"

Suddenly, then, it came to the little maudlin man that something was wrong—radically wrong; that the man who had been drinking so cheerfully beside him all the evening was sober—coldly sober; while he—well, he was ——

"Where's all you've been drinkin'?" he demanded.

"On the floor."

But this was too much for the little man to believe—that Tray—Old Dog Tray—would throw liquor on the floor; that the entire plan was all off; that —— It was all too improbable to be believed. An incredulous sneer crept over his face, blotting out the hurt amazement.

"Y' mean to say," he said slowly, "that you've been handlin' all this liquor all evenin' an' you aren't even—a littl' thirsty?"

"Ain't I?" Mr. James Herbert Tray's face lit up like that of a man who after thirty days and thirty nights upon a lonely desert suddenly sights a group of merry men about a shaded water hole. "Am I?" he shouted, like a boy out of school. "Am I? Watch me—after going all evening without a single drop!"

A ray of hope—a tiny straw of conviction that an old dog cannot be taught new tricks! Eagerly the little man clutched it.

"'Sall right!" he smiled. "Let's start in right now; let's have littl' snifter an' f'rget it all. Let's go!"

"Surest thing you know," agreed Mr. Tray; "something with a little kick in it—eh?"

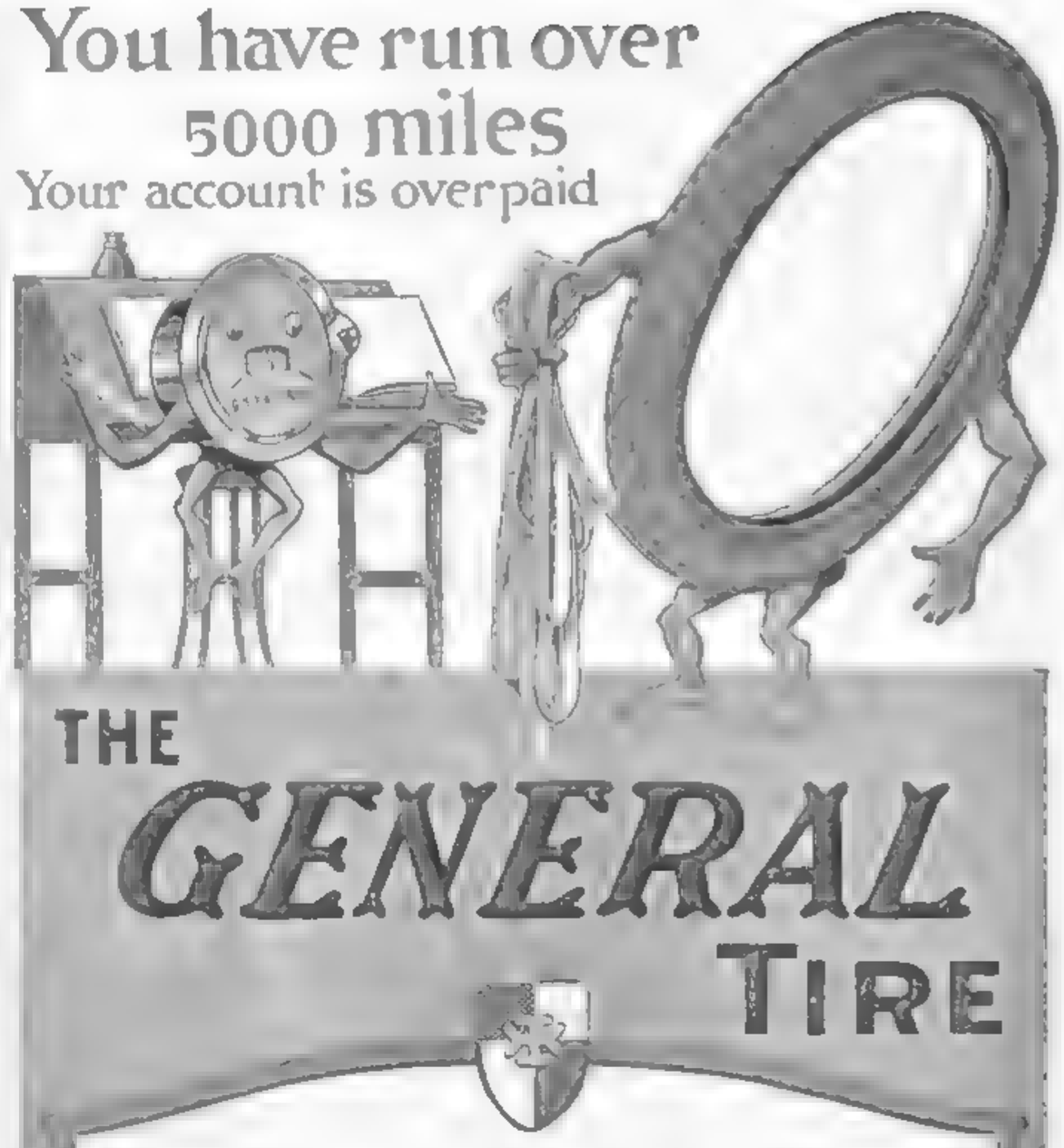
The little man shook his head violently.

"That's it!" he agreed.

"No plain water for me, then!" shouted Mr. Tray. "Boy! Boy! Put a kick in mine—make it Vichy!"

You have run over 5000 miles

Your account is overpaid



THE GENERAL TIRE

—that's the message that your General Tire will get every time from that expert accountant of mileage, your speedometer—more miles delivered than guaranteed by the maker or paid for by you.

You will find that when mileage guaranteed has been paid for in full by mileage delivered your General Tire will go right along overpaying its account 'til there's a fat balance of miles to its credit in your good books.

You buy your General Tire at a lower price per guaranteed mile. Take note of that, because cost-per-mile is the basis on which to reckon tire cost. *Then*, because the tire delivers more miles than guaranteed, you still further cut down tire cost—to the irreducible minimum. That's why, though *not* the cheapest tire in first price, The General is the most economical tire in actual cost for service rendered.

Get the economy and comfort qualities that account for the country-wide popularity of General Tires, and coast easy, go easy on gasoline and—rest easy as you ride.

Built in Akron by

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Dept. E, Akron, Ohio

"America's largest manufacturers of tire accessories distributed through the jobbing trade"

Three Types of General Tires

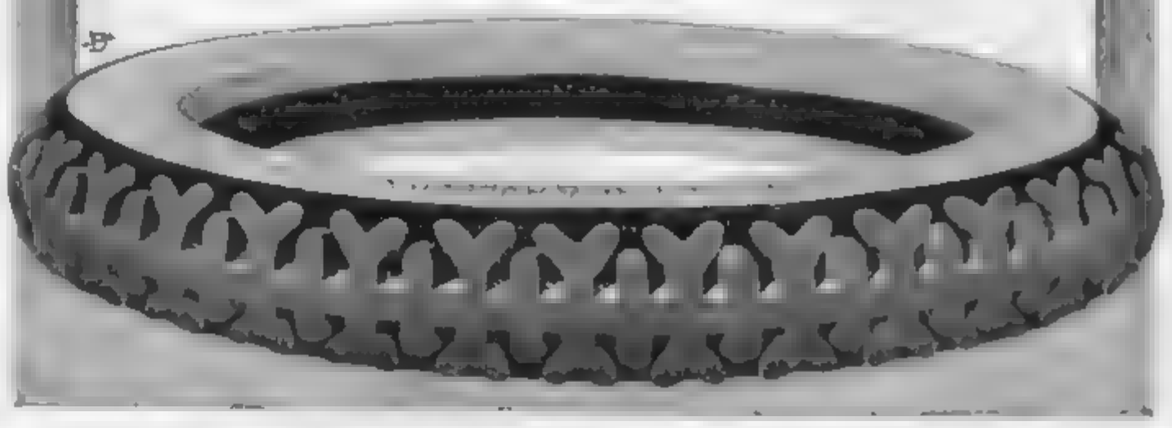
—each built to beat serve in its particular field.

The General Fabric Tire—guaranteed for 5,000 miles—always overpays in mileage.

The General Giant Cord Tire—the last word in tire economy—a car, gas and money saver—the tire that gives double the wear.

The General Jumbo Over-size Tire—for Fords and other light pleasure cars with 30x3½ rims. Guaranteed for 5,000 miles—serves for many more miles—costs only $3.00 more than regular 30x3½ tires.

Every 25 cent Thrift Stamp helps save a soldier's life



Put Our Beautiful Top On Your Open Car

And Make It a Fine Closed Model

STORMY weather is the very time you need your car the most, and if you equip it with a fine coach-built Anchor Top—Coupé or Sedan—you can make your old car as luxurious, snug and charming as a costly new closed motor coach.

Our low prices make it folly to have a car that you have to lay up half the time else endure the discomforts of rain, snow and cold. With an Anchor Top you and your family can weather any condition protected and comfortable during the seven cold and rainy months. And at the same time have an added feature which sedans can not offer, because an Anchor Top can be lifted off in the summer time and the regular touring top installed.

The experienced men who build Anchor Tops received their training in producing fine coach work. The charming lines of Anchor Tops reveal rare talent.

Anchor Tops are glass enclosed, interior beautifully lined with attractive whip-cord—nothing more serviceable. Handsome dome light adds real elegance.

Our way of building Anchor Tops prevents squeaking, rattling and overbanging. They fit on regular body irons perfectly. Easily installed without expert training

If you own a Buick, Oldsmobile, Overland, Dodge, Oakland or Ford, write us at once for photo designs and prices, and give your model number Don't sacrifice your used car in a sale or "trade in" deal Have it equipped with an Anchor Top and it will give more real service, comfort and style *than even when new.*

Only by writing for details at once can you be sure of getting our top when wanted.

THE ANCHOR TOP & BODY COMPANY
634A South Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
Fine Coach Builders For 30 Years

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé
Glass-Enclosed (24)

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

"Will you tell Florence to scramble me about nine dollars' worth of eggs and send me up the morning papers?"

Jass held out three neatly squared dailies which he had been holding under his arm.

"I took the liberty of bringing your papers, sir."

The way he said it conveyed the impression that Buddy and his ancestors had been reading these particular three dailies ever since the Norman conquest.

"Will you 'ave 'ot milk with your coffee, sir?"

"Not unless the law demands it."

"I'm sure not that, sir."

Jascomb was easing the doorknob according to the best technic when Buddy halted him with a word.

"Jass!"

"Yes, sir."

"I think this darned town's getting me. Are there dark circles under my eyes and hard lines at the corners of my mouth?"

"I wouldn't say that, sir," Jass reassured him, giving a deferential inspection. "After your tub I'm sure you'll look quite fit."

"Fit for what?"

"Just fit, sir, properly speaking."

Jass gave another turn to the knob.

"Say, Jass."

"Yes, sir."

"Is the hair beginning to grow on the back of my neck?"

While Buddy lowered his touseled head the valet rubbed a diagnostic finger along the cervical vertebræ.

"I think there's quite a tendency, sir."

"You see, I've been shaving that neck now for about thirty-four years. If I'd let it grow I suppose it would sprout whiskers down to my knee joints."

"I have no doubt, sir. To-morrow, when you have your hair trimmed again ——"

"Do you mean to say that I've got to have the darned thing cut twice a week?"

"That is the rule, sir."

"Ghost of Great Henry!"

"Yes, sir."

Jascomb vanished as if to avoid Great Henry's spectral appearance.

Buddy picked up the most conservative of the three dailies. Local, national and international news swam before his eyes, which were a trifle hot and blinky that morning. The water in the bathtub began to gurgle menacingly, so Buddy got up, turned it off and got back into bed. He was just comparing the page disparagingly with the Axe Creek Republican's intimate and chatty way of saying things about folks when an item, six inches in length and appropriately headlined, rose, so to speak, and smote him in the eye:

"Mrs. Patrick Dyvenot Loses Celebrated Pearls."

Buddy held the paper nearer to his nose and took it all in dazedly, the type pranking before his astounded blinks:

"Famous Necklace Disappears Outside Metropolitan Opera House."

The whole item was worded in the Morning Harpsichord's manner of not making much ado about anything. But the fact that it was on the front page was enough. Mrs. Dyvenot had been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fairmont Garland at the opera. . . . After the second act the party had left the theater and was proceeding in Mr. Garland's car toward a supper party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mark Harbinger. . . . Mrs. Dyvenot had suddenly discovered the loss of her pearls. . . . They had certainly been at her throat when she left the opera house. . . . Possibly they had fallen when she entered the car. She accused nobody. The clasp had been weak and the necklace might have been picked off the sidewalk by some Broadway pedestrian. She had notified the police and was offering a large reward.

Nervously Buddy abandoned the repressed journalism of the Harpsichord for the more fervid art of the Morning Trombone. Despite the haste with which the news must have been inserted the front page of the Trombone was emblazoned with illustrations. There was a full-length picture of Mrs. Dyvenot—obviously lifted from the society column of yesterday; also a picture of Prince Carlo Kulik with his chow dog; also one of Terry Overbeek in his hunting costume.

"Ill-Fated Overbeek Gems Stolen From Neck of Mrs. Pat Dyvenot, Queen of Four Hundred. Is Scandal in High Life Hinted or Was Treasure Purloined by Society Thief?"

was the Trombone's characteristic bray. Followed a literary triumph—signed by the Trombone's hired Byron—beginning:

"Verdi's magic strains of passion, love and death, heart-throbbing through every floriation of Egypt's weird artistry, brought to Mrs. Pat Dyvenot—more mysterious than Isis and more lovely—no hint of impending calamity. Seated in Montie Garland's royal box, a genuine prince of the blood worshiping at her side, her hand strayed with loving grace up to that rope of pearls which—who knows?—may have cost her many a secret tear for the great society romance now gone forever.

"The wonderful pearls were at her throat.

"Less than a half hour later they were gone."

Buddy leaped out of bed, tore away his new silk pyjamas, and took a reckless plunge into the tubful of freezing water. He detested cold baths, but this morning his head was ringing with a plan as ingeniously foolhardy as any he had adopted in working out the Supercyanide Process.

For in Buddy MacNair there lay the strength of ignorance; the power of Columbus, who didn't know the world was perfectly flat, as any schoolman could have told him, and was just fool enough to mortgage his farm, buy a ship and sail into seas which, as was scientifically proved, were swarming with dragons and evil spirits. Columbus was one of your idiots who want to find out for themselves. He didn't find what he was looking for, but undoubtedly he did discover something substantial.

Of such a kidney was Buddy McNair.

As soon as he had eaten his breakfast and gotten into his freshly pressed suit he clamored for a flower in his buttonhole.

"Jass," said Buddy when the valet was in an intimate pose, pinning a flower to his lapel, "what's considered the champion jewelry store of New York?"

"Twillaway's, sir," responded Jass without the least hesitation.

"The best there is?"

"There are better in Paris or London, sir. But it was found most excellent by Lord Sorenham while visiting the States."

"Which states?" asked Buddy absentmindedly.

"Any number of them, sir, I make no doubt."

"Neither do I," said the man from Axe Creek as he flourished his Malacca stick and departed on his most peculiar errand.

Twillaway's marble portico was but a short walk up the Avenue, and the man with the bright idea had scarcely permitted the doorman to swing the plate glass to his pleasure when he enjoyed a feeling that Jascomb's art in his behalf had not been in vain. For a worldly gentleman with drooping white mustachios came forward from out the vista of flashing show cases, indicated by his manner that Buddy must be somebody, and deferentially inquired into his needs. Buddy hesitated over the question of shaking hands, and at last deciding against it took the old lord into his confidence.

"Have you got any pearl necklaces for sale?" he asked point-blank.

"If you'll step this way," volunteered the ambassador, twisting his mustachios to an amiable smile, "I've no doubt we can show you something."

Past quarts of Koh-i-noors, Jagersfonteins, Cullinans, sparkling at him from their yards of velvet; past crowns of Charlemagne, diadems of Cleopatra and a half city block of circlets, zones, tiaras, stomachers, sunbursts, cloudbursts and petrified great glaciers, flashing up at him under glass, mocking the wildest dreams of Ali Baba, Aladdin, Solomon and James Buchanan Brady—he came at last upon a region of calm pallor devoted obviously to pearls.

"The gentleman wishes to look at some pearl necklaces," his noble conductor informed a no less noble person behind the counter.

"About what size of pearl would you like to see?" asked the salesman, deferentially regarding Buddy's new gardenia.

"Do you sell 'em by the pearl or by the rope?" was the customer's natural question.

(Continued on Page 65)

AJAX
SHOULDERS of STRENGTH

Today's conditions demand you use your car. Use it in business—for short trips; for long ones. Carry home your purchases. Let your car be your means of transportation to the fullest possible extent.

Greatest Strength Where Road Strain Comes

Study of tires and tire records reveals the greater utility built into Ajax tires. See for yourself the special feature which gives Ajax tires a reinforcement where strain is most severe.

This exclusive feature known as Ajax Shoulders of Strength, is the biggest of all reasons why Ajax tires can be counted on to outwear other makes. These Shoulders of Strength are the biggest reason, too, why new thousands of automobile users are constantly being won to Ajax tires.

Shoulders of Strength are a distinct mileage adding feature which no tires but Ajax have. They reinforce the tread. They effectually brace the entire wearing surface. They distribute road wear evenly over the tread, thus preventing friction from centering and wearing quickly through to the carcass. Shoulders of Strength give Ajax tires more rubber where it should be. They put *more tread on the road*.

AJAX ROAD KING

Owners refer to the Road King as a monarch in quality—a democrat in service. Mark the massiveness of the Road King tread. See those triangle barbs. They give perfect traction on any road.

The wearing quality of the Road King is typical of the better value which has made Ajax tires 97% Owners' Choice. This large percentage of the annual Ajax output is chosen by individual car owners to replace other tires that came on their cars.

Ajax Inner Tubes are marked by the same in-built quality that makes Ajax tires superior. The *combination*—Ajax Tires *and* Ajax Tubes—shows the greatest mileage profit.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed *in Writing* 5000 Miles

Your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes, and *real* service. Write for the free booklet—"Ajax Shoulders of Strength."

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.

Factories: Trenton, N. J. **New York** **Branches in Leading Cities**

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX TIRES

MORE RUBBER WHERE IT SHOULD BE

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO. DAYTON, OHIO
DELCO STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

Quality Automobiles, An Investment

TWO years ago automobile dealers faced what seemed likely to become a serious affair—that of disposing of Used Cars, taken in exchange on sales of new cars.

Manufacturers, also, were concerned. Some felt we even were approaching the "saturation point."

Today, used cars of high quality are eagerly welcomed by automobile dealers. The used car has become as necessary to the conduct of the automobile business as the new car—provided that the car is of high quality backed by reliable manufacture.

There are some 1916 models which—after two years of service—are selling for higher prices today than they sold for originally. These cars are Delco equipped.

A careful study of the re-sale value of cars, and the increase in re-sale values during the past year, shows that those carrying Delco electrical equipment are selling for higher prices than many others.

We do not claim that the increased re-sale value is due to the fact that these cars have Delco equipment. But we do know that the manufacturer who is willing to spend the increased amount of money necessary for Delco equipment has also been willing to put into his cars a quality of workmanship and materials that makes for a good, durable performance.

THE plain facts reiterate that the first cost is not the most important thing, and that "Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten."

The man who buys a Delco-equipped car is not spending money, but making an investment—and the *interest* on his investment is represented by the increased re-sale value of his car.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Manufacturers of
Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Delco

Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

For the Complexion

After the dance, the golf or tennis game, the spin in the car, or whenever Old Sol reminds you to powder your face, be sure you use a good face powder of recognized quality.

Such a powder is Swan Down, the choice of millions of women ever since it was introduced more than half a century ago.

Swan Down stays on until you want it off. Transparent, soft, harmless and cooling.

White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette.

At all drug and department stores. It is inexpensive.

Trial Package Free on Request

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Established 1840
Dept. F. Philadelphia, Pa.

The White Box With The Red Seal

Cash!

IF you want some extra cash this summer—and most of us do—let us help you get it.

WE want you to act for us in your neighborhood during the next few months, helping us with our usually heavy rush of subscription business.

GIVE us a few minutes each day, and you can easily earn $5 a week—perhaps much more.

YOU can get full information by writing a line today, addressing: The Curtis Publishing Company, 424 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 62)

"We usually make them up according to your selection," smiled the salesman impassively. He was quite bald, and Buddy, considering a large mole near the crown of his head, thought that would be about the size, but diplomatically refrained from saying so. Buddy stood contemplating the display in the case, seeking in vain to find anything that approximated the lost Overbeek treasure.

"Here's a nice little thing," suggested the salesman, lifting a gray-velvet cushion by its corners and showing the string of modest beads coiled across its surface. "Beautifully matched five-grain white pearls. Very pretty for a young girl."

"What's the price?" asked Buddy as a feeler.

"Eleven thousand five hundred dollars," said he, as though apologizing at the mention of such a trifle.

"The ones I'm looking for are about the size of hard-boiled eggs. Here's the boy I'm after."

He pointed to a solitary pearl that lay unmounted on its own cushion.

"This is one of twenty grains," said the salesman, bringing out the pearl. "A necklace centering in one like this and graduated down to, say, six grains, would be quite beautiful, but very expensive. It's one, in fact, of a wonderful string that we've been taking apart and selling in various settings for one of our customers."

"Could you get together ninety-one more like it and rope 'em together for me?"

"No doubt we could." He looked over sharply at Buddy before adding: "If you wish us to imitate ——"

"—— the Overbeek pearls?"

"I was going to say that."

"Well, that's the very idea. The lady I'm buying these for has got her head set on having a string like Mrs. Dyvenot's; she doesn't care if they hang her, but she's got to have 'em. I thought you could do the job if anybody could."

The salesman fixed his keen eyes on Buddy for full half a minute before he spoke.

"Yes, you've certainly come to the right place," he admitted at last. "The Overbeek necklace was assembled by Twillaway's, you know."

"I'm in a hurry," urged Buddy, quite truthfully this time. "How long do you think it'll take to get them together?"

"Just a moment."

The salesman disappeared into the recesses of the shop and came back presently with a heavy graduated string of cream colored pearls laid over his two hands.

"This is a fragment of a very valuable necklace," he said. "The one in the show case was the center pearl of that same string. We have only thirty-three in all—but you'll admit that as far as they go they are exact replicas of the Overbeeks."

"As alike as the Hogan family!" cried Buddy, delighted so far with his adventure.

"They were made up for a customer who—like the lady you mention—was determined to have a string as similar as possible to Mrs. Dyvenot's. We think we can lay our hands on several others from this set if you care for it."

It was as easy as buying a quart of beans—so the excellent salesman made it appear.

"I leave it to you," were Buddy's fatal words. "I'm not worrying about the price, but I want action and I want the whole thing to look like Mrs. Dyvenot's."

"You will notice the clasp," insinuated the bald-headed one.

It was a shallow-cut white diamond in a daisy-shape filigree, as closely resembling the jewel he had seen at the nape of Mrs. Dyvenot's queenly neck as one Hogan resembled another Hogan.

"Could you have them strung, say, by three o'clock?" asked the eager purchaser.

"I'm afraid that would be hurrying matters a trifle. We'd have to send out among the brokers and importers for such valuable gems as these; and several are missing."

"Well, then?"

"Early to-morrow afternoon at the latest. Let me have your telephone number, Mr. ——"

"McNair. Gilbert Kernochan McNair, Room 1196, Hotel Merlinbilt."

"Thank you, Mr. McNair. We'll notify you—possibly before noon to-morrow."

As easy as that! Anything is possible in Bagdad, if you are a visiting prince. Buddy McNair whistled softly through his teeth and stepped over rainbows on his way back to the hotel. Almost there, he lingered at a shoe shop and bought himself a pair of pearl-gray spats to match his mood. Wearing these through the Merlinbilt's exclusive lobby he took the elevator to the eleventh floor and swam toward his room, uplifted by dreams of conquering New York society, as Jack did the giant, by one keen stroke upon the place where beads are worn by those who cannot afford pearls.

He had no sooner gained the quietude of his white paneled suite than he tuned himself up, as it were, for the second movement in his symphony of benevolent deception. There stood a telephone on the pistachio-green desk by the window and beside it were a half dozen unopened letters, which Buddy quite disregarded in his present exaltation. He snatched out for the vellum-bound telephone book, fearful that his courage would fail before he got the number. Along the D's from Da to Do he dragged his eager finger. Sure enough, there it lay: "Mrs. Patrick Dyvenot."

He shouted the number down to the operator and could have torn away the instrument, so savage was his impatience to have it over with.

"Hello?" came a smooth inquiry at last.

"Is Mrs. Dyvenot at home?" He tried to clear his dry throat.

"This is Mrs. Dyvenot."

So soon? It was horrible. He had expected a world of complications and palaver. Instead, right bang out of nowhere, this was Mrs. Dyvenot.

"Hello?" rang out the sweet, persistent note again, inquiringly this time.

"Mrs. Dyvenot," began Buddy, plunging rapidly through the waters he had brought about himself, "my name's Zikelfritz—J. C. Zikelfritz. I'm in the detective business."

"Yes?" It was like the caress of an icy hand.

"I read about your pearls in the papers this morning and I've gone out on my own hook to hunt them out. I—I think I've got a clew."

"On whose behalf are you working, Mr. Zikelfritz?" came the cool sweet tinkle from the other end.

"There's a gentleman—I'm pledged not to tell his name—he's been interested in the case ——"

"Indeed!"

Buddy had reckoned without her mood. His dream had prepared him for a gush of gratitude or at least a coo of interest at this point.

"And we're working on a clew—and we're pretty sure we can find them for you—and if it's convenient to-morrow ——"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Zikelfritz, that you and your employer will have your trouble for nothing."

"Honestly, we're on the track, Mrs. Dyvenot." Then a guilty suspicion came upon him. "You don't mean to say you've found them already?"

"No, I haven't found them," said Mrs. Dyvenot distinctly. "But I rather think you're troubling yourselves unduly on my behalf."

"But, Mrs. Dyvenot ——"

He was speaking into empty space, for the lady had evidently hung up.

Here indeed was a poor development to his romantic theme. On the impulse of his inspiration he had marched over to the biggest jewelry store in the world and ordered her a quart of pearls the size of hickory nuts, to be told that he was troubling himself unduly!

Buddy was on the point of calling up Twillaway's and countermanding the order, when his eyes again rested upon the pile of letters by the telephone. Chesterfield & Chesterfield must have turned him over to the commercial spies, for there were several letters from various enterprises requesting his distinguished patronage. A firm of fashionable auctioneers requested his presence at an auction of Chinese birdcages; Madame Bobinette besought him in flowery terms to drop in and look over her spring display of boudoir caps; he was most worshipfully offered an opportunity to become a paying life patron of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary for Cats.

At the bottom of the pile was a square envelope of portentous size, but this he neglected for a businesslike envelope bearing the letterhead of the Virginia Gold Reduction Company and addressed in Doc Naylor's familiar scrawl. It was brief:

"*Dear Buddy:* Have received your check, which I am turning over to the Axe Creek Poorhouse in anticipation of your early return. From the tone of your note

How Live Stores Beat the Rising Cost of Goods

Large numbers of storekeepers, restaurant men and film exhibitors have solved the problem of making more money in spite of today's narrow margin of profits, high expense and the shortage of many goods.

And all they did was put in a Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine as you can do for a small deposit. Balance soon paid out of Butter-Kist earnings.

W. G. Hopkins of Indiana increased sales department over 25% all months and also made $6,000 sales at Butter-Kist Pop Corn by actual count. Nor in all retail history does inventive genius appear to have given business men a mechanical aid that brings such profits, new trade and bigger crowds.

Even in towns of 300 and 400 inhabitants the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is earning $2 to $10 a day from 4 square feet of floor space in drug stores, picture theatres, variety stores, groceries, cigar stores, confectioneries, lunch rooms, florist shops, etc.

Requires no extra help, no heavy stock investment, stands anywhere, beautifies surroundings. Motion draws crowds. Coaxing fragrance makes extra sales.

Pop corn contains no wheat or sugar—more popular today than ever. This year a bumper crop is being grown to meet the enormous demand.

The New Addition to Retail Business

We have just issued a book packed with signed sales records and actual photos of machines in use. Any man in business can get this valuable book and full details free by sending us the coupon printed below. No obligation whatever. Take this step toward new prosperity today.

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Send a free copy of your Butter-Kist profit book containing signed sales records, photos and full details.
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MORE MONEY

What would you do with it?

Mr. E. Mahaffey, *Penna.*
$400.00 a month

IF YOU were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$35.00?—what would you do with the difference?

If you could add even $10.00 a week to your present pay, could you spend it—pleasantly, profitably?

Think it over. It will be worth while. For if you want more money, *you can have it!*

What Others Have Done

Miss Stella Williams, *Tenn.*
$100.00 a week

MR. MAHAFFEY likes journalism. Our plan is providing his course. We have offered him more than $900.00 for two months' work this summer. He'll make it too.

MISS WILLIAMS wanted a college education. She has had it. We have paid her $100.00 a week—week after week—for her summer vacations.

MR. HUNTER writes: "An automobile and extra good vacations for mine." We have paid for them, in return for only an hour a day of his spare time.

Mr. George Hunter, *Maine*
$100.00 a month ex[illegible]

What You Can Do Too

Age is no barrier in our work. Whatever your age we will pay you well.

The Curtis publications are in greater demand than ever before. We offer our representatives a regular salary, and every order means a liberal commission in addition!

Orders come quickly, as our prices are still very low, and hundreds of our "veterans" are now engaged in war work, leaving a greater opportunity for *you*.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all details of our offer. No obligation. We *know* you'll like it.

Just Clip the Coupon TODAY

The Curtis Publishing Company, 425 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Please tell me all about your money-making plan. I want *more* money and I have some spare time.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Foil the Car Thief

It's always risky to leave a car and spare tires unguarded. The sensible protection is a POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK. The weather-proofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope can't easily be cut—the sturdy spring lock is unpickable. Some companies reduce theft insurance 10% where AUTOWLOCKS are used. At dealers, $2.25 east of the Rockies.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE, also of Yellow Strand Rope, is strong and reliable. Patented snaffle hooks attach instantly, safely. At dealers, $4.95 east of the Rockies.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is just what you need for your heavy-duty power-wagon. Superstrong—it stands the strain. Write for literature.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., ST. LOUIS · NEW YORK

Manufacturers of celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope

I gather that the mysterious stingorita was a fast enough worker; but you will find the real talent east of Salt Lake City. All well here except Shaggy Keenan, who has sobered up and realized that Colorado is a dry state. Wire when you need me.

"Doc."

This was one of Doc Naylor's wholesome kicks, which reacted on Buddy in the form of heartfelt oaths and made him feel better and more human than he had since his arrival at the Grand Central Station—ages ago, it seemed. So generous was the glow, in fact, that it was some time before he had turned his attention to the large square envelope which gave every appearance of concealing another polite appeal. Indeed it was polite enough, as it proved when he broke the seal and read from the elaborately engraved card with its complicated crest at the corner:

"—— Fifth Avenue

"Mr. Terrill Overbeek requests the pleasure of *Mr. McNair's* company at *a grand supper and ball* on the evening of *Thursday, January eleventh,* at *ten o'clock.*

"*Dancing.*"

The invitation was engraved in a large pompous script, but the words italicized in this version ware, on Buddy's invitation, filled in with greenish ink.

"Dancing!" This was the word that stood out most significantly, most overpoweringly. It caused him almost to forget how grateful he should be to Terry Overbeek for remembering him so soon and so flatteringly.

But it was nice and square of Terry—no getting round that fact. The formal square card had a good effect on his spirit, gave him a new faith in the impulses of mankind. In his nervous but exalted contemplation of the summons he embraced all his fellow men and women in a spirit of forgiveness. He forgave Mrs. Dyvenot her coolness, he forgave Middleton Knox his snakelike manner of bootlicking, forgave Doris Blint her porcelain complexion—he even forgave the living corpse who had snubbed him at the Overbeek door; for it was now evident that the faithful seneschal had informed his master that Buddy McNair was in town and very lonesome.

Terry Overbeek was a friend indeed! Here Buddy had been less than a week in Terry's town and Terry had wasted not a moment in making good his promise to favor his old acquaintance.

Thursday, January the eleventh. . . . Great Henry! This was the eleventh!

Buddy gave another superstitious glance at the beautiful card. Dancing! . . . Buddy's knowledge of the art was limited to local festivals at Axe Creek's Masonic Hall, where he had been rated as a perpetual beginner and tolerated in one-two, one-two exercises under the auspices of visiting schoolma'ams. If he had been looked upon as a perpetual beginner in Axe Creek how would he be received in New York, hardened to the midnight acrobatics of the Insomnia Roof?

Anyhow, it was wonderful of Terry Overbeek, and upon that great man's protecting kindness he leaned in spirit. Maybe Mrs. Dyvenot had patched up her quarrel with Terry and would be among those present. Possibly Knox would be there, too, a witness to the great Overbeek leading a perfectly dressed Buddy into the grand ballroom with the purpose of introducing him all round.

Buddy began a new set of calculations. It was now after one o'clock. First of all, he rang up the office and asked for Jascomb. An ensuing rap on the door revealed another valet, this time a rat-faced Hungarian who spoke English whiningly.

"Where's Jascomb?" asked Buddy shortly.

"He gone for the day, sir."

"Just on the eve of the big fight—and gone for the day. He's a hell of a family retainer!"

"He gave you to me for the evening, sir."

"Now that's generous. Well, I want you to be on hand at seven o'clock prepared to trim me up like King Solomon going to the annual Sheba ball."

"Very good, sir."

After gobbling a meaty mixture in the grill Buddy hastened forth to settle the one difficult item on the card, namely, dancing.

He had seen in more or less dismal windows along Thirty-fourth Street placards announcing the willingness of skilled dancing instructors to perform miracles in ten lessons. There was scarcely time for the whole course.

On a stairway leading over a furrier's near the Elevated he discovered a sign which suited his whim:

"FLORIDORA STEIN

ELEGANT MODERN AND FANCY

DANCING

TAUGHT IN TEN LESSONS"

There was a peculiar hall at the top of the stairs, lit by a jimberjawed gas burner. Pieces of obese upholstery, disemboweled and shedding their entrails, loomed through the dimness. Behind a pair of oval-topped dirty-white doors a wheezy phonograph could be heard blasting away at In the Night, in the Night. The place smelled like a cellarful of sprouting potatoes.

Through a pair of dust colored portières a stout lady in a coquettish hat plunged forth and raised the parrot call: "Something I can do for you?"

"I wanted to learn to dance," said Buddy, doffing his fashionable hat.

"Fine exercise," piped the stout one, a smile rippling down her series of chins. Then without turning her head she opened her little gash of a mouth and squawked "Oh, Floesie!"

The phonograph was strangled into silence. The oval doors unclasped at the center and a hawk faced virgin with tremendous eyebrows and a look of powerful determination thrust out her head.

"Gentleman to take a lesson," proclaimed the fat one.

"He'll have to wait about two minutes till Mr. Umber is through," replied the determined face quite impersonally.

"Won't you have something to read?" asked the amiable lady in the small hat. She handed him over a crumpled paper, which was merely a patch of grayish white in the surrounding twilight. Beyond the oval doors he could hear the scuffling sound of modern dancing, punctuated by a curious bump-bumping noise, suggesting violence. Could it be that Madame Floridora tunked her victim's head against the floor in the sacred cause of art?

Presently the doors swung wide, partly revealing the mystery. A one-legged man, walking with a crutch, came limping forth, followed by Madame Floridora, conveniently short skirts dangling above her heavy ankles.

"Monday at three, then, Mr. Umber," said she decisively; and before the lame man had gotten well down the stairs she had turned to Buddy with the explanation:

"Such courage I have seldom seen. Fox trot, one-step, tango with latest variations, all on a crutch."

"I've come to the right place!" cried Buddy, enraptured.

"Want to take by the course or by the hour?"

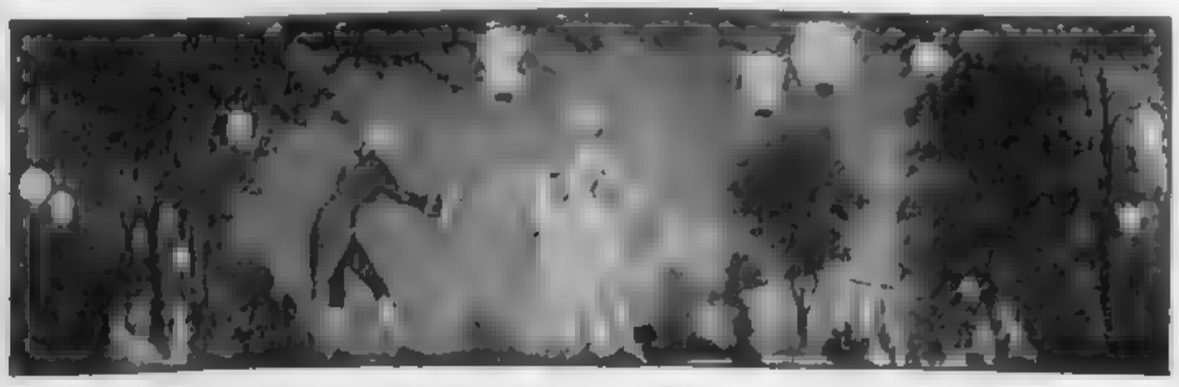
"By the hour and as quick as the law will let you."

She turned up the gas and looked him over with inexorable criticism. Evidently she was considering his financial rating.

"Two dollars an hour," she decreed sternly.

"Take me on for four hours," said Buddy; "and for God's sake hurry up!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Nature Commands "No Corns" Fashion Dictates "Stylish Shoes"

Blue-jay Satisfies Both

To avoid corns, few would consent to wear sandals. That is an extreme.

Few would forego smart shoes of the current fashions.

And there is no call for such privations.

For Blue-jay Plasters keep your feet in their natural state—free from throbbing corns.

Such discomfort is needless now—even foolish. No corn should be coddled.

Science Brings Relief

This gentle way is called Blue-jay, discovered by a famous Bauer & Black chemist. Blue-jay has been known favorably for seventeen years. Millions owe corn freedom to this simple method.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. The plaster includes a pad that relieves the pressure. Then the bit of B&B wax dislodges the corn gently, but surely.

In 48 hours the miserable pest may be removed easily.

Only in rare cases, when the corn is old and stubborn, are second treatments necessary.

Blue-jay is the scientific way, to which Nature quickly responds.

Avoid Makeshifts

Paring is dangerous and temporary.

Harsh, disagreeable liquids sometimes numb but seldom end the corn completely. Likewise, this way is temporary. And soreness often follows.

Millions use Blue-jay whenever the faintest corn appears. This very night thousands will gain relief. Try Blue-jay tonight. The cost is trifling.

Blue-jay at all druggists—25 cents the package. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

BAUER & BLACK *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.*
CHICAGO NEW YORK TORONTO

How Blue-jay Acts

"A" is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

"B" is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

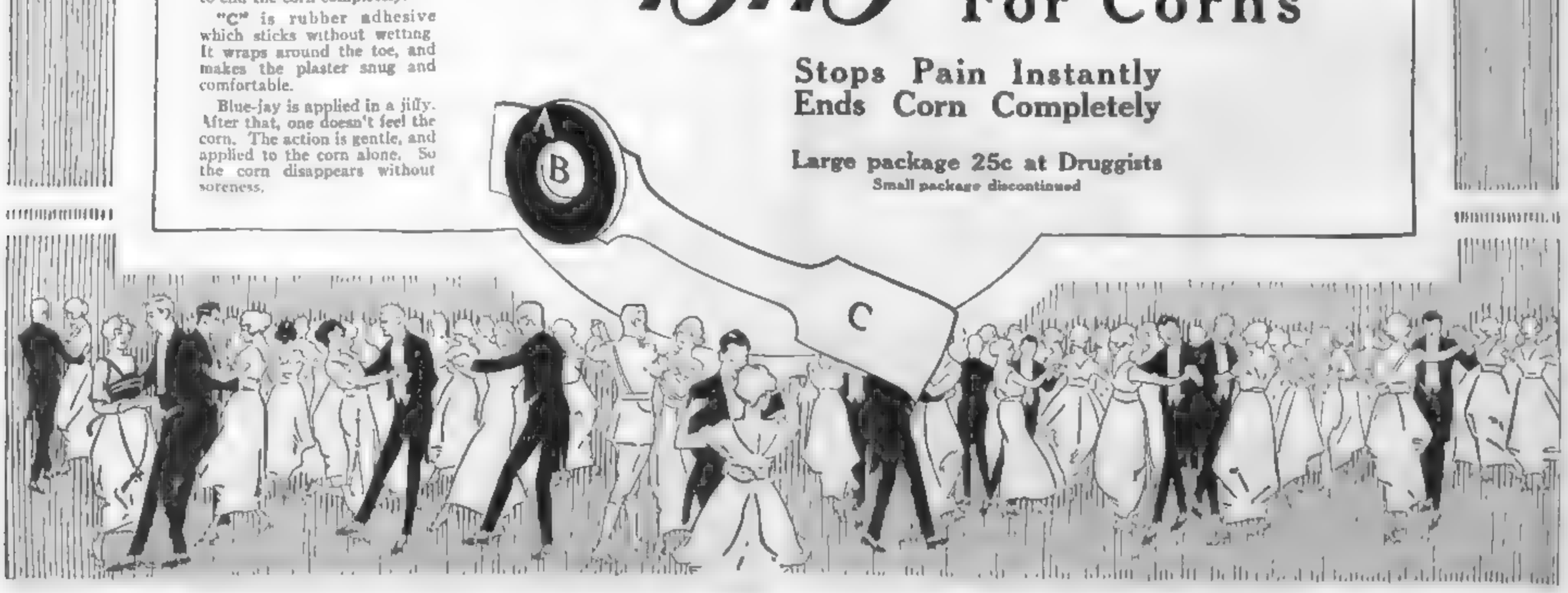
"C" is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

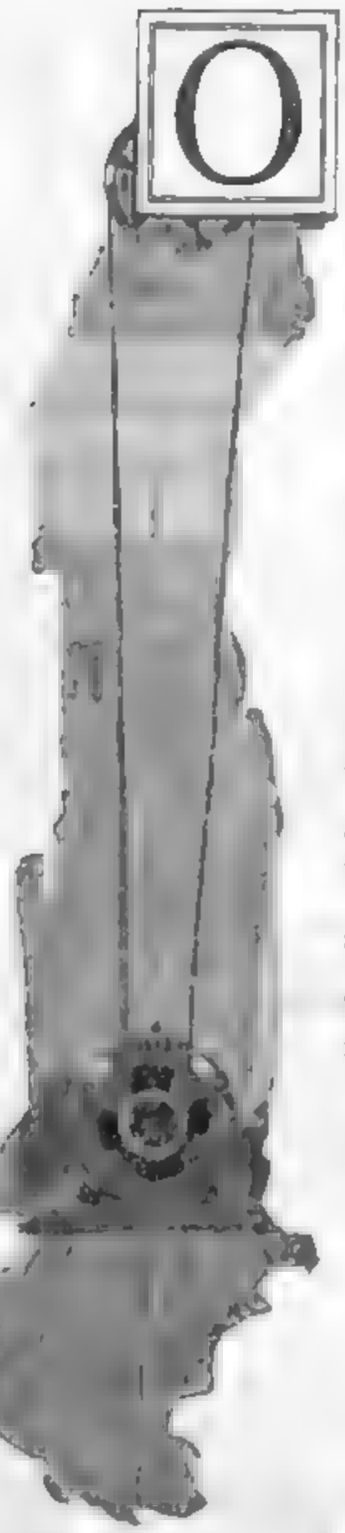
B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corn Completely

Large package 25c at Druggists
Small package discontinued



"ELECTRICALLY EQUIPPED"
An Essential War Economy



OF the many factors which contribute toward winning the war, manufacturing is admittedly of the utmost importance.

And electrical equipment is the most definite means of conservation of *coal*—of *time*—of *human energy* in every kind of manufacturing. On the point of coal conservation alone, manufacturers all over the country have found it pays to equip their plants with electrical motor drive, taking current from local electrical power companies. The power companies must use coal (except hydro-electric plants) and it is a part of their regular business to sell current to manufacturers.

Nearly every manufacturing plant is accessible to a central station power plant and could be modernized on a sound, economical basis by the installation of electricity.

Ask your Electrical Contractor or Central Station Representative

—how electric power can be used to speed up factory output and reduce costs. They will furnish detailed figures, for costs of installation and operation and for additional units to electrical equipment already installed.

Wiring or re-wiring necessary to take advantage of electrical economies is an item of moderate investment with continuous savings.

An electrical installation is a *permanent* improvement—adding to the value of any property—a dividend producer.

Materials and equipment for electrical installation have been standardized. For instance, "Habirshaw" is a responsible trade-mark for insulated wire, "proven by the test of time." Habirshaw Wire represents more than 30 years of specialized experience, laboratory experiments and tests in actual use throughout the world.

It has successfully delivered electrical energy to homes, offices and factories all over the world and every qualified electrical contractor is familiar with its merits.

Whatever electrical equipment you install, be sure to employ a competent electrical contractor. Such contractors use Habirshaw Wire—*and all other equipment of equal and standard quality.* Such a standard of quality in materials and equipment insures continuous efficiency of the electrical installation.

For more than 30 years—practically from the beginning of the electrical industry

HABIRSHAW
"Proven by the test of time"
Insulated Wire

has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
The Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
INCORPORATED
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Code Wire Distributed by the
Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED
Offices in All Principal Cities

THE HUNGER JUGGLER

(Continued from Page 16)

His first ad for the new and enlarged schedule read:

A DISH TO DIE FOR!

No, you've never eaten it unless you've had the luck to live in Old Virginia. That's your misfortune. But it needn't be your misfortune after to-day. Here is the recipe. Use your nostrils as well as your eyes when you read this:

Gray Squirrels—young, fat, tender, imported from the South, and flavored as your Northern squirrels never were. Tomatoes, Lima Beans, Potatoes, Sweet Corn, Fat Salt Pork and Pounds of Fresh Butter, White Sugar, Minced Onions, Shredded Bacon and all Sorts of Spices.

Yes, and it tastes even a million times better than it sounds. It is a Virginia recipe that was old when George Washington was born. It has been guarded like family jewels; because it was worth guarding. It put Brunswick County, Virginia, on the map; and kept it there.

Brunswick Stew!

A dish for the gods; and the standard-bearer of the army of perfect things to eat at the Hotel Stalton Grill to-day.

By this time New York had begun to take the advertisements' word for the nature and quality of the grill's fare. And finding the place crowded every day, New York very naturally decided that the Stalton's queerly sung praise of its food must be justified. Wherefore the Oak Room's partition was torn down, as was that of the adjoining basement billiard room, doubling the size of the grill. And still from twelve-thirty until two it was hard to find a vacant table.

Rahl, in keen derision, read aloud the Brunswick-stew advertisement to any and all callers on the morning it was printed. And he went out to lunch a half hour early, slinking guiltily into the Stalton Grill in bare time to get a seat.

With the air of one humoring the whim of a mental defective he ordered Brunswick stew. When this was eaten he brazenly ordered a second portion. And outraged Nature avenged herself for his departure from his wonted crackers-and-milk lunch by giving poor Rahl a horrible attack of dyspepsia in less than an hour after he returned to the office—an attack that endured far into the week and made him rabid against Gil.

For the best part of three months Frayne dwelt in a culinary Elysium. And the once moribund Stalton was "turning them away." A second ten-dollar raise of salary and an almost slavish deference to his ad-writing judgment were the manager's recognition of the boy's genius. If Gil by this time had written an advertisement heralding fried prussic acid or roast shoulder of tripe as the hotel's *plat du jour* the infatuated management would probably have indorsed it and sent it up to the Seaboard people.

Into which atmosphere of adulation came the catastrophe.

One morning Gil Frayne noted on dressing that the outfitters from whom he had bought his present clothes were a set of scamps. They had assured him the cloth of his new suits was nonshrinkable. Yet to his disgust he noted that the vest he was buttoning had shrunk so badly that its edges would scarce meet. His trouser band, too, gripped his meridian like a vise. Even his linen had suffered a like shrinkage, for his formerly well-set collar was annoyingly tight. And now that he thought of it, Gil remembered that he had been observing this general constriction subconsciously for some time.

Vexedly he finished dressing and went down to the grill for breakfast. The Stalton breakfast had always been one of the big events of Frayne's day. He made a ceremonial of his meal's ordering; and he ate it with an avidity for which many an older man would have paid treble.

To-day, to his surprise, he found himself scanning the menu critically and with no trace of enthusiasm. After all, breakfast was rather a bore. He realized that this thought had come to him more than once of late; and not alone in regard to breakfast, but other meals as well.

The hotel's cooking must be falling off. Yes, that must be it. And the hotel's noontime patrons must be discovering that too. For during the past week or so there had been occasional gaps in the ranks of full tables. He must speak to the manager about it.

There was no use in writing sublime ads if the goods no longer justified them. The public could not long be fooled. Once let the tide of favor drift away again from the Stalton and the same line of ads which had caused that tide's flood would not suffice to check its ebb. Gil was enough of an advertising man to realize that.

As he was still playing idly with his breakfast a man came into the grill, looked inquiringly round and then bore down on Gil. It was Rahl. He nodded freezingly, according to his custom; then, uninvited, sat down at Frayne's table.

"Good morning, sir," Gil welcomed him in some surprise and in no cordiality at all. "Have something to eat? Or a morning cocktail, perhaps? I didn't know you got south of Forty-second Street so early."

"I've had my breakfast," replied Rahl, answering categorically, as was his way; "I don't drink in the morning. And I don't drink cocktails at any time. I don't get south of the office in the mornings, either, except on business. That's why I'm here."

"Shall I send a waiter for the manager?" asked Gil. "Or you'll be likely to find him just now in his office. He ——"

"That's where I found him," said Rahl. "I wasn't looking for him. I was looking for you. He told me I'd likely find you here. He says you're pretty apt to be eating when you're off duty. Say!" forestalling Gil's reply and staring at the half-emptied dishes on the table, "is that your usual breakfast? Or have you been fasting for a year?"

"I don't quite understand," answered Gil stuffy. "I ——"

"I know you don't," assented Rahl. "You never do 'quite understand.' That's the trouble with you. That's what will throw you back on a twenty-five-dollar office job before long if you don't look out. That's why I'm wasting the Seaboard's time this morning by being late at my desk for the first time in seventeen months."

"I don't ——"

"You don't," grunted Rahl. "But you're going to. Not for your sake but to keep the Seaboard from fizzling on a good contract. That's why I'm here. What do you weigh?"

"I don't know exactly," said the bewildered Gil, beginning to chafe under the mysterious preamble. "I reckon I weigh about ——"

"About twenty pounds more than you weighed three months ago," supplemented Rahl. "How often do you eat? But never mind lying. If this breakfast is a sample, and if you eat that way three or four times in the day and night, I've got the answer. I've got the answer to a lot more too—a lot that I've been mulling over for the past fortnight."

"I can't see that my meals are any concern ——" hotly began Gil; but Rahl as usual did not let him finish the sentence.

"They have everything to do with your future—which doesn't interest anyone but yourself—and the Seaboard's prestige and the Stalton's prosperity," he snapped. "That's why I'm here. And that's why you'll listen to me while I waste a little valuable time on you."

"Go ahead," Frayne invited. "What's the idea? What is the answer, and what is it you've been mulling over for a fortnight?"

"For a fortnight a little more each day," said Rahl, "I've been watching your Stalton ads losing their punch and their innards. To-day's was the worst. It was so much the worst that I came down here to see what was the matter. And now I see."

"Anything wrong with to-day's ad?" demanded Gil, flicked on the raw by the criticism of his masterpiece. "I took a lot of pains with it. It's seemed to me lately that I was improving with them, and ——"

"You are," agreed Rahl. "You're improving all the pull out of them. They're smoother written. And they stir up a man's hunger about as much as a cold-cream ad."

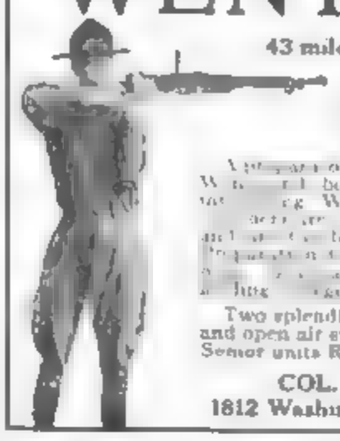
"They ——"

"They've lost the bite. That's the trouble with 'em. I don't mind telling you I've read your Stalton ads from the start.

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

WESTERN STATES

WENTWORTH



43 miles from Kansas City

The pioneer military school in Missouri Valley and one of the 10 Honor Schools of the U. S. War Department

Two splendid athletic fields and track ... and open air swimming pool. All athlet... Senior units R. O. T. C. Catalo...

COL. S. SELLERS, Superintendent
1812 Washington Avenue, Lexington, Missouri

Two Years' Engineering Course With Diploma and Degrees

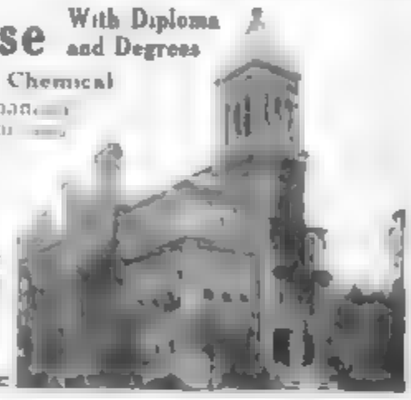
Civil Mechanical Electrical Chemical

Compact courses of essentials. Rich in mathematics, science and mechan... drawing ... also shop and field work. Planned for those short in time ... to me, but strong in purpose. Courses distinguished alike for what is embraced and what is omitted. Especially adapted for:

Young Men of Common School Education
Young Engineers with Practical Experience, but no degree

... Extremely low expenses. ... Living room and library, all for ... cents.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, 10 S. ST., ANGOLA, INDIANA



LINDENWOOD College St. Charles, Mo. 89th Year

A SCHOOL that has stood the test of time. Prepares young ladies for advance college work. ... patronage as the Wellesley of the West. ... Courses in Arts and Sciences, Music, Expression, Home Economics, Journalism, Secretarial Work, Physical Training. Certificate ... graduation admits to leading colleges and universities.

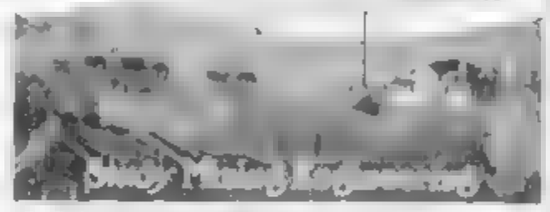
Conservatory of Music Second To None in the Southwest

Exceptional advantages in Piano, Pipe Organ, Voice and Violin. Concerts given at the college by world's best musicians.

Location gives excellent opportunity for intensive musical study. Fifty m... from St. Louis. Two direct railroad lines to Kansas City. Session opens September 12th. For Year Book and book of views, address

J. L. ROEMER, D. D., Pres.
Box K ... St. Charles, Mo.

Colorado School of Mines Golden



M... ... important than ever ... year courses in Metal Mining, Coal Mining, Metallurgy and Mining Geology. High standards. Graduates in constant demand. Athlet..., scientific societies, social club... For catalog address Registrar, Dept. ... School of Mines, Golden, Colo.

Dentistry offers unusual opportunities. Write for INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

Know about the opportunities of dental profession before deciding your career. Indiana Dental College presents an exceptional opportunity to study dentistry at a moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. New college year begins September 30. Well-equipped infirmary. Clinical facilities unexcelled. Write for catalog and full details of opportunities for service and a professional life in the practice of dentistry. Address

F. R. Henshaw, Dean
3 W. North St., Indianapolis

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Highest standard as "Prep" School. Highest rating by War Department. ... $150,000 fire-proof barracks. All athletics. Tuition $600. For catalog write COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt. 732 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Electrical men are always in demand. The Bliss Electrical School, with its well-equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a condensed course in Electrical

Engineering

Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation, testing. Course, with diploma, complete

In One Year

25 years' reputation, with over 2000 young men trained. 26th year opens September 25th. Send for new catalogue. 119 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 563 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School.

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass. 52d Year

Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and ... school spirit. Liberal ... Courses in Domestic Science, Commercial, Teachers' Training, Classical and Preparatory. Beautiful location, ... Gymnasium, Athletic Field, Tennis Courts, Boating, Basketball, Baseball, Track Athletics, Football. Terms moderate. Catalog.

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal

Schools Continued on Page 70

what? you don't use the Safety Shaving Cream

DO you know that your face literally combs the air for disease germs? That millions of unseen but contaminated dust-particles lodge daily on your skin, and menace you with infection every time you shave?

Unless your shaving materials are surgically clean, you risk serious infection every time you nip your skin. Be safe. Lather only with

LYSOL

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

Something absolutely new. No germ can live in its creamy, velvety, refreshing lather. It thoroughly disinfects brush, razor, and face. Contains Lysol, the standard antiseptic, used by hospitals for years.

This modern shaving cream works up quickly into a smooth, refreshing lather. Softens beard without rubbing in. Remains moist and rich during shave. For sale at all drug stores.

A post card brings you a free trial tube. Don't wait. Don't run the risk of an impure shave.

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, Inc.
96 William St. New York

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Continued from Page 69

SOUTHERN STATES

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

425 boys from 46 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Study hours, experienced corps, splendid gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy fifty-eight years old. $[illegible],000 barracks full equipment absolutely fireproof. Charges $[illegible]. Catalog free. Address

Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

Not only because it was part of my work to read 'em but because the fool things used to make me so blamed hungry. Well, I could use to-day's ad for light literature on a desert island and never work up an appetite on it."

He took from his vest pocket a clipping and read aloud in tired disgust the Hotel Stalton's announcement for the day:

THE STALTON STILL SETS THE PACE

Discerning people, who like the best food, served in the very best way, continue to make the Stalton Grill their noonday rallying point, as well as their Mecca for charmingly appointed dinners and after-theater suppers. The faultless cuisine and perfect service give the Stalton a place by itself among New York hotels. Among other ——

"And all the rest of the drivel;" ended Rahl, breaking off midway in his grim perusal. "Honestly, youngster, do you think that ad would make a man change an appointment hour just to come down here to eat? Do you?"

"If you think somebody else could do this work better ——" began the nettled Frayne.

"I do think so," Rahl caught him up. "I know so. And I know who the 'somebody else' is too. He's a down-at-the-heel half-fed chap from Virginia; who was so used to good eats at home and who misses them so that he can't keep 'em out of his copy. That's the boy to write the stuff with a pull—for the Stalton or for any other place where people eat. Not a swell-headed overfed guy who is growing a paunch and who gorges so much food that he's lost all interest in it. Just to put you out of the suspense of the guessing contest I'll own up I mean you. Anything to say?"

Gil had much to say, all of it fiery and most of it abusive. But somehow he did not say it.

"It's like this," pursued Rahl after waiting the merest instant for a reply. "Nobody can write about a thing that doesn't interest him. Oh, he can write about it. But he can't do it so as to interest anyone else. I've been through the hoops and I know. When I had to write an ad about a laundry soap, f'r instance, I used to live and breathe the idea of that special kind of laundry soap, till I'd got myself so worked up over it that it seemed to me the most alloorin' subject in all the world. Then when I'd write the ad some of my enthusiasm would slop over into it and infect the folks who read it. That's why I'm holding down the job I've got."

Gil tried to achieve a yawn of boredom. The effort was a failure. Rahl went on:

"You were hungry. Homesick-hungry. The thought of food—of real, mother-cooked food—interested you more'n anything else in life—except that home girl you used to write letters to on the sly at the office when you thought I didn't know what you were doing. So when you set out to write about food you were writing about the biggest thing on earth to you. And you worked a lot of your hungriness into your copy; and it made other folks hungry and brought 'em here. That got you your job. You might have held it till you left for a much better one. But you got fat. Your brain got fat too. You aren't hungry any more. So you can't make anyone else hungry. That's all," Rahl ended abruptly, getting to his feet. "Think it over. Spend more time thinking it over than in thinking up the smart comebacks you might 'a' made to me if I'd given you the chance. It'll be healthier for your job. So long!"

After ten minutes, Gil Frayne slowly grew saner. And he found himself repeating in his mind the things Rahl had said, rather than rehearsing the far more brilliant and biting things he wished he had remembered to say to Rahl.

Of course the boss' theory had been ridiculous—worse than ridiculous! And yet ——

Gil Frayne left the table and went for a brisk mile walk up Fifth Avenue. The faster he walked the faster and the more clearly he thought. And he walked fast.

And out of his muddle of anger and bewilderment and tearing down, Frayne at last reached the truth. Because at heart he was not at all a fool.

He went without lunch that day, for the first time in months. And at six-thirty he fared forth to the hole-in-the-wall. There he ordered Irish stew. His stomach revolted at the nauseous mess. Only by sheer heroism could he bolt down the smallest viscid fraction of it. All the time his mind's eye was scanning the Stalton's menu; and in spirit he was issuing an ideal dinner order to a waiter who did not wear a dirty white jacket or smell of stale grease.

Stark hunger awoke Gil next day soon after dawn. For the first time in weeks he gloated over the prospect of breakfast. He bathed and dressed in record time and made for the grill. On the threshold he paused. Then with something very like a groan he turned on his heel and stamped out of the hotel.

In another ten minutes he was sitting down at the least-sloppy table at the hole-in-the-wall and ordering a cup of that resort's misnomered coffee.

Rahl seized upon the Stalton's copy that noon the moment it was brought into the Seaboard office. Presently as he read he ceased to hold his breath and expelled it in a long sigh of contentment.

Once more he read what Gil had written: this time half aloud, and smiling as though he had a beatific neuralgia:

EAT WITH WILL SHAKSPERE AND ROBIN HOOD!

You remember the Venison Pasties that Shakspere loved to write about, and Robin Hood feasted on? You never ate one. But you can, to-day. A tender young Virginia deer has just been received at the Hotel Stalton. And the choicest and most luscious bits of that deer are going into a Venison Pasty. Just for you—if you get there before it's all gone.

Glance into the kitchen now, and watch it made. See that huge, deep, shining pan, all lined with flaky crust as light as an angel's kiss? Now watch what goes into it. The rich gravy is already simmering, yonder, on the range. That is the wonderful odor you are sniffing. Now see the things that are going into the pasty: Squares of Venison, so tender they melt in the mouth; shallott, nutmeg, pepper, salt, spices, whipped egg, a glass of fragrantly antique sherry, and then all the gravy the filled pan will hold, poured in over the venison; and a golden airy top crust covering it all.

Venison Pasty à la Sherwood Forest

Don't come to the Stalton Grill to-day if you have only fifteen minutes in which to bolt your lunch. You can no more get the full delight of a venison pasty by bolting it in fifteen minutes than you could make love to a girl in fifteen seconds. This is a Sensation, to enjoy—and to remember.

When Rahl got to the Stalton the ensuing noon every table was taken. And the disgruntled old man went moodily to the nearest dispensary of crackers and milk. Rahl was sore on all the world. He had so wanted to eat venison pasty! He had never heard of one until he read Gil Frayne's ad copy.

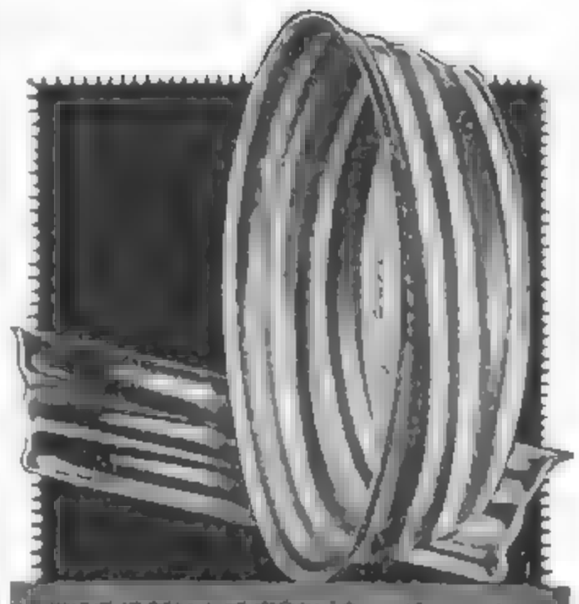
At about the same time Gil returned to the Stalton from the walk which had served him in the place of lunch. And he sat down in his room to write his daily letter to Susie Holland. He wrote a bare eight pages today. For this was a business letter—a most vitally important business letter; not the mere amatory outpourings of a maudlin soul. He ended the epistle thus:

"So you see, sweetheart, you've just naturally got to come North as quick as you can get ready, and marry me. Rahl was right. He's the original Human Grouch. And he hates me like toad pie. But he's right. I have to be hungry to do the work the way it has to be done. And I can't keep on forever going to that terrible hole-in-the-wall hash-abattoir to do my eating. Soon or late my courage would give out, and I'd come crawling back to the grill here, for a man's size feed. And then I'd slip right into the old lack of interest in my work; and I'd get fired.

"No, just as I've been telling you, the only way for me to keep successful is to keep poor. And you're the only person who can help me do it.

"If we start married life here in New York on fifty a week—and neither of us knowing anything about keeping house economically—why, it's a cinch I won't get so much to eat that I'll forget how to make people want a Stalton meal.

"So, you see, it's your duty: if you don't want me to be a rank failure because I'm so prosperous. Besides—I meant to have brought that in before—I love you; and—oh, but it's dreary, living along this way without you!"



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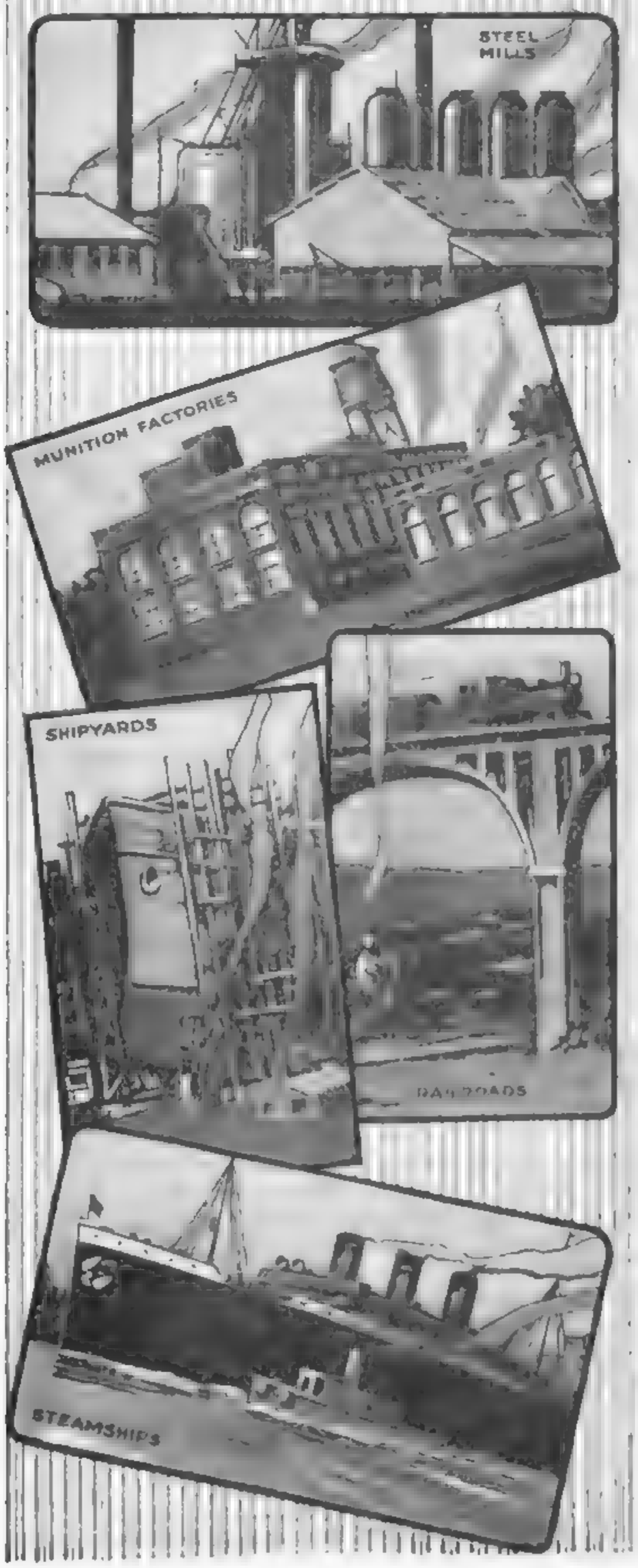

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The more the Nation asks of us, the more we must ask the indulgence of those manufacturers who have been accustomed to utilize Armco Iron as the basic material for their sheet and plate metal parts.

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JAN—By Elsie Singmaster

WHEN the Civil War was over and historians began to penetrate through the prominent events of the main campaigns to the less obvious elements of the mighty epic, they observed certain interesting facts. The map of the United States presented itself to them blocked out in black and white—the black indicating lethargy or indifference of spirit, the white, eager enthusiasm. The contrast suggested a hundred questions. Was it from patriotism, mistaken or not mistaken, or by reason of mere hotheadedness that this little village flung itself almost as one man into the fray? Why were the neighboring villages not similarly moved? Was it conviction or merely the spirit of youth and adventure that carried almost every student of this little college into the battle while its sister institution sent its men late or not at all?

In some cases these questions have been answered. This border town saw slaves hunted through its streets and rose in wrath; this Southern town saw the nullification of its property and rose in defense. In this locality a single patriot led his fellowmen.

For the most part, however, the origin of the impulse is unrecorded and cannot by any searching be found out.

When the history of the World War is written similar questions will be asked. Why did a little town in New York send in the first year eighty per cent of its men? Why did a certain county in Pennsylvania contribute its full quota before the draft? Why did the neighboring sections send their men unwillingly?

Institutions will then be compared. Why did this university send promptly so many lads, why the other so few? For a while the history of the fresh-water colleges will escape notice, but as the study grows more intensive questions will be asked about them; their constituency will point to the stars on the service flags, to the fine quality of their officers and to the magnificent devotion of their men in the ranks.

In that day historians listening to the alumni and students of Wilbur College boasting of Arthur Middleton, blown to pieces with his ambulance at Neuve Chapelle; of Collins Tinley, gassed with the Canadians at Ypres; of Jim Fellows, mad from shock long before Good Friday of 1917—will ask: "Why the extraordinary precipitancy of these boys?" The proportion of their enlistments was so large, the enthusiasm so intense, and alas, the slaughter among them so great!

Historians will find at Wilbur College a sleepy, shady campus scented in springtime with mock orange and honeysuckle and clover; a few low, sturdy old buildings in the colonial style; one great newer recitation hall of the homely design of the eighties and nineties; a small faculty headed by a dignified president past middle life; and a number of pleasant faculty ladies who invite the boys to delicious suppers of fried chicken and strawberries.

Perhaps the most conspicuous person in the very modest picture will be the janitor, a twisted veteran of the Civil War, industrious and irascible, whose life seemed to be one long misery from the poor sight of his remaining eye, from the rheumatism that racked his remaining leg, from the imaginary pains in the leg left at Chancellorsville, and from the unceasing torment of the college students. He will be conspicuous not only on account of his afflictions but on account of his conviction that he was the overlord of the president and of the faculty and the campus and the students. The college was Jan's college; his ringing of the bell announced it, the air with which he mounted the platform to turn off the lights before a stereopticon lecture proclaimed it. It must be confessed that he often mounted the platform without any reason whatever, though ostensibly to move a chair or to adjust a window shade, regardless of the ear-splitting applause and shouts of the students. It is necessary that the king should exhibit himself as king now and then to his subjects. He never showed by the movement of a muscle that he heard their mockery.

But Jan was not always silent. When the stuffed eagle from the college museum was found in the highest branch of the tall silver maple at the college gate, in imminent danger from the stuffed wildcat a few branches lower down, Jan drove, by profanity and by some secret threat, Arthur Middleton, helpless with laughter, to climb the tree. Jan knew literally everything, and could always use some bit of information as a whip to compel the boys to obey.

When the smooth sward in front of Recitation Hall was turned into a cemetery dotted with whitewashed boards inscribed with the names and obituaries of all the faculty, Jan herded the whole college to the work of restoration.

When a fence to which the students had long objected because it prevented a short cut was loaded, panel by panel, into a train of empties at the station, it was Jan who hobbled round the end of the last car and superintended the task of removal and reconstruction. Jan's language on all such occasions was regrettable—to put the case politely.

Sometimes Jan told the boys lurid and bloody Civil War stories which they more than half believed. The fearful nature of his wounds made the tales credible. On Memorial Day when he hobbled in the parade, one of two veterans in 1914, the students cheered him. Even college students have some sense of propriety. This was Jan's Day; though they howled at him on all other days, he should now be allowed to enjoy the dim, somewhat uninteresting recollections of the glories of his past.

It was not until Browning Tupper lectured at Wilbur College on War and Peace that the boys really understood that Jan was twice a martyr, once to a cause and once to a delusion.

When Browning Tupper came to Wilbur College the World War was only well begun. The first leaves were falling upon the bodies sepultured and unsepultured along the Marne, guns thundered between Lille and the sea. Thus far the war had moved the students only slightly. They came almost to a man from little villages; Wilbur College was a great experience; engrossed in its affairs, they had little interest in what went on outside. They read the papers, if they had time, after football practice or if they needed an excuse for putting off the preparation of their lessons. They were not hotly antagonistic to Germany or heartily on the side of England or France; they were indifferent, as hearty boys are apt to be indifferent to matters that do not immediately concern them.

Indeed, the only man of wrath connected with Wilbur College was Jan. The accounts of battles were the smell of powder in his nostrils. He had maps torn from old geographies fastened to one end of his uncovered bachelor table, and on these he marked with pins each change of line. The boys looked over his shoulder and teased him.

"The Germans are going to beat, Jan!" warned Arthur Middleton.

Jan's answer cannot be written down here.

"Suppose they do!" said Jim Fellows. "You needn't be afraid of them, Jan! They won't come here!"

"Afraid!" repeated Jan with picturesque and profane embroidery. "By God, I wish I could fight!"

The boys became hysterical. Arthur Middleton's cheek, which was still almost as smooth as a girl's, grew purple. Jim Fellows rolled on Jan's neat bunk.

"Fight! Why, Jan, you couldn't see 'em! They'd gas you! They'd ——"

"Out of here!" roared Jan fiercely.

After this it became fashionable to tease Jan by praising German ambitions and German ability.

Browning Tupper's visit to the college was accidental. The president's wife was a cousin whom Tupper had not seen for a long time, and he decided to spend with her the day between a lecture engagement in Philadelphia and one in Pittsburgh. The honor was not small, and the president and his wife were duly grateful. The little branch road which had Wilbur College for its terminus was not comfortable, and Browning Tupper had known few discomforts in all his life. He was a very rich man who, as the president's wife said, "believed his riches to be a trust from God." On account of his special interest in the welfare of the workingman he was invited often to speak to large gatherings of ironworkers or woodworkers or railroad men. With them, as with their masters, he took a safe middle ground, and his famous charities made them trust him. He was a hypnotic speaker; he could have talked about nothing and his audience would have remained enchanted.

But Browning Tupper did not talk about nothing. He was convinced of his mission; he believed that God had given him in trust many talents and that he must yield an account of them. When he tried to define exactly his mission in the world he found it difficult, but the word "adjust" always came into his mind. To smooth over difficulties between labor and capital, to make less the inequalities between man and man, to lend aid to all good and pacific causes—these were some of the objects of Browning Tupper's existence. Contention! The very word sickened him. Contention between members of the same family, contention between man and man, contention between capital and labor, contention between nations—how unnecessary, how monstrous, how unforgivable!

Browning Tupper had no intention when he arrived at Wilbur of making an address. He meant to sit before his cousin's fire and talk of old times, of the family, of old friends. He remembered as the train approached Wilbur certain sweet, placid characteristics of his cousin which had long ago attracted him, which were, though he did not realize it, exactly his own characteristics. He found her to be just as he remembered; he felt renewed, refreshed; he forgot for a few hours the tragic subject matter of his lectures, the subject which had never for weeks been out of his mind, waking or sleeping.

Life here in Wilbur was sane, normal. Please God, he would have a share in keeping it so!

But his release from the burden was short. His cousin's supper promised to be superior to her dinner; he had taken the first sip of her delicious coffee when the way of duty was once more shown to him.

The president spoke with a little hesitation:

"Browning, our boys are going to have a mass meeting at seven o'clock. I wonder whether you would speak to them. They are not very many, only two hundred and fifty, but they are young and impressionable."

Tupper looked down at his plate. He had never felt so disinclined to speak. But he never refused to obey a clear indication of duty.

"It might have as wide results in the end as an address to a much larger audience," went on the president. "I know that you don't often speak to only two hundred and fifty!"

Tupper lifted his head and smiled. He was a very handsome man, who looked younger than his fifty-five years. When he smiled his whole kindly nature seemed to glow.

"Certainly I will! Not a very long speech, I suppose?"

"As long as you will."

It was Tupper who had first used in his lecture the word "pacifist" to describe that sort of person which he wished all the world to emulate, that sort of person which he himself was. The lecture was well thought out, logical, now shocking in the barbarities which it described, now heartbreaking in its pathos. He knew it as he knew the Lord's Prayer or the Creed, both of which, being a good Churchman, he recited daily. His vocal endowment was large, his presence noble. He threw his whole soul into his plea. He had spoken with placidity to powerful labor unions upon the verge of a nation-wide strike, but he did not lecture upon peace and war with placidity.

It was not his intention to deliver the whole of his lecture to the two hundred and fifty lads of Wilbur College; he meant to talk to them informally for fifteen minutes. But there was something about the appearance of the dimly lighted chapel, with its faded frescoing, its homely opera chairs, its hobbling peg-legged janitor who ascended the platform to turn up the lights,

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dimmed until this moment for the sake of economy, which touched him.

Jan, not anticipating an extraordinary occasion, had not put on his blue coat, but Tupper guessed him to be a veteran. In the bright light he saw him plainly, and he reflected upon the fearful and mistaken zeal which turned a man made in God's image into a monstrosity. The address should, of course, contain no direct reference to this poor, hobbling old wreck, but it should gain in persuasiveness by his presence.

Those who did not know who Browning Tupper was were informed in whispers by their neighbors when the president had closed his introduction. The president naturally said nothing about Browning Tupper's wealth except indirectly by mentioning his benefactions, but the boys remembered.

"Pays tax on a million-dollar income!" whispered Jim Fellows.

"Gee!" said Arthur Middleton. "Suppose he'd give us a new ball cage?"

"Or bleachers?"

"Shut up!" said Jim Fellows. "He's going to begin."

It was actually at this moment that Browning Tupper determined to make them a gift. He was not long in any company without planning some benefaction. He would find out what they needed, or rather what the boys wanted, since youth does not always want what it needs, and then he would add to it some practical necessity suggested by his cousin.

But now he would give them the ideal of life instead of death, of construction instead of destruction, of peace instead of war. No material gift could equal that!

Browning Tupper had never spoken better. He described the blessings of peace, the advances made by nations in periods when advancement was uninterrupted, the extraordinary inventions, the increase in comfort, in learning, in all God's best blessings. He presented statistics so that they seemed like poetry; he quoted from great writers; he called with flattering politeness upon the knowledge and experience of his audience to support him.

He then described the horrors of war. He had seen no war with his own eyes, but he had seen it through the eyes of others. He presented the theme of Die Waffen Nieder; he quoted from the Red Badge of Courage, from the Human Slaughter House; he presented historical incidents. He had asked his cousin, the president's wife, not to come; he was free to speak as one man to another openly of hideous things. Arthur Middleton's cheek paled, there was scarcely a student who did not feel a revulsion of body while his mind yearned curiously for more.

Upon any participation of the United States in the war Tupper touched apparently lightly. Such participation was not yet generally anticipated; it lay white-hot in the minds of a few zealots; it lay heavily, a fearful possibility, in the minds of Browning Tupper and others.

In reality, however, the whole purpose of Browning Tupper was to demonstrate, to persuade, that for the United States to enter the war, no matter what the progress of events, would be madness. Monstrous as was the plunge of so many European nations into the conflict, their participation was sensible as compared to the most remote participation of the United States. The quarrel was not our quarrel.

"Let no hot-headed madmen lead us into ruin! Let us choose our leaders as men of peace; let us love the things of peace; let us retain our sanity, our religion, our faith in God. Let us not maim our young men, let us not make widows of our women, let us not rob our girls of their lovers, our mothers of their sons! In the words of one wiser than I, 'There never was a good war or a bad peace.' If ever an hour of madness should arrive let us think on these things!

"Our loved veterans go halting on our streets. Let us honor them, but let us determine to protect our younger manhood from the lust for war that is ruining the world."

When Browning Tupper finished, the boys rose while he passed out. It was a pretty custom of Wilbur College, but it had never been observed with quite so much earnestness. Then the boys sat down. They had been deeply impressed and they were quiet. The seed had fallen on fertile soil; each lad bound himself to peace.

But the quiet did not continue. No one was willing to rest under the suspicion of having been impressed by anything—such is the nature of boys. Jan, hobbling from the back of the room, began painfully to ascend the platform. It was his intention to turn out three lights before their meeting so that Wilbur College might save money. It was a necessary proceeding, but one which the boys resented.

They began to shout: "Cut it out, Jan!" "None of that, Peg-leg!"

But Jan kept on his way. He chose, however, a new path. He advanced not toward the corner of the platform, where the electric switch had by some strange vagary been placed, but went to the center and stood with his hand on the speakers' desk.

The roomful of boys burst into a roaring: "Speech! Speech! Speech!"

Then they began to applaud. A minute passed—and a minute is a long time to listen to handclapping—then another, then five, then ten. Witticisms rose shrilly above the clapping. When at last they saw that Jan still waited they stopped suddenly. Arthur Middleton sprang up, meaning to present the speaker in a flowery introduction, but something in Jan's face stopped him. Jan was pale, his black eye gleamed, his whiskers stood out fiercely, his fists were clenched.

"Shut up, everybody!" cried Arthur Middleton. "The speaker has something important to say!"

But Jan said nothing. Browning Tupper knew the eloquence of pause and used it; Jan used it without knowing its eloquence.

"That man ——" said Jan, then paused again. The room was still as death.

Browning Tupper knew the power of gesture and used it sparingly, dramatically, effectively. Jan without understanding its eloquence used it also. He lifted his left hand and motioned with stiffly pointing, back-curved thumb over his left shoulder in the direction in which Browning Tupper had gone.

The gesture was indescribably scornful. Thus might one point at the stump of a tree or at a stone in the road or at any object that was beneath notice.

Jan stood for a long time pointing. He meant to speak but his tongue was paralyzed. But as he stood the boys saw, as in a lightning flash, Browning Tupper and old maimed Jan side by side. It was in that moment that Browning Tupper's seeds were blighted, rendered sterile; in that moment that Arthur Middleton and Jim Fellows and Collins Tinley and a hundred others began to be restless, curious, uneasy. Browning Tupper would have called them mad. In that moment they heard the roar of guns and did not fear, saw maimed bodies and did not shudder. From that moment they longed to be gone; from that moment the misrelated participle, the law of Gay-Lussac, the theorem that the sum of the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle equals the square on its hypotenuse—became matters for babies.

"That man ——"

Old Jan did not know that his work was already done—long ago on battlefields in the sixties, recently in many a fierce argument with these lads whom he loved, arguments about the glory of Belgium, the fiery courage of France, the stubborn tenacity of England.

He must, he felt, say something.

"That man"—old Jan recalled an inelegant expression of Arthur Middleton's whom perhaps he loved most of all—"what he says is piffle."

Then awkward, bent, hobbling, and for once in thirty years in silence, old Jan turned out three lights.

The Poets' Corner

The First-Born

I SPOTTED him, by gracious, in the twinklin' of an eye,
Out of more'n a thousand soldiers when the Big Review went by;
Out of more durn men and horses and artillery—why, say!
I knowed him in a minute when I heard the first band play!
They was mighty like, them youngsters, as they all swung down the line,
Lookin' straight ahead and keepin' step and marchin' mighty fine,
But I spotted him the minute he was nigh enough to see,
And a kind of pleasant shiver come and run all over me.

If you'd ast me how I done it I don't know as I could say,
But he looked a little slicker than the rest of them some way;
He was buttoned up some neater and his head was purty high,
Just a little wee bit higher when he went a-marchin' by;
And he stepped a little spryer, so it sort o' seemed to me,
And he never seemed to tire, but went marchin' with a free
And a stiddy, smooth and swingin' stride; they all looked mighty fine,
But you couldn't help but spot him when they all come down the line.

They was just a little difference—not much, I'm free to say,
But they was a little difference—a little in the way
That he held his head and shoulders, and you might not hardly see
What it was, but I can tell you it was plain as day to me.
He stood just a little straighter than most anybody there,
Sort o' carried himself better and his shoulders was more square,
And I couldn't help but notice how durn trim he was and tall,
And he ketched the tune and step a little better than them all.

You don't have to take my judgment; I might favor him, it's true,
Favor him among them others, as a daddy's apt to do,
But his mother, she was with me, and she says to me, says she:
"Jim looks trimmer, straighter, taller than the others seem to be,
And he marches on some spryer and his shoulders is more square,
And his blouse is buttoned slicker than most anybody there!"
Which she seen the same as I did, and was said before she heard
What I thought when I first seen him—and corroborates my word!

—*James W. Foley.*

As I Rode Into Carlyle Town

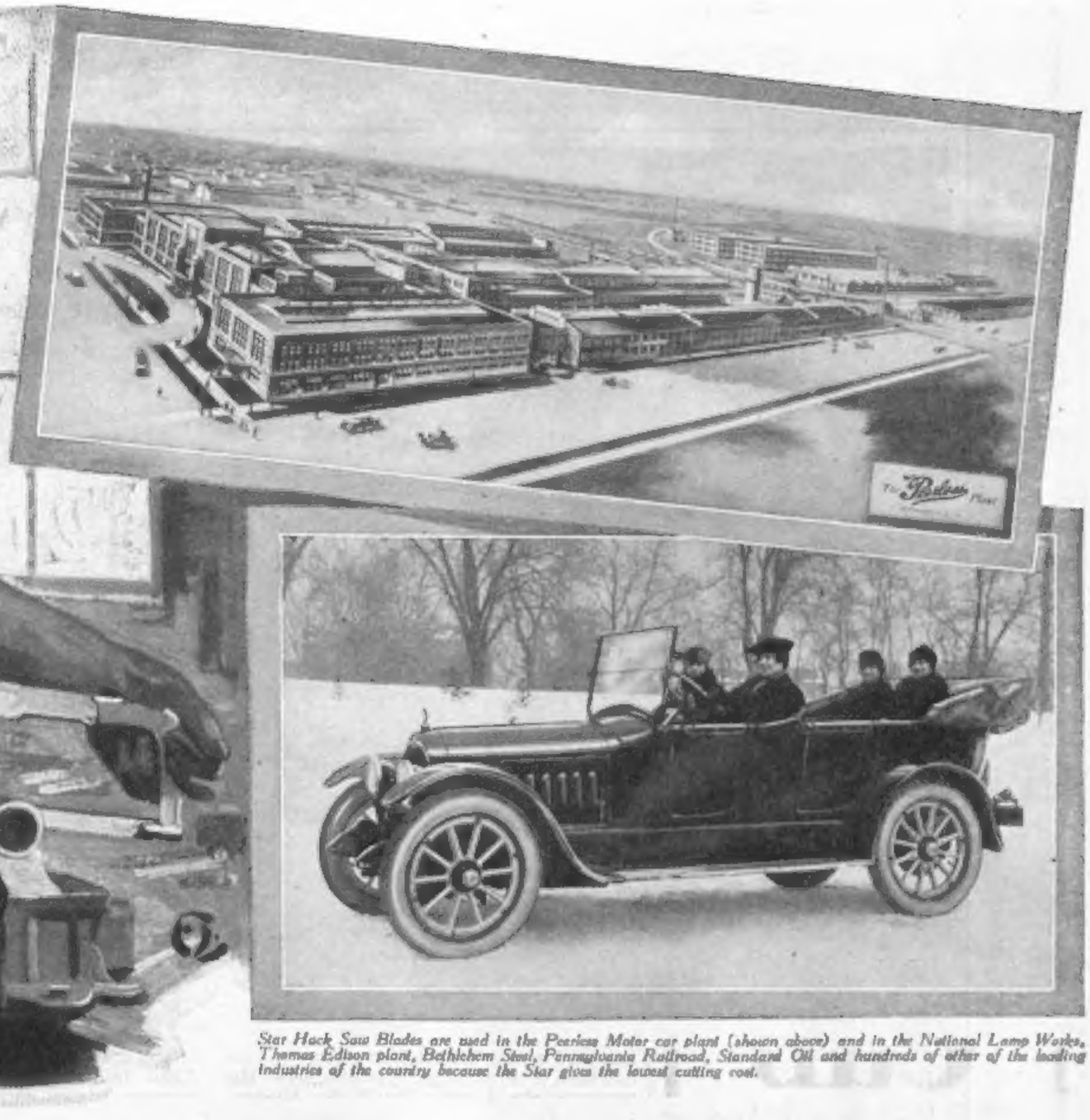
AS I RODE into Carlyle town
I met a doughty knight.
For every forward step he took
He made four to the right.
"Why do you walk crabwise?" quoth I;
"Oh, tell me, knight, so bold."
"I always did, my father did,
His father, too, I'm told."

As I rode into Carlyle town
I met three maidens there.
Each wore her shoon upon her head
And kissed a piebald mare.
And when I asked, "Why do ye so?"
Of each and every one,
She answered with a vacant look,
"It always has been done."

As I rode into Carlyle town
I saw a scaffold high,
Where stood with hemp-encircled neck
A goose, prepared to die.
"We swing a fowl," the hangman said,
"Whenever crimes are few.
The reason, sir? I do not know,
Save that we always do."

As I rode into Carlyle town
I saw an ancient dame
Blowing her bellows in a pool
As though to fan a flame.
"Oh, beldame, prithee tell," cried I,
"The kernel of your laws!"
In cryptic fashion mumbled she,
"Because it always was!"

—*Blanche Goodman.*



Star Hack Saw Blades are used in the Pearless Motor car plant (shown above) and in the National Lamp Works, Thomas Edison plant, Bethlehem Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad, Standard Oil and hundreds of other of the leading industries of the country because the Star gives the lowest cutting cost.

What Do *You* Get When You Buy Hack Saws?

Don't forget that when you buy hack saws you don't buy blades at all in last analysis. You buy results—the greatest number of cuts at the lowest price.

Fast-cutting blades that break easily are expensive, and non-breakable blades that cut slow are expensive too.

Star hack saw blades are neither one because they are fast-cutting blades that stand up and last. They give you the greatest production at the lowest cost because they are quick-cutting and tough too. You can't break a regular Star blade on ordinary work, but if there is unusual strain we have a fast-cutting flexible blade to fill the need.

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In the Star Saw we have worked out a tooth shape, a steel mixture and a heat treatment that give us a standardized blade that will cut a wide variety of work without change.

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The special tungsten chromium steel mixture in the Star Blade makes it faster-cutting and our different heat treatment gives the Star a greater toughness.

In some cases our tests have shown that the Star lowers the cutting cost as much as 20% as compared with other blades. In every case there was a substantial difference in favor of the Star.

Whatever your present cutting costs, if you are using another saw you can make a substantial saving in using the Star Blade, as a comparison will readily demonstrate.

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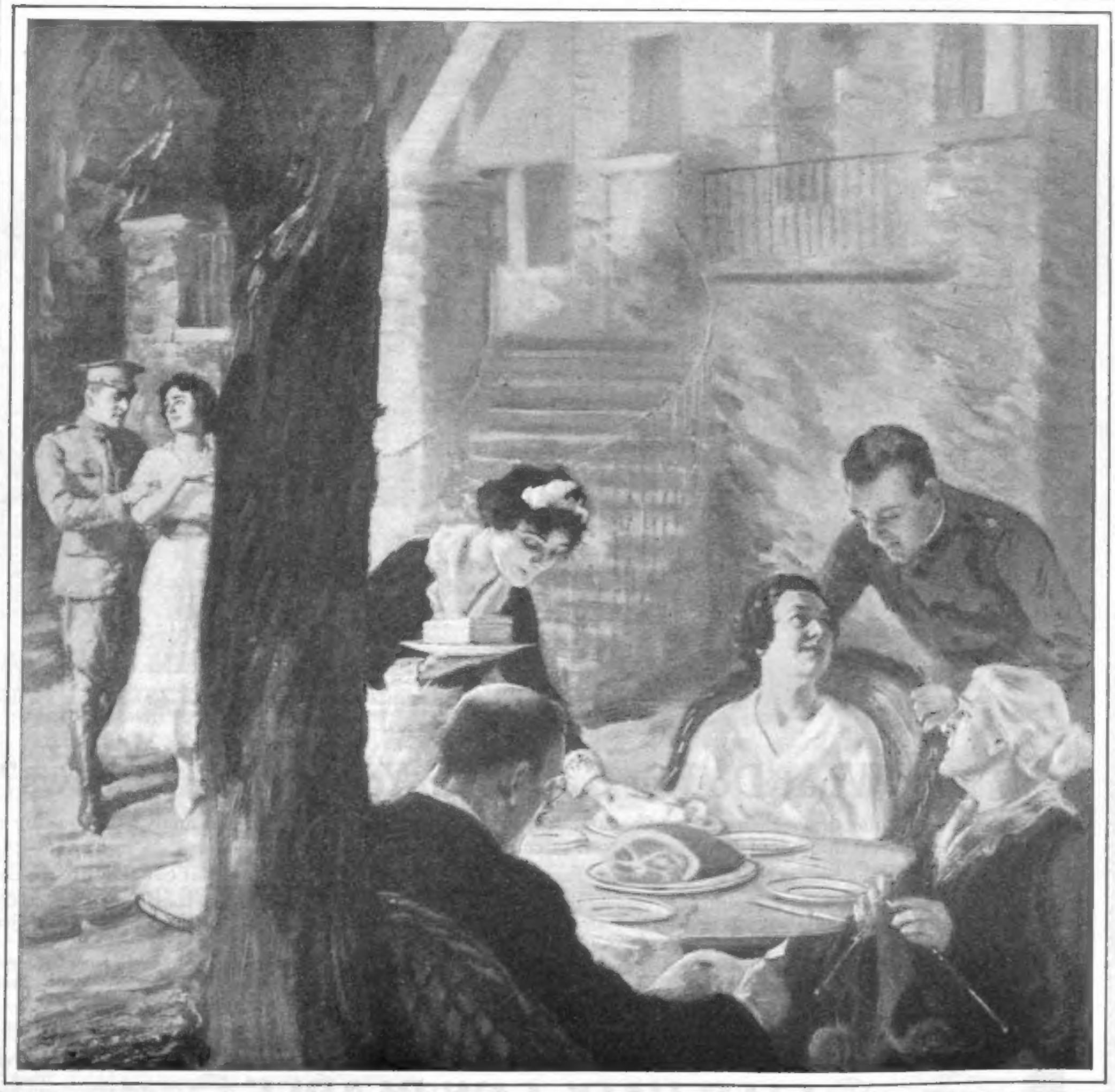

For lively out-o'-door appetites

AT the close of a long summer Sunday — supper on the lawn — and a Swift's Premium Ham, baked to a tempting brownness!

The first whiff of its steaming fragrance makes everybody "hungry as a bear." How appetizingly the tender pink slices curl from the knife! How satisfying to out-o'-door appetites is the mellow flavor!

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